Jan. 28, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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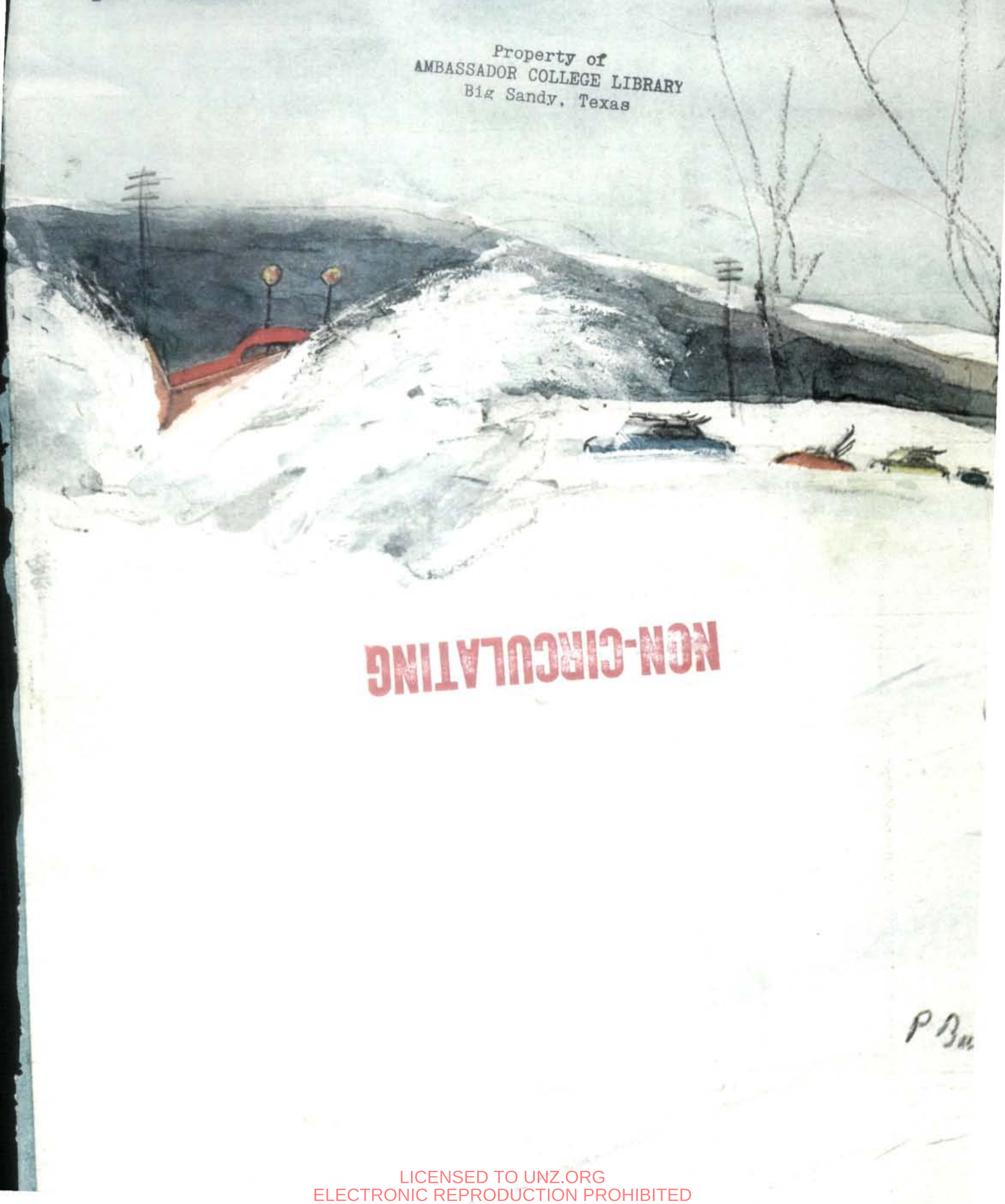

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Au Pair Man—A play by the Irish dramatist Hugh Leonard, full of witty blather. The cast consists of Julie Harris and Charles Durning, and they are both superb. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Barbary Shore—This adaptation by Jack Gelber of Norman Mailer's novel (same title) about an old revolutionary in a Brooklyn rooming house back in the nineteen-fifties starts out well, but it lacks the dramatic strength to stand up for three acts. The performance, under Mr. Gelber's direction, is splendid. The four good actors are Rip Torn, Estelle Parsons, Lane Smith, and Lenny Baker. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Bread—A play by David Scott Milton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9.)

British Theatre Season—A long engagement by three British companies—the Royal Shakespeare Company, the Actors Company, and the Young Vic—at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The Royal Shakespeare Company's RICHARD II, in the Opera House: Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8; Thursday, Jan. 24, at 1:30 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ The same company's SYLVIA PLATH, in the Lepercq Space: Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 23-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 and 7. . . . ¶ The Actors Company's THE WOOD DEMON, by Chekhov, in the Opera House, Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7; KNOTS, adapted from R. D. Laing, in the Music Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, at 8; and Shakespeare's KING LEAR, in the Opera House, Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Find Your Way Home—A married man falls in love with a young male hustler, with unpleasant results. A play far more entertaining than one might suppose from its subject matter, and exceptionally well acted by Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Flies—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Gigi—One has been here before, not once but many times. Still, the sets and costumes are lovely, and the cast is amiable. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Marsha Mason—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

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Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's lachrymose, repetitive celebration of down-and-outers and their protective pipe-dreams. James Earl Jones heads the big and able cast. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—Carol Channing in the Jule Styne musical, with new lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and a new book by Kenny Solms and Gail Parent. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 26. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 27. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—A thirteen-week engagement. Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's THE VISIT, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 7:30, and Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's HOLIDAY, directed by Michael Montel: Thursday and

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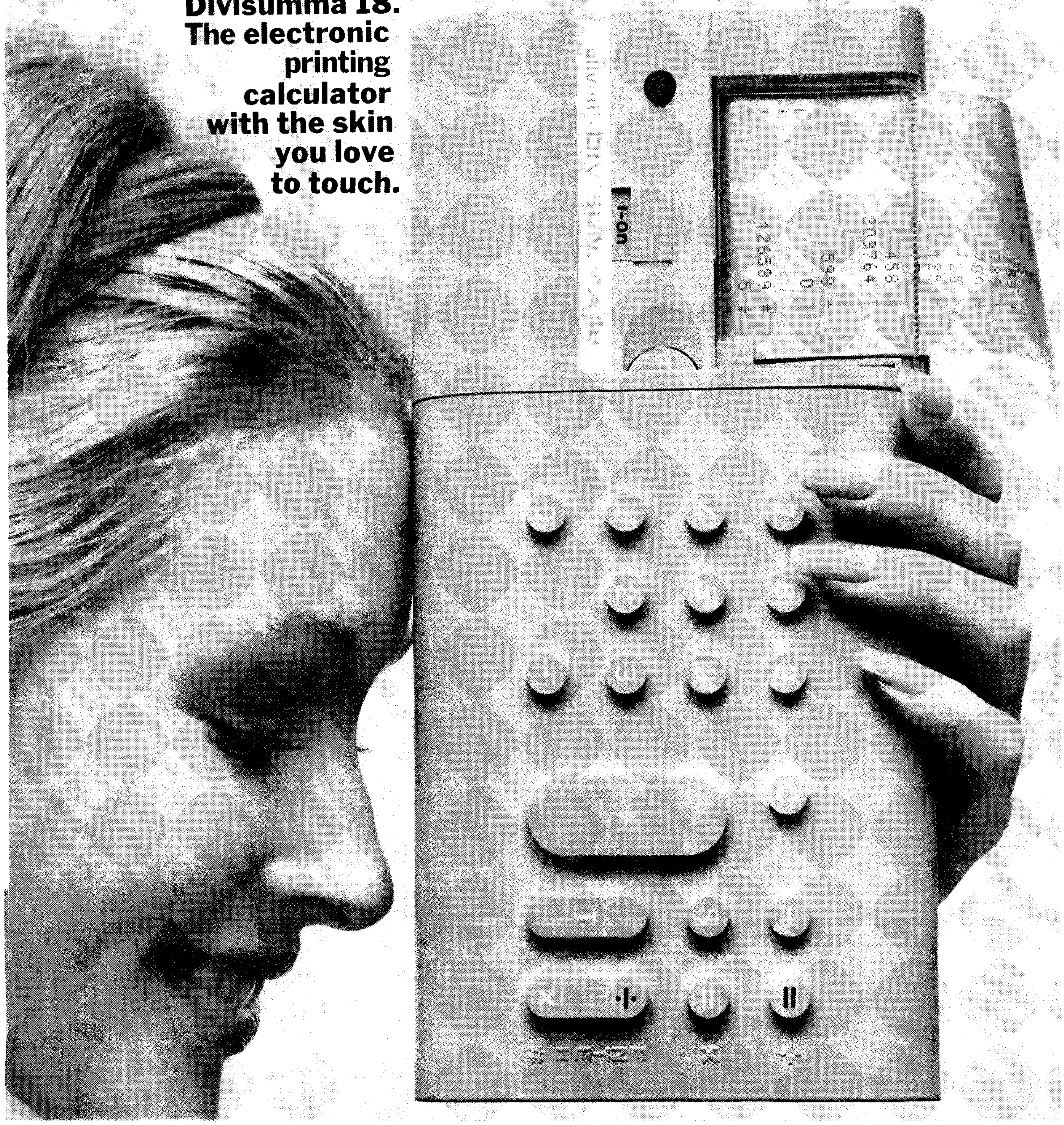

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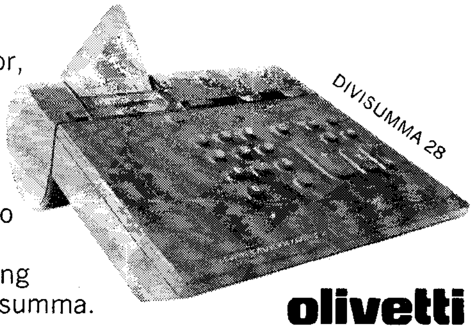

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 28-29, at 7:30; Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2 and 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—How welcome the old songs are, how unwelcome the book! The cast, headed by Cab Calloway, Barbara McNair, and Hal Linden, is charming and full of zest. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PAST IS THE PAST and GOING THRU CHANGES—A pair of extraordinary one-acters about black life in America, by Richard Wesley. With Bill Cobbs, Robert Christian, and Michele Shay, among others. (Billie Holiday, 1368 *Fulton St., Brooklyn. 636-0919.* Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

RAISIN—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE REMOVALISTS—The final performances of this play by David Williamson, the second in this season's New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3 and 7:30, and Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:30. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

THE SEAGULL—Dolores Sutton, Paula Laurence, and Erik Rhodes in the Chekhov drama. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 23. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées *Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)*

THE TOOTH OF CRIME—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard *is here given an "environmental" production*, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Friday through Sunday at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,721 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (*Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.* 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, *the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties.* The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from *the past without having been there. Debbie* Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)* . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. *Wednesdays and Thursdays* at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by *Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old* basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, *and Fridays and Saturdays at* 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CORT THEATRE

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Irish Fantasy.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Watermill," "Four Bagatelles," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Pulcinella," "Serenade," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 27, at 1: "Pulcinella" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7: "Irish Fantasy," "La Valse," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Four Bagatelles," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Watermill," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Serenade," "Concerto Barocco," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "An Evening's Waltzes," "The Cage," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Scènes de Ballet," "Serenade in A," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Napoli," "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Apollo" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Pillar of Fire," "Intermezzo," and "Graduation Ball.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2: "Apollo" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:30: "Napoli," "Three Essays," "At Midnight," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Maids," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Harbinger," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Dark Elegies," "Intermezzo," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Three Essays," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Napoli," "At Midnight," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Four men, two women, in a single performance. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

JACKIE CAIN AND ROY KRAL—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday from nine, and Friday from nine-thirty. Through *Saturday, Jan. 26.*

LIONEL HAMPTON—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a band, *at nine and eleven-fifteen. Beginning Monday*, Jan. 28.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, *178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011).* With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

ELLIS LARKINS—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Irving Berlin on Sunday, Jan. 27, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

JIMMY MCPARTLAND—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

CHARLES MINGUS—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Bass, leading a sextet, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 29.

ROSE MURPHY—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

ZOOT SIMS—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday from nine, and Friday from nine-thirty. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. *(744-4150). With guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli,* from nine-thirty to one, starting Tuesday, Jan. 29.

HAPPY AND ARTIE TRAUM—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Vocals and guitars. At nine-

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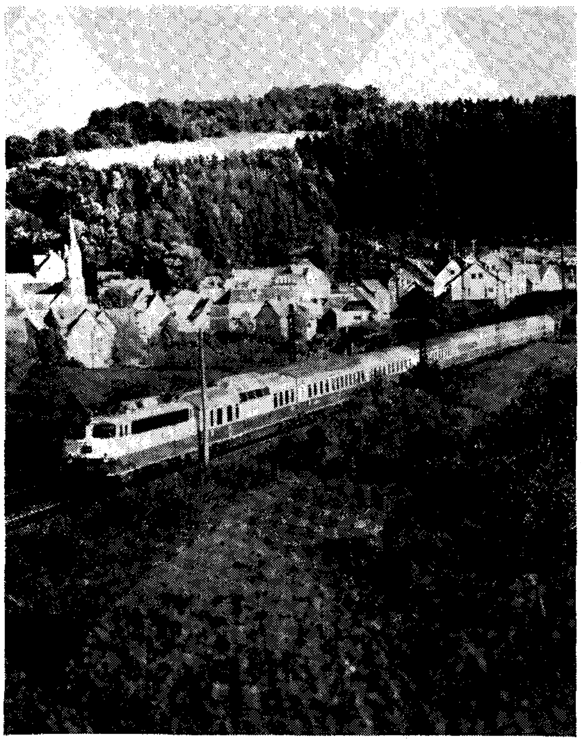
WHAT EUROPE WAS REALLY LIKE
WHAT WILL YOU TELL THEM?



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thirty and eleven-thirty. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 24-28.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo, from nine to one, through Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Sunday, Jan. 27, from ten until three-thirty.

Joe Williams—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Beginning Monday, Jan. 28.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, through Saturday, Jan. 26.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Monday, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar period pieces. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to Jim Stafford, a country-rock singer, through Monday, Jan. 28. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare from the kitchen that pours out every time the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked, and attracts most of the attention. Roy Brooks heads up a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 26. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and respectful ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones work together through Saturday, Jan. 26. On Monday, Jan. 28, Duke Jordan takes over the piano bench. Sundays, Jaki Byard, a fine pianist who can play in many styles, receives support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Mary Lou Williams, who remains (after nearly forty years) one of the most vigorous, fluid, and swinging of keyboard artists, works with bassist Milton Suggs at nine-thirty, every night except Sunday and Monday. Julius Monk is at the piano providing cocktail music nightly, except Sundays. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, trombonist Mathew Gee, Sam Woodyard on drums, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax perform Wednesdays through Saturdays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a traditional foursome, takes over Sundays through Tuesdays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer and pianist Rose Murphy does a variety of songs, including her old hits "I Can't Give You Anything but Chi Chi" and "Button Up Your Chi Chi Chi," in her unchanged tiny, little-girl voice. Bassist Morris Edwards backs her up nightly from eight to one. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

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Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Veteran folkie Vince Martin is the main attraction through Sunday, Jan. 27. Sounds from nine. Sundays are set aside for a hootenanny, and Mondays are silent.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 27, from four-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play Irving Berlin compositions. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams from nine-thirty on Mondays, and from six to nine Mondays through Fridays singer-pianist Tad Bruce reigns over these tiny quarters. Snacks.

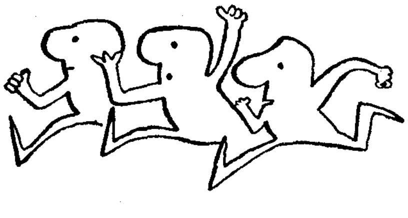
Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, who engage in friendly rallies, each looking quite pleased when the other performs a particularly risky or successful solo. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. Flamenco guitarist Anita Sheer begins playing here on Tuesday, Jan. 29. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For recently night-clubbing has reacquired something of its old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. Through Saturday, Jan. 26, tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims' quartet trades sets with singer Jackie Cain and singer and keyboard artist Roy Kral, who have been working together for twenty-five years, and who now utilize jazz, rock, and baroque forms. On Monday, Jan. 28, Joe Williams, the urbane bluesman, whose current act emits Las Vegas vibes—a few jokes, shirt open to the waist, an absence of spontaneity—takes over, along with pianist Lee Shaw's trio. Music from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Monday and Wednesday (Jim Roberts takes over on Wednesday). Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A three-story restaurant complex. The main-floor dining room, square and barnlike, adjoins a circular bar where pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz—if only one could hear it over the frantic convention of voices. Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room**, comic David Frye—whose second-rate impressions of second-rate politicians are almost as embarrassing to watch as the targets themselves—is appearing Mondays through Wednesdays at nine-thirty, and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.



Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. Johnny Rivers, who was singing country rock in the early sixties—long before such a classification existed—performs here through Sunday, Jan. 27. On Tuesday, Jan. 29, Barnaby Bye, a rock quartet, plugs in. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

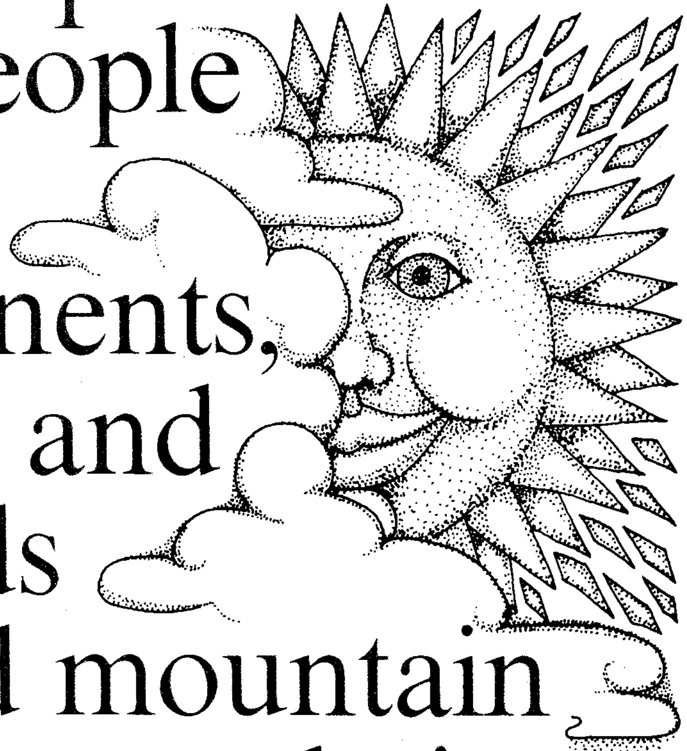
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Twenty-two-year-old singer, composer, and musician (guitar, dulcimer, and piano) Wendy Waldman performs some of her heavyweight songs in the breezy vein of Carole King and Laura Nyro. Sharing the bill, through Monday, Jan. 28, is David Steinberg, a nice Jewish boy of a comedian. Flutist Tim Weisberg, whose work has been compared with the musical slickness of Peter Nero, brings in his band on Wednesday, Jan. 30. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

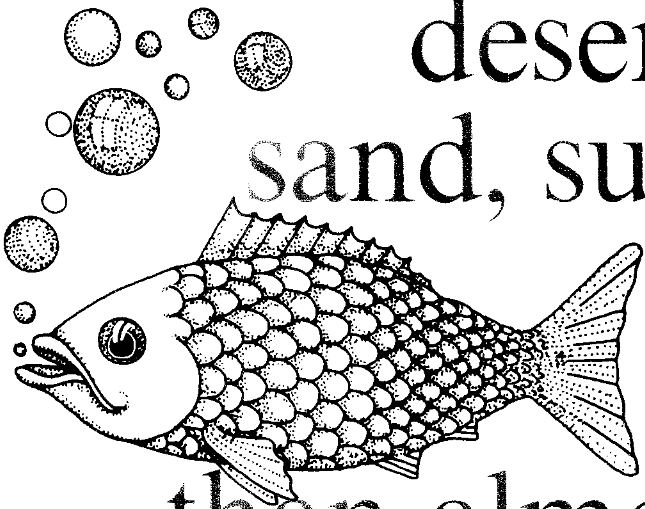
Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 24-28, Happy and Artie Traum sing and play original compositions that could easily pass for nineteenth-century folklore. Patti Smith—singer, poet, actress, and, generally, a good-natured weirdo—shares the facilities with the Traums. Oregon, an outfit that works with raga, rock, and jazz, starts alternating with the folk duo Aztec Two-Step (Noel Shulman and Rex Fowler) on Wednesday, Jan. 30. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. Pianist Teddy Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday nearly forty years ago, does well enough by himself, too. He's leading a trio that consists of bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, through Saturday, Jan. 26. Pianist Barbara Carroll, who played bop on 52nd Street in the late forties, arrives on Tuesday, Jan. 29, to play in a more conventional manner. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Reedman Joe Farrell, a vigorous experimenter, heads up a quartet that includes the deft and subtle guitarist Joe Beck. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, singing waiters, and forties campiness. Ellen Greene, who thrives on the blues and torch songs of the twenties and thirties, sings opposite singer Marc Allen Trujillo through Saturday, Jan. 26, and opposite Victor Vail, another singer, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 29. Shows start at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Sun-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Jan. 27, is given over to singer Judith Cohen, who goes on at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for other burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by solo guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and by Diane Leslie, who sings at the piano. On Tuesday, Jan. 29, tenorman Zoot Sims arrives to collaborate with Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Warren Chiasson, on vibraharp, directs a trio on Thursday, Jan. 24. The Larry Willis trio will be on hand Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26. On Sunday, Jan. 27, the Chuck Wayne-Joe Puma duo drops by. The rest of the week is devoted to drummer Harold White's trio (on Thursday, Jan. 31) and to vibraharpist Vera Auer's trio (Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2). Music from ten to three-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Drummer Tony Williams and his quartet perform through Sunday, Jan. 27. Tuesday, Jan. 29, Charles Mingus, who lately has taken on the appearance of a rural summer-front-porch sitter, inspires his sextet. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, and company provide Monday-night services. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wooden-and-brick-walled gathering place for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours and installed a music room for nighttime diversion. On Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to one, Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard, and Paul Quinichette spend their nights off from Churchills jamming here. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, the Peppi Morreale sextet and the Frankie Dash trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café**, from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Joseph Murello plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singer Mara Lynn Brown will be in operation in the **persian room** through Saturday, Jan. 26. Monday, Jan. 28, brings along vocalist Ednita Nazario. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, the Barry Sisters sing at dinner and supper. They will be succeeded on Monday, Jan. 28, by the Lionel Hampton band. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

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Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A contingent of Italian dancers, musicians, and chefs has been installed here to celebrate an Italian Fortnight. The hours for entertainment are five to eleven.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Comedian-singer Dick Shawn is holding forth in the **maisonette** during the dinner and supper hours. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **la boite russe**, the next-door sylvan glade, offers accordion and piano music, from seven to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ The **st. regis room** is host to pianist Emme Kemp and conga drummer Candido Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Stephen Antonakos—Drawings for his neon sculptures. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marit Guinness Aschan—Enamelled objects and plaques by a British artist. Through Feb. 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Avedisian—Expressionist paintings on paper. Through Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Color-field paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Rudolf Baranik—Subdued paintings in mostly black, white, and gray. Through Feb. 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Benson—Geometric collages. Through Feb. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Simeon Braguin—Abstract paintings suggestive of sailboats. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fritz Bultman—Thirty painted paper collages done between 1964 and the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Paul Camacho—Hard-edge paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Edith Carlson—Paintings of vertical rectangles set against a background of horizontal bands. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Sonia Delaunay—Brightly colored geometric tapestries. Through Feb. 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rackstraw Downes—Landscapes of Maine and New York. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—A large show, rich in ready-mades, drawings, collages, assemblages, prints, and posters, which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Fifteen oils. Through Feb. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur Elias—Still-life paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fangor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Elias Friedensohn—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Walter Gay (1856-1937)—Paintings of interiors of famous buildings in France, by an American expatriate. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings based on Spanish tile designs. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Jamison—Watercolors of rural Pennsylvania and Maine, as well as a number of interiors. Through Feb. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elena Kepalas—Geometric aluminum sculptures. Through Feb. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Lasker—Paintings, including landscapes and interiors of Yaddo. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Louis Marcoussis (1883-1944)—Cubist etchings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Sculptures of the female figure in bronze and wax. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Opper—Paintings characterized by vertical bands of color. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures. Through Feb. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fritz Scholder—Portraitlike paintings of American Indians. Through Feb. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Stephan—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Frederick Wardy—Linear black-and-white paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such American artists as Philip Evergood, Balcomb Greene, and Max Weber. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **solomon**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and graphics by Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Feb. 15. . . . **doris weiner**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Examples by, among others, Arp, Ernst, Moore, and Picasso. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nadir Afonso—Paintings by a Portuguese artist who has a background in architecture; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Hans Bellmer—Eighty-four Surrealist paintings, sculptures, and drawings, most of them on loan. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Figurative drawings and prints from 1925 to the present. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Clark—Paintings of building façades, people, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Through Feb. 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Dill—Sculptures of concrete pillars, steel, and glass by a young Californian; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Paintings from the thirties. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—A show of new work. Through

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collins glass,
splash with soda,
garnish with a
fresh strawberry.

Apricot Sour

1½ oz. Hiram Walker
Apricot Flavored Brandy.
Juice of ½ lemon.
Shake vigorously
with shaved ice,
strain into
on-the-rocks glass.
Top with cherry.

Sombrero

Pour 1½ oz.
Hiram Walker
Coffee Flavored Brandy
and 3 oz. milk into
a shaker with ice.
Shake and pour,
unstrained, into an
on-the-rocks glass.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Thursday, Jan. 31. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ira Joel Haber / Hugh Kepets—Miniature sculptures of landscapes. / Realistic pencil drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony J. Lauck—Small sculptures and drawings, most of them with religious themes. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages by a veteran abstract artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Nam June Paik—Electronic constructions. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosen / Patrick Ireland—Muted landscapes in oil and watercolor. / Large drawings on unstretched canvas, based on the Gaelic alphabet. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Seery—Large abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Slutzky—Hard-edge paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Steiner—Six large steel sculptures and three smaller works in brass. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: There are three outstanding works in the exhibition here of American folk art, which has become an annual event. One is the portrait in the window, by an anonymous painter, of a heavy, florid-faced little girl in a light-blue dress holding an apricot; the second is a painting of another little girl, by another unknown artist, who is wearing a cherry-red dress and white pantaloons and holding a silver spoon; and the third is one of Edward Hicks' "Peaceable Kingdoms" (he did over a hundred of these illustrations of the prophecy in Isaiah about the leopard lying down with the kid and the wolf dwelling with the lamb), in which the congregation of men on the left side of the picture are holding up a ribbon that reads "Peace on Earth Good Will to Men." What these works have, and what is missing from much of the rest of the work in the show, is the medieval character—symbolism, stylization, decorativeness—that is the signature of true American naïve art. A painting of a white cat, for example—a wonderfully observed staring creature—is marred by the painter's attempt at post-Renaissance realism; it is an amateur, rather than a naïve, painting. In addition to oils, there are school watercolors, weathervanes, toys, and circus wagon figures in the show. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Vincent Baldassano and Robert Warrens and hooked rugs by Shari Urquhart, all artists who have not previously exhibited in New York. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) ... **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Le Parc, Tomasello, and others. Through Feb. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Six contemporary American sculptors. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Siri Berg / Robert Friedman—Paintings based on the circle. / Aluminum constructions and wall reliefs. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Henry Chalfant—Sculptures in limestone, marble, and granite. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Lois Dodd—Paintings of interiors of the artist's studio, as well as a series of views of woods adjacent to her summer home in Maine. Also related ink drawings and pastels. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (*Green Mountain*, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Doktori—Latex wall pieces. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Doyle / Harry Kramer—Two large sculptures—ramps, really—that can be walked on. / Large abstract black-and-white paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Feldgus / Vincent Arcilesi—Paintings of box forms and rubber plants. / Realistic oils of landscapes and interiors with nudes. Through Feb. 7. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Friedberg—One enormous sculpture and thirty related drawings. Through Feb. 9. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Grosvenor—Two long wooden planks and a pole on the floor, plus preliminary drawings of two long wooden planks and a pole on the floor. Through Feb. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Konofka—Realist paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Li-Lan / Terry Fugate-Wilcox—Paintings of papers tacked on walls. / Sculptures of bolted metal plates, foam, or paper. Through Friday, Jan. 25. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

Robert Mangold—Minimal paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Howardena Pindell—Works on paper. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Superreal ink drawings of boxes. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Garry Rich / Charles Schucker—Color-field paintings. / Poured-color paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Leatrice Rose—Realistic paintings of the artist's studio, concerned with light. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Morgan Sanders / Rosalind Shaffer—Assemblages of metal, glass, fur, and other materials, linked together by photographs and painted areas. / Figure paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Richard Vaux / Charles Magistro—Paintings in acrylic on layers of vinyl. / Silk-screen prints of fantasy landscapes. Starts Saturday, Jan. 26. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Lynton Wells—Six double-panel paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Wofford—Large abstractions. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings by H. N. Han, sculptures by Bill Bollinger, and Conceptual work by Jerry Kearns. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Feb. 14. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dennis Kowal—Abstract steel and acrylic sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ed Shostak—Wall reliefs and floor pieces of pressed cardboard and painted lumber, plus drawings. Through Friday, Jan. 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Carol Weinstock (1914-71)—A memorial show of gouaches of New York done in the thirties, as well as collages of New York City, Italy, and Spain completed in 1969 and 1970. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Man Ray—A small exhibition of mostly minor works by one of the great stylists of photography. Even at his most unassuming—some of the pictures are group shots surely meant for albums rather than for four-figure sale in a gallery—Ray is uniquely and unmistakably Ray. His photographs of people are as cold and hard and abstract as his photographs of machine parts and geometric forms. His work seems to be about the very qualities of coldness, hardness, inertness, and indifference, and is a kind of brief for the legitimacy of these often unacknowledged facets of human nature. Among the famous people on view are Picasso, Jean Cocteau, Louis Aragon, Paul Eluard, Marcel Duchamp, and Meret Oppenheim. The last-named is the artist (or furrier?) who made the fur-covered teacup in the Museum of Modern Art; here, she is shown standing naked behind a cast-iron printing-press wheel, holding up an arm and a hand smeared with printer's ink. In a group picture of various Dadaists, you may see, if you look very closely, that Tristan Tzara is coolly aiming a pistol at the photographer. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Cohen—Black-and-white photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bedrich Grunzweig—Approximately fifty black-and-white photographs of Prague, including views of the old Jewish Quarter, taken recently by an expatriate. Through March 17. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

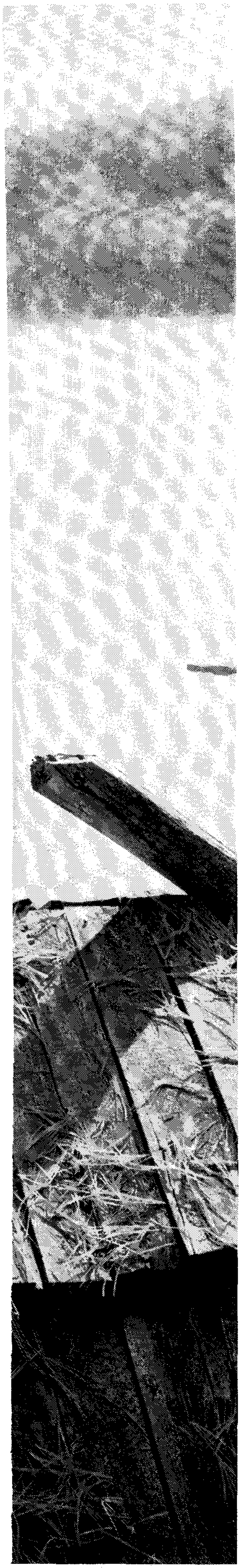
Don Worth / Oliver Gagliani—Photographs of plant forms. / Abstractions based on nature. Through Feb. 16. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

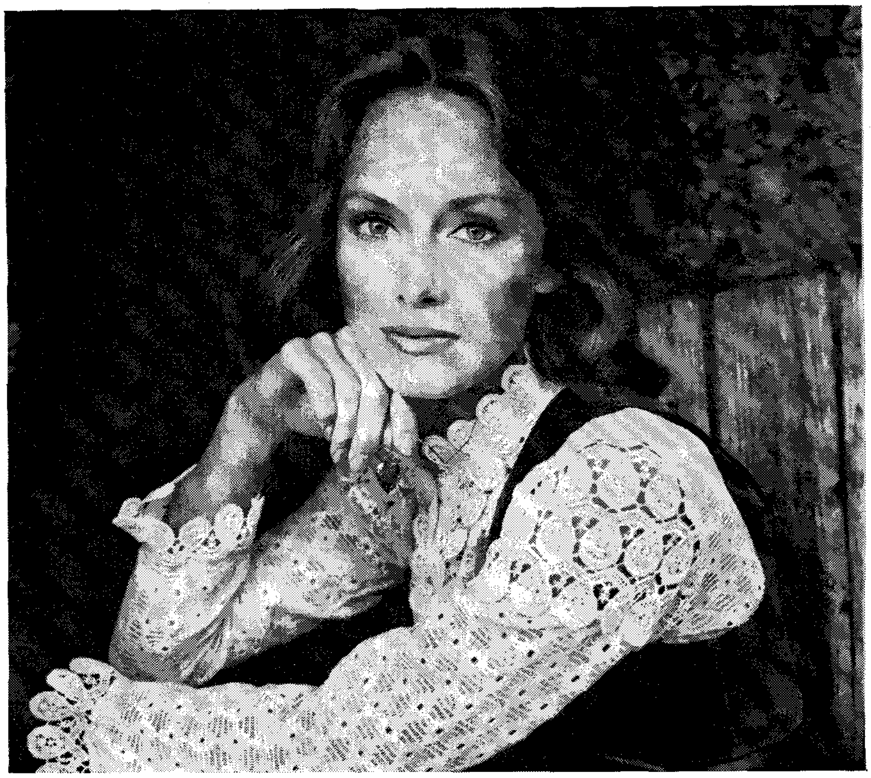
Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Casey Allen, Harold Jones, Philip Masnick, Jan Press, and Michael Smith. Through Tuesday, Jan. 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes / 1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the *north* wing (who said south?), under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Feb. 10.... ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Feb. 24. A com-





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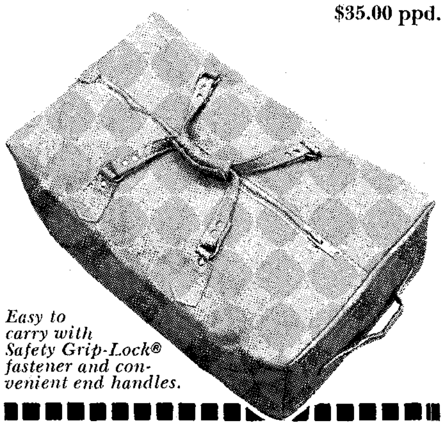

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plementary show is at the Feldman Gallery, 33 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by Joan Miró, dating from 1921 to 1972. Through Sunday, Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope, sand, and other materials, by Barry Flanagan. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Seventy-five prints dated from 1903 to 1942 by Wassily Kandinsky, on loan from the Stadtische Galerie, in Munich. Through Feb. 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by William Allan, a young Californian. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Painted wood sculptures by Anne Truitt. Through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, wall hangings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by nine artists (Charles Hinman, Robert Indiana, and Agnes Martin among them) who lived on Coenties Slip between 1954 and 1967. Through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Over two hundred European drawings, textiles, and wallpapers, from the seventeenth century through the early nineteenth, selected from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the seventeenth century to the present. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Terra-cotta sculptures (toys, cult figures, and relief panels) from ancient India. Through March 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Illustrations of John Milton's work by Blake, Turner, Arthur Rackham, and others, plus first editions of Milton's poetry. Through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Starts Friday, Jan. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, last March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document their life both in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Thirteen New York galleries, known for their encouragement of avant-garde art in this country during the past decade, are exhibiting works by the artists who earned them their reputations. Through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1: "Tristan und Isolde," with Klara Barlow, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and

Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Michele Vilma, Jon Vickers, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; Erich Leinsdorf. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: The Metropolitan's première of Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Diaz; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez directing on Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30 (all with the Camerata Singers).

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Walter Susskind directing a performance of Delius's "A Mass of Life," with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Jeral Becker, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; the Ronald Arnatt Chorale; and the Chorus of the University of Missouri—St. Louis. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting a concert postponed from Oct. 8, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8:15.)

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Karl Münchinger conducting the second of two all-Bach programs, this one with Rudolf Werthen, violin, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: With Stanley Ritchie, violin; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Anthony Miranda and Sharon Moe, French horn; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5:30: With Heather Harper, soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Sanford Allen, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano, and Julius Eastman, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Luther College Nordic Choir—Weston H. Noble directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

RECITALS

Phillips and Renzulli—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—With William Masselos, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

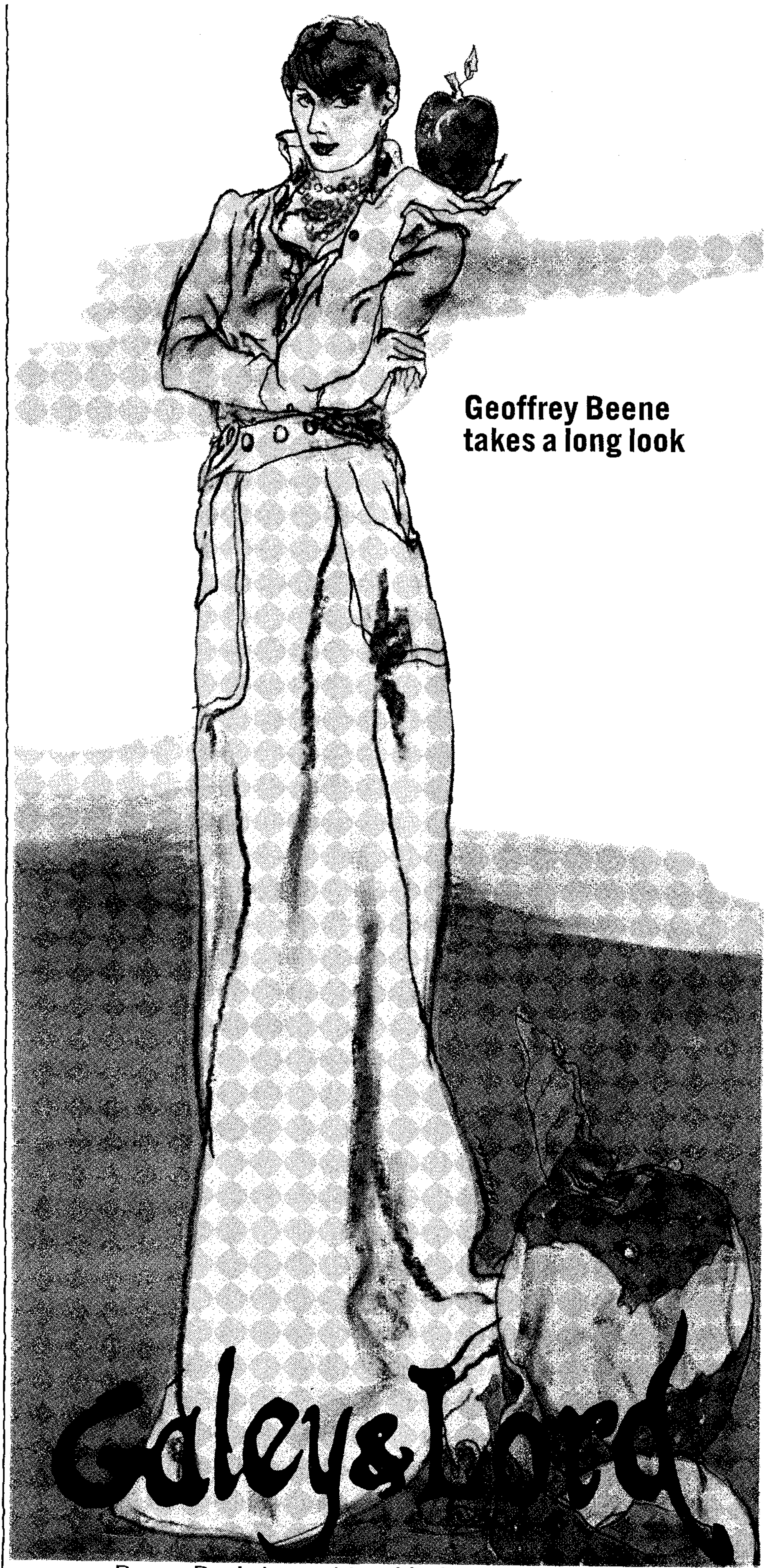
Quartetto Beethoven di Roma—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Pierre Pierlot—A program of concertos for flute and oboe. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Nibya Mariño—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Erick Friedman—Violin, with Alexander Tche-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

repnin, composer-pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord in the second in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one with Paula Robison, flute, and a string ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:30.)

Lucy Cross—Lute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Continuing Avant-Garde—The second in this season's series of four League of Composers-ISCM concerts, this one a program of American music performed by the Dorian Woodwind Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Marie-Françoise Bucquet—The last in a series of programs of twentieth-century piano music, this one entitled "The Underground Piano." (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Martin Best and Edward Flower—"The Art of the Minstrel," songs to the lute and guitar. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The first in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 5:45: **NIKKI GIOVANNI**. . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 5:45: **PETER DUCHIN AND SUSAN PILLSBURY**.

Liza Minnelli—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 26.

Johnny Mathis—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8 and 11.

Stardrive—An electronic keyboard synthesizer (played by Robert Mason) hooked up with the Planetarium's star-projection machine. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. 873-1300. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11.)

Fleetwood Mac, Silverhead, and Kiss—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The first in a series of concerts, this one with Sy Oliver, Gil Evans, Charles Tolliver, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Elvin Jones Quintet—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.

Paul Quinichette Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Roy Ayers Ubiquity, Labelle, and Somos—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Herbie Hancock. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Bob Dylan and the Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 9, and Thursday, Jan. 31, at 4 and 9.

Robin Kenyatta Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.

Michel Legrand Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 7 and 10.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 7:35. . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:35.

Boxing—Joe Frazier vs. Muhammad Ali, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30: main bout at 10:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 7:35 . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:05. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan 26, at 7:35.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 25, a 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **FINE ARTS QUARTET**: A program o chamber music, with commentary by Melvi Kaplan. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.). . . **LIGH OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "Iolanthe," Saturda and Sunday, Jan. 26-27, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S Pinafore," Saturday, Feb. 2, at 4. (Jan Hu Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturday and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MIN PLAYERS**: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhatta Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76t St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260 4863.). . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS**: "Jack and th Beanstalk." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway a 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30. Fo tickets, call 865-9093.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81s St. (873-1300)—The current show is calle "Spaceship Earth." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3 4, and 5, and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under hav the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all t themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 t 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number t call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodi meetings of the Security Council and regula sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them i person at the admissions desk in the publi lobby no earlier than thirty minutes befor each meeting. Meetings usually convene a *10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3*, Monday through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-lon tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so fro 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Robert Fitzgerald readin from his own works. (Guggenheim Museu Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Discussions—"Outlooks in Art," a discussion by Lee Hall and Harold Rosenberg. (Poetr Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92n St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, English, Chinese, and Continental furniture and decorations, plus several complete room settings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 23-26, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Jan. 27, from 1 to 6.)

Architectural Tours—"Grand Central Station: Classical Form/Contemporary Function," a tour conducted by Henry Hope Reed, will take place on Sunday, Jan. 27. Meets in front of 230 Park Avenue, at 45th Street, at 2. For reservations, call 838-7262.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—

Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, at 2: American fraktures, Theorem paintings, and embroidered pictures; from the Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch Collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 10:15, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, Chinese Export porcelains, Staffordshire pottery, English glass, silver, and paintings; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Books, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 2: Oriental rugs, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 26.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 23 at 5:30: "There Was a Crooked Man . . ." (1970), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Kirk Douglas and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5:30: "Super Fly" (1972), directed by Gordon Parks, Jr., with Ron O'Neal. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: "Dreamwood" (1972) and two other James Broughton films; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2: "The Rain People" (1969), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with James Caan and Shirley Knight. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 5:30: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at noon: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 3: "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight and Burt Reynolds. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5:30: "The New Land" (1973), in Swedish, directed by Jan Troell, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2: "The Learning Tree" (1969), directed by Gordon Parks, with Kyle Johnson. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 5:30: "The Potted Psalm" (1946) and three other James Broughton films. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2: "The Pleasure Garden" (1953) and two other James Broughton films. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 5:30 and Jan. 29 at 2: "The Golden Positions" (1970) and two other James Broughton films. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 5:30: "Let the Church Say Amen!" (1973), directed by St. Clair Bourne. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 5:30: "Mother's Day" (1948) and four other James Broughton films. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5:30: "Dreamwood" (1972) and two other James Broughton films; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1966), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will *not* be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 23: "Smart Money" (1931), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir. . . . ¶ Jan. 25: "The Killer Is Loose" (1956), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Joseph Cotten and Rhonda Fleming. . . . ¶ Jan. 26-27: "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Jan. 30: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Jan. 31: "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder, with James Cagney and Horst Buchholz. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Jan. 23: One early short film each by De Palma, Scorcese, Lucas, Hancock, and Mallik. . . . ¶ Jan. 24-30: "Woman House," directed by Johanna Demetrakas; no one under eighteen will be admitted. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 31: "The Free Life," directed by R. Selig Hersh, Russ Schwartz, and Richard Searls. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings); on Jan. 31 at 1:10. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Jan. 23: "Henry V" (1945), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis. . . . ¶ Jan. 25: "King Lear" (1970), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield. (Showings at 8.)

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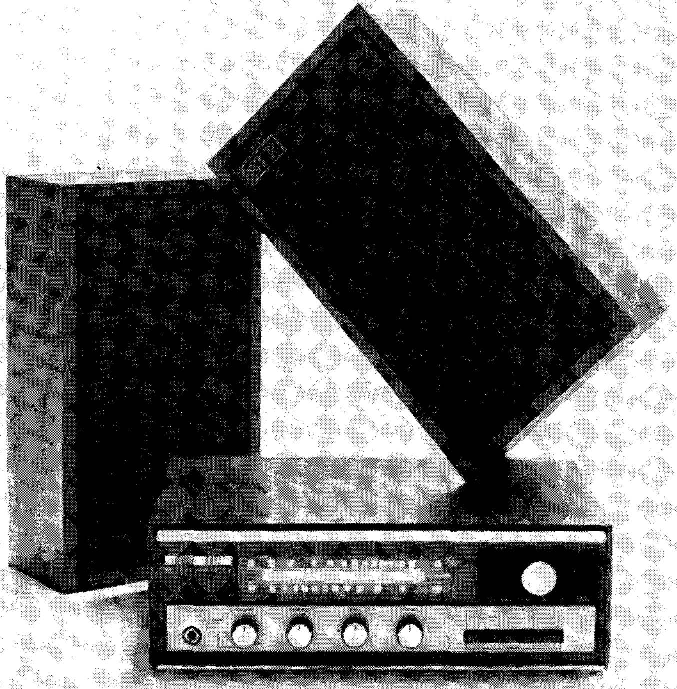

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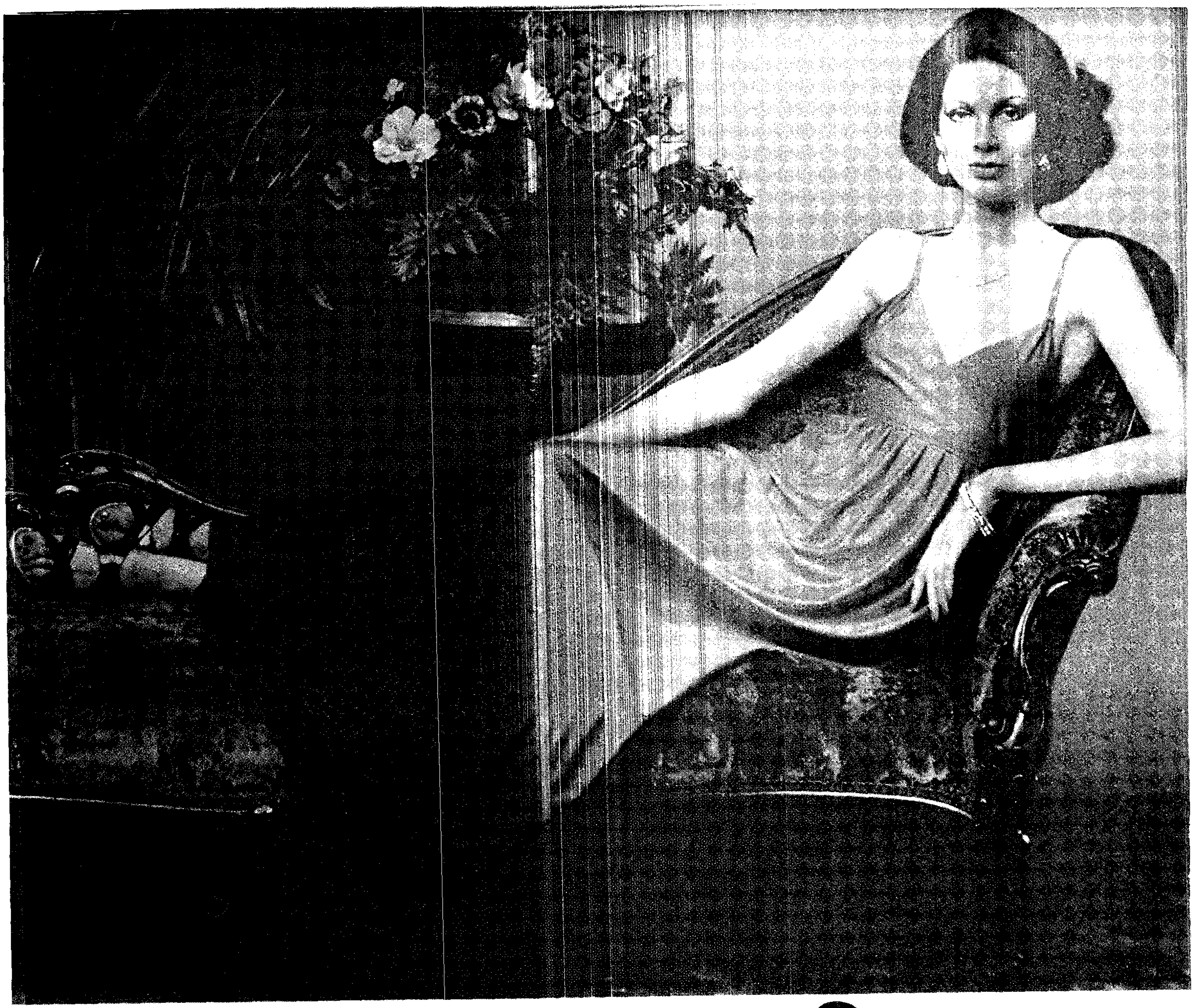

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"American Graffiti."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 26: "The Plough and the Stars" and "Flesh."
Jan. 27-29: "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Devil and the Deep."
From Jan. 30: "Cabin in the Sky" and "Hallelujah!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 29: "The Long Goodbye" and "Money, Money, Money."
From Jan. 30: "Heavy Traffic" and "Fritz the Cat."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Cry of the Wild."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"American Graffiti."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 24: "The Paper Chase."
From Jan. 25: "Vanishing Wilderness."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Jimi Hendrix."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Alfredo Alfredo."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sleeper."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Jan. 23: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 24: "Cry of the Wild."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Jan. 23: "Limelight" and "Modern Times."
Jan. 24: "An Autumn Afternoon."
Jan. 25: "Jonathan."
Jan. 26: "Sambizanga."
Jan. 27: "Painters Painting."
Jan. 28: "L'Amour Fou."
Jan. 29: "David Holzman's Diary."
Jan. 30: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."
From Jan. 31: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Cinderella Liberty."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fantastic Planet."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 29: "The Long Goodbye."
From Jan. 30: "The Way We Were."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 24: "The Paper Chase."
From Jan. 25: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 29: "The New Land."
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Vanishing Wilderness."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 24: "The Seven-Ups."
From Jan. 25: "Deep Throat II."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Magnum Force."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Hell Up in Harlem."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Belt Jones."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The New Land."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 24: "The Paper Chase."
From Jan. 25: "Love" and "Memories of Underdevelopment."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Laughing Policeman."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 29 at one or another of the theatres: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy"/"M*A*S*H" and "The Panic in Needle Park"/"The Way We Were" and "Fat City"/"Cry of the Wild."
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 23: "The Popeye Follies—His Times and Life" and "A Night at the Opera."
Jan. 24-30: "Fantasia."
From Jan. 31: "The Seventh Seal" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 29: "The Way We Were" and "Oklahoma Crude."
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Jan. 23: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 24: "Vanishing Wilderness."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (246-4600)
Through Jan. 27: "International Ice Revue." (Wednesday at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday at 7:30; Saturday at noon, 4, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6.)
Jan. 28-29: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 30: Art Deco objects, furniture, graphics, and jewelry on exhibition and for sale; also films of the thirties shown at 3 and 7.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 29: "The New Land."
From Jan. 30: "O Lucky Man!"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Jan. 24: "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express."
Jan. 25-27: "Strangers on a Train" and "Marnie."
Jan. 28-29: "Sundays and Cybèle" and "Mouchette."
Jan. 30-31: "The Lady Eve" and "Trouble in Paradise."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Laughing Policeman."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Vanishing Wilderness."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 29: "The New Land."
From Jan. 30 (tentative): "O Lucky Man!"

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Mean Streets."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 23: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 24: "Playtime" and "Take the Money and Run."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 29: "What's Up, Doc?" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
Jan. 30-31: "The Apartment" and "Some Like It Hot."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan 29: "Paper Moon" and "Save the Tiger."
From Jan. 30: "Money, Money, Money" and "Le Boucher."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 29: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Death in Venice."
From Jan. 30: "The Long Goodbye" and "Where's Poppa?"

Note—A few specialist film houses—**bleecker st. cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27: "Second Chorus" (1940; Fred Astaire and Paulette Goddard) and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda). . . . **film forum**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alfredo Alfredo—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Plaza.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Art, Gramercy, and Columbia II.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 28.)

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as much as he does. To be seen. (Symphony; Jan. 30-31.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 24.)

Black Belt Jones—With Jim Kelly and Gloria Hendry, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Symphony; through Jan. 29.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Thalia; starting Jan. 30.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 30.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (Columbia I.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Olympia; through Jan. 29.)

Cry of the Wild—Wolves in the back country of Canada. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting Jan. 24.)

David Holzman's Diary (1969)—About a young filmmaker (L. M. Kit Carson) who films his own life. The compulsion to turn life into a movie has been the subject of many recent films by young filmmakers ("Georg" by Stanton Kaye is one of the most notable), but this *cinéma-vérité* account by Jim McBride is perhaps the most professional-looking of the bunch (Michael Wadleigh, who later made "Woodstock," did the cinematography), and Carson's performance is so compelling that one tends to forget that he is only acting the role of the obsessed filmmaker. The film is often rather barren in its self-consciousness, like an autobiographical first novel by a writer who hasn't lived much, but there's one lively sequence (caught by chance) in which a transvestite prostitute tries to pick up a customer. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 29.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (Ziegfeld.)

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Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Olympia; through Jan. 29.)

Devil and the Deep (1932)—With Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton, directed by Marion Gering. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 27-29.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (Sutton.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. (It would be sheer insanity to take children.) (Cinema I, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Elgin; Jan. 24-30.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

Flesh (1932)—With Wallace Beery, directed by John Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 26.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 30.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 30.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 30.)

Hell Up in Harlem—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, the Latin-American Indian language. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 30.)

Jimi Hendrix—A documentary. (Trans-Lux East.)

Jonathan—Intellectual vampire picture. Not for true fanciers of bloodsucking. Directed by Hans Geissendörfer. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 25.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of his comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30-31.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (Greenwich, and Cinema Studio.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 23.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 30.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocratism. In Hungarian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 25.)

Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is medi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (86th St. East.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25-27.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (5th Ave. Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 25.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons—With Irm Hermann, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 31.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 23.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Jan. 30.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 24.)

Mouchette (1966)—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 28-29.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. (In Swedish, with subtitles, at the Waverly and [through Jan. 29] at the Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Juliet 2; through Jan. 29.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Elgin; Jan. 23.)

Oklahoma Crude—With George C. Scott, Faye Dunaway, John Mills, and Jack Palance, directed by Stanley Kramer. (23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Playboy; starting Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

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Painters Painting—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 27.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Eastside Cinema, Juliet 1, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 24.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Thalia; through Jan. 29.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 24.)

The Plough and the Stars (1937)—John Ford's commercially unsuccessful, rarely seen version of the Sean O'Casey play set during the Easter Week Irish Rebellion of 1916. It features an extraordinary cast: Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, along with Barry Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea, Arthur Shields, Erin O'Brien Moore, Una O'Connor, F. J. McCormick, and many other celebrated Irish players. Dudley Nichols did the adaptation, and the legendary Joseph H. August did the cinematography. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 26.)

Rhinoceros—From Eugene Ionesco's play. The fourth presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Karen Black, screenplay by Julian Barry, directed by Tom O'Horgan. The film will be shown on Jan. 23, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Ruggles of Red Gap (1935)—Charles Laughton starred in this justly honored version of the venerable comedy by Harry Leon Wilson. (There were two earlier versions—one in 1918, and one in 1923 with Edward Everett Horton—and a later version in 1950, called "Fancy Pants," with Bob Hope.) The Laughton film, directed in a calm, restrained style by Leo McCarey, is just about irresistible, even with its big scene—Laughton, an English valet in the Old West, reciting the Gettysburg Address in a saloon, as the camera pans across the awed faces of the cowhands. It's a bit much, but it works like magic. The cast could hardly be better: Roland Young is the Englishman who loses the valet in a poker game, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are the rich American couple who win him, and ZaSu Pitts is the widow the valet courts. With Maude Eburne, Lucien Littlefield, Leila Hyams, Willy Fung, and Libbie Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 27-29.)

Sambizanga—Directed by Sarah Maldoror. In Portuguese. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 26.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Thalia; through Jan. 29.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting Jan. 31.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (U.A. East; through Jan. 24.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 24.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting Jan. 31.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Symphony; Jan. 30-31.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 31.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25-27.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 28-29.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 24.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Lubitsch's favorite picture of his invigorating career. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30-31.)

Vanishing Wilderness—A documentary. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Regency. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 25.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 30.)

What's Up, Doc? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (seconds, really) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Symphony; through Jan. 29.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; starting Jan. 30.)

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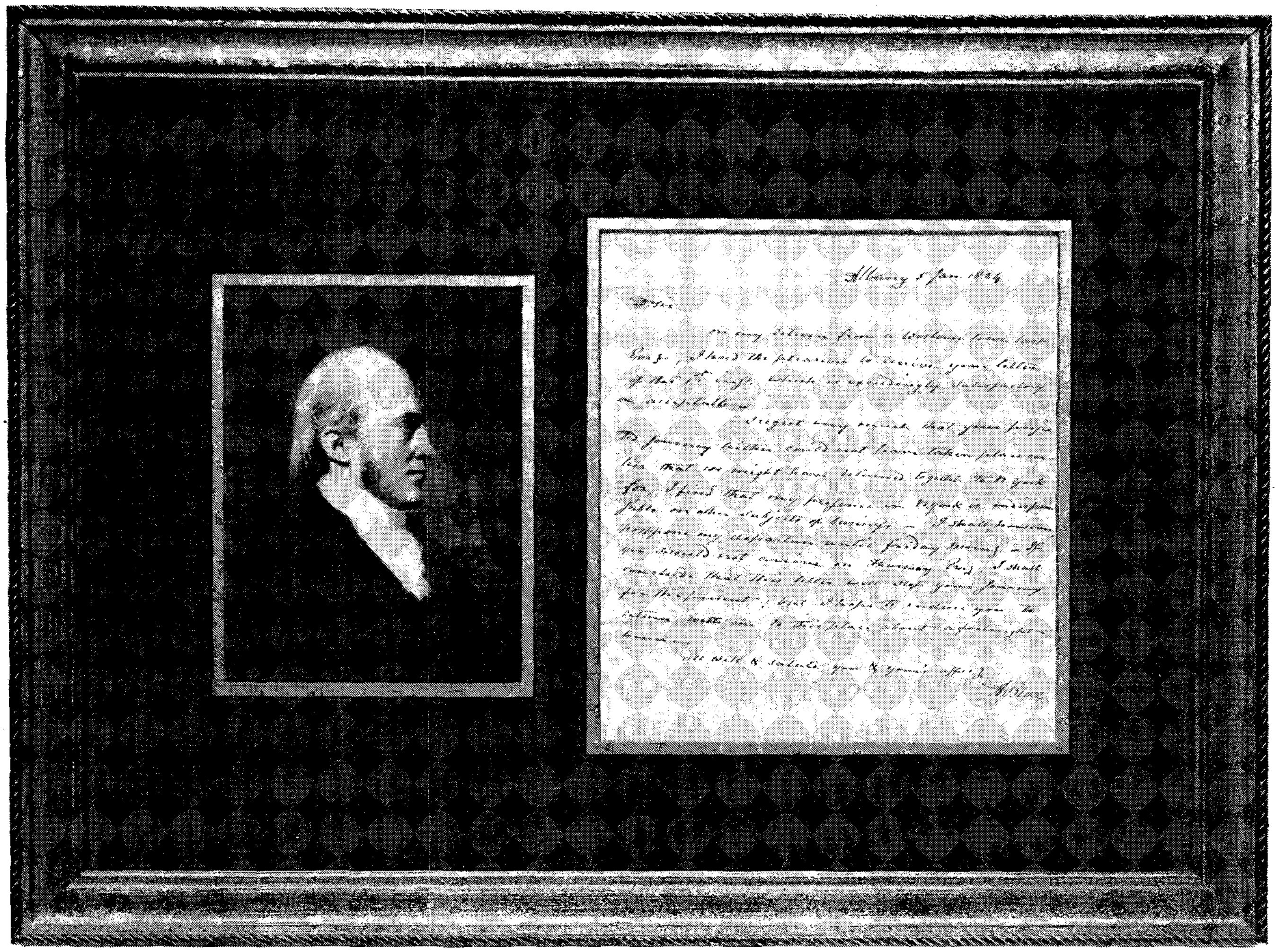
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Attention! Random House editors!



Aaron Burr. Letter to his close friend Samuel Chester Reid signed January 5, 1824. 325.00

Here is the perfect present for your #1 best selling author!

Mr. Robert Tollett, our resident man in autography, says that he would be the absolutely ideal recipient of this fascinating Aaron Burr letter. After all, his book, Burr, is #1 on the best seller list. "But," we asked, "what if someone snaps this one up, would you have some alternatives?" Mr. Tollett gathered together the eight signatures below, all from the Burr period. So his friends can start a whole collection for him if they're so inclined and right at B. Altman.

We asked Mr. Tollett how he came to work in such a fascinating field and he told us he actually began collecting at age eight when he acquired his first autograph from Jean Harlow. He still has the Harlow scrawl along with 3,000 others hanging on his walls at home. "I don't even know what color my walls are anymore," says Mr. Tollett, "but, of course, my personal collection can't compare with B. Altman's. This one is superb." When queried as to whether an autograph could be considered a good investment, Mr. Tollett 'lowed as how the right autographs often increase in value. However, he feels people should buy for love and fascination and not for money.

This group is but an infinitesimal part of the extensive B. Altman autograph collection which includes striking examples of musicians, writers, scientists, royalty, actors, etc. Many are decoratively framed with portraits for unusual decor as well as a rewarding avocation. We think you'll have a fascinating hour browsing our autographs and should you run into Mr. Tollett, or any of his erudite aides, we can assure you a most interesting afternoon in your history. Art Gallery, eighth floor.

M. Van Buren

Martin Van Buren. Document signed as Secretary of State, May 7, 1831. 175.00

George P.

George IV. Bold signature as Prince Regent. 75.00

J. C. Calhoun

John C. Calhoun. Document signed as Secretary of War, February 19, 1818. 225.00

Alexander Hamilton

Alexander Hamilton. Letter signed as Secretary of the Treasury, September 6, 1792. 650.00

Washington Irving

Washington Irving. Signature from a letter. 85.00

John Jay

John Jay. Autograph letter signed and dated, Bristol, August 9, 1784. 535.00

H Clay

Henry Clay. Holograph order to pay, signed and dated October 26, 1832. 135.00

G. Washington

George Washington. Revolutionary date letter signed Headquarters New Windsor, February 6, 1781. 2,975.00

B Altman & Co

A most surprising store.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE papers last week brought us news of the loss of a piece of American history and the restoration of a piece of Russian history. The piece of American history—what President Nixon said to his chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, on June 20, 1972, three days after the Watergate break-in—was short, but it was crucial. The fate of an Administration seemed to hang on how it disappeared. For the moment, all we have left is an eighteen-and-a-half-minute hum. The piece of Russian history—what happened to tens of millions of people in forced-labor camps in the first several decades of Soviet rule—was long, and also crucial. In neither country did the authorities show any eagerness to hear any of this news. The Soviet authorities called Alexander Solzhenitsyn a "traitor" and suggested that he get out of the Soviet Union. A campaign of letter writing against Solzhenitsyn on the part of the "public" was organized by the authorities. Letters flooded into Soviet television stations. (We, too, have now had experience with officially inspired letter campaigns to television stations. The difference is that in Russia the television commentators and the authorities are one and the same, whereas here the men on television still cling to a measure of independence.) About the Watergate news the Soviet authorities have nothing to say. Like Solzhenitsyn's book, comment would hurt détente.

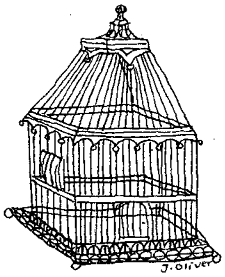
Our authorities likewise blame the bearers of the news for the tidings they don't like. They tell us that the Watergate news that has been inundating us for the last year is the work of television, the press, and political enemies. On Solzhenitsyn *they* have no comment. But whereas Solzhenitsyn is all but suffocated in the totalitarian murk of the Soviet Union, and can be made to disappear at any moment, we still breathe the air of freedom, and can think and act without reprisal. Even Solzhenitsyn is in certain ways sustained by our freedom. His voice can be heard because there is a part of the world where independent voices are still allowed to speak out and public discourse is not yet dominated entirely by the well-amplified voices of the authorities sending themselves messages of support. And not only are we in the free countries the last forums for independent voices—we are the repository of the world's culture and known history. We are the keepers of the record. (In China last week, the authorities took out after Schubert and Beethoven.) One of our obligations is not to let gaps appear. For the moment, the gap in this nation's part of the record is only eighteen and a half minutes long. In the Soviet Union, the gap is decades long. There Solzhenitsyn, at the peril of his life, has rescued the memory of millions from darkness. Here, where the going is still easy and action is still possible, we let the erasers of the record continue with their work. If they are permitted to go all the way, there will be no record left, here or anywhere else. An American Solzhenitsyn, should we be lucky enough to have one, would have nowhere to make himself heard. The gap then would swallow us all, and the global hum could go on for centuries.

Commissioner

NOT long after Elinor Guggenheimer took office as Mayor Beame's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, we had breakfast with her at her apartment, on Park Avenue. It was a snowy morning; she was wearing a bright-red pants suit with the bottoms tucked into knee-high black boots. On our arrival, Mrs. Guggenheimer was in the kitchen glaring at an electric coffee percolator. "Something's wrong with this pot," she said. "Must be one I got at a bank. I'm glad the State Legislature has finally limited the banks' giveaway-premium programs. The best bank the consumer can have is a solid one that pays interest that doesn't disappear if you take your money out a few days early. Excuse me while I put these English muffins in the oven." After casting a baleful look at all her appliances, the Commissioner led us into her living room.

"I've been in city government on and off for nearly thirty years," said the Commissioner, who has been married even longer than that to Randolph Guggenheimer, a partner in the law firm of Guggenheimer & Untermyer. "I like city government, but I'd never thought about holding this job, because it always looked to me like a 'woman's job,' and I never liked 'women's jobs.' But I was wrong. It's a real job, and I'm thrilled to be in it. It has its frustrations, though. I have power, but not enough to resolve many situations. One trouble is that consumer questions are spread across three levels of government—federal, state, and local—and a lot of them tend to fall between three stools. Another frustration is that to have a better complaint system than we do would cost more *money* than we have. I'm hoping we can learn something from the Police Department's 911 setup. Sure, we have phones—I'm planning to handle one of them myself one day soon, to get a first-hand feel of the kinds of calls that come in—but we're not yet organized for that quick a response. The best thing about my job is that our department is one that exists to serve people on *every* level—social, economic, ethnic, whatever. The common-denominator department, you could say. We're the agency that represents the individual against the— well, not exactly against the establishment. Against the *organization.* Oh, my God, I can smell it! There go my English muffins!”

On her return from the kitchen, Commissioner Guggenheimer went on, “Our function is to protect people against frauds, of course, but, in a way, I’m less interested in chicanery than in attitudes. I want people to be treated like human beings. I ride the subways a lot, and when the trains are delayed I don’t mind waiting but I mind not being *told* why I’m waiting. When I began this job, I wanted to find out which subway stop on which line was closest to my office, down on Lafayette Street. I asked a uniformed Transit Authority man, and I didn’t quite catch his answer, and asked him again, and he said, ‘Lady, I can’t stand here all day talking to you.’ What we need more of in this city is *patience*. There are a lot of people living in New York who don’t speak good English, and a lot of visitors who speak hardly any at all. I want people to learn to be conscious of the way they treat each other. We’re concerned in my department, naturally, about the current shortages, real and alleged, and the panic buying that has ensued. I ran into a friend from Texas the other evening who said that down there you can drive around the corner and buy all the gas you wish for thirty-eight cents a gallon. Here *we* are, the major city in the world, and we’re getting reports every day about the scarcity of gasoline, and we don’t even know what’s causing it. We can hardly send all our consumers to Texas. But we can, quite beyond the practical, day-to-day operations of inspecting premises, and checking on unit prices and short measures, and warning people about getting hooked into signing contracts that may bankrupt them—we can have a concern about how people *feel*. Maybe the root problem is impersonality. There used to be a personal relationship between consumers and their corner grocers. Buyers and sellers used to see each other’s *faces*. I wouldn’t be surprised if some checkout girls never see a single face from one day to the next.”



Mrs. Guggenheimer, who has been a familiar local television figure for two and a half years, as co-hostess of a chatty show called “Straight Talk” (she will be giving it up as soon as a replacement materializes), has lived in New York all her life, but she doesn’t shop much herself, doing her marketing largely by phone. (Her grocer knows both her face and her voice.) “Randy and I used to have a country place in Westchester,” she told us, “but we sold it fifteen years ago, because we seemed to be spending every weekend fixing roofs or cesspools while a houseful of guests played golf. Now we rent a small apartment somewhere in the country, and we don’t tell anyone where it is, and we use the place for relaxation. We never get any mail there except the sort addressed to ‘Dear Occupant’ or ‘Boxholder,’ and we don’t have to worry about those nasty little white things on the rhododendron leaves. I do miss the crocuses in spring, but at least we have a minor garden here in our dining room. Sorry about the English muffins, but I had to try doing them in the oven. The toaster is broken.”

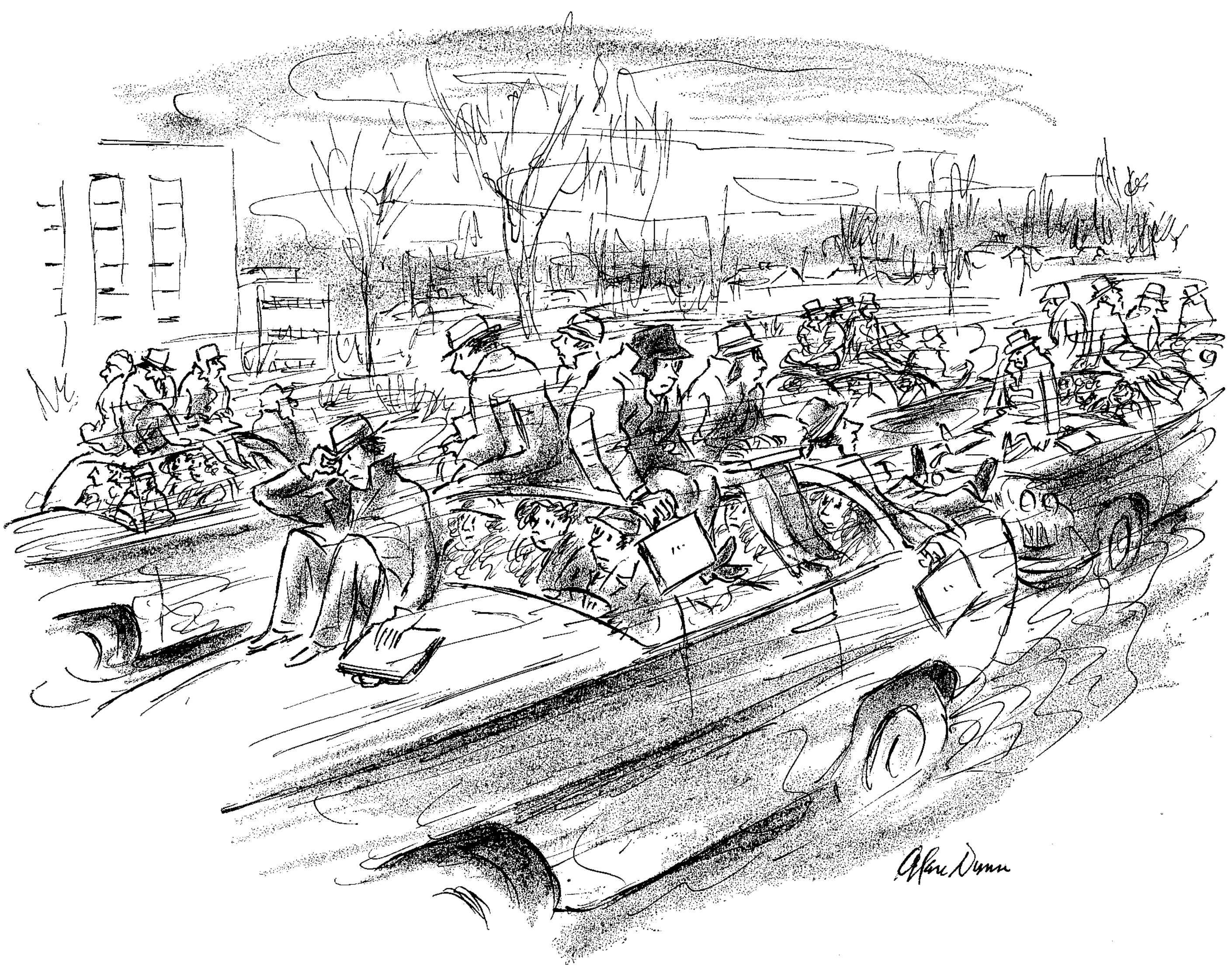
Britannica 3

WE attended a morning press conference held at the St. Regis by the Encyclopædia Britannica “to announce Britannica 3—the first new idea in encyclopædia publishing in more than 200 years” (a slightly anticlimactic announcement, since it had been made on page 1 of the *Times* three days before), and found ourself seated in a room of gilt chairs along with a hundred or so representatives of such publications as *Publishers Weekly*, *Library Journal*, *Harper’s*, *The Atlantic*, *The New Republic*, *Reader’s Digest*, *Time*, *Good Housekeeping*, *The Girl Scout Leader*, *Commonweal*, *Business Week*, *America*, *Wilson Library Bulletin*, the *News*, and the *Times* (the last in the durable person of Mr. Israel Shenker, who had written the scoop for his paper the previous week). The scene was pleasantly theatrical—the hotel’s “library,” with glass-enclosed shelves of wedding-gift sets presented to the St. Regis years ago by Vincent Astor, its owner at the time. Up in front was a green-baize-covered table holding the three-volume set of the original, 1768-71 Britannica and its thirty-volume 1974 successor, and back of this, on a platform, were the seated figures, sacerdotal in mien but colorfully clad, of Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, chairman of the E.B.’s board of editors; Charles E. Swanson, its president; Warren E. Preece, its editor; and Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, its sparkplug and director of editorial planning.

Dr. Hutchins, tall, white-haired, dark-suited with a russet waistcoat, introduced “the architect of the Fifteenth Edition”—Dr. Adler, a forceful man in a light-gray checked suit and a wide-striped black-and-white tie. Speaking with gusto and authority, he said that the trailblazing youngster is divided into ten “look-it-up-quickly,” “ready-reference-and-index” volumes of Micropædia, containing 102,214 articles, not more than seven hundred and fifty words long; nineteen volumes of “knowledge-in-depth” Macropædia, containing 4,207 articles, with an average length of seventy-five hundred words but going up to two hundred and fifty thousand words; and a single, innovative Propædia volume, which he characterized as “a bird’s-eye view of the whole terrain of human knowledge.” In it the lucky bird has access to fifteen thousand topics treated in ten segments, which range from “Matter and Energy” to “The Branches of Knowledge.” “This is my particular baby, and I am particularly fond of it,” Dr. Adler said as a flashlight photographer in the front row, wearing an orange-brown-and-red jacket, took several pictures of him. Dr. A. went on to frown upon “conventional encyclopædias,” including the old Britannica—“a single series of articles, long and short, major and minor, arranged from ‘A’ to ‘Z’ ”—and the photographer, backing up in the aisle between the gilt chairs, took more pictures of him. “A brand-new and different encyclopædia,” the Doctor said. “It makes all others obsolete.”

Dr. Adler was succeeded on the rostrum by Mr. Preece, a man with a great shock of dark hair and a pointy white beard, who was wearing a dark-blue suit, a light-blue shirt, and a red-and-white striped tie. Reading from notes but looking up in lively fashion, he said that Britannica 3 (so called because of its three-in-one restructuring) was aimed at the curious and intelligent lay reader, not the specialist; that a staff of up to three hundred and eighty people had worked on it for fifteen years; and that half of the Macropædia’s articles were by contributors outside the United States. Seven or eight hundred of these had to be translated into English.

“The ten Micropædia volumes were all written in our shop in Chicago,” Dr. Adler told us during a buffet lunch that followed the presentation. “We kept the whole project a secret for eight years. I invented its code name—Plan B. One hundred and thirty-one countries are represented among our contributors, but not China or Albania. The article on electric power is by a member of the Japanese Atomic Energy Commission, the one on nuclear



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fusion is by a Russian, and so on. I had an 8:45 A.M. staff meeting every day for three years."

We asked him how he felt.

"I feel light-headed and light-shouldered," he said.

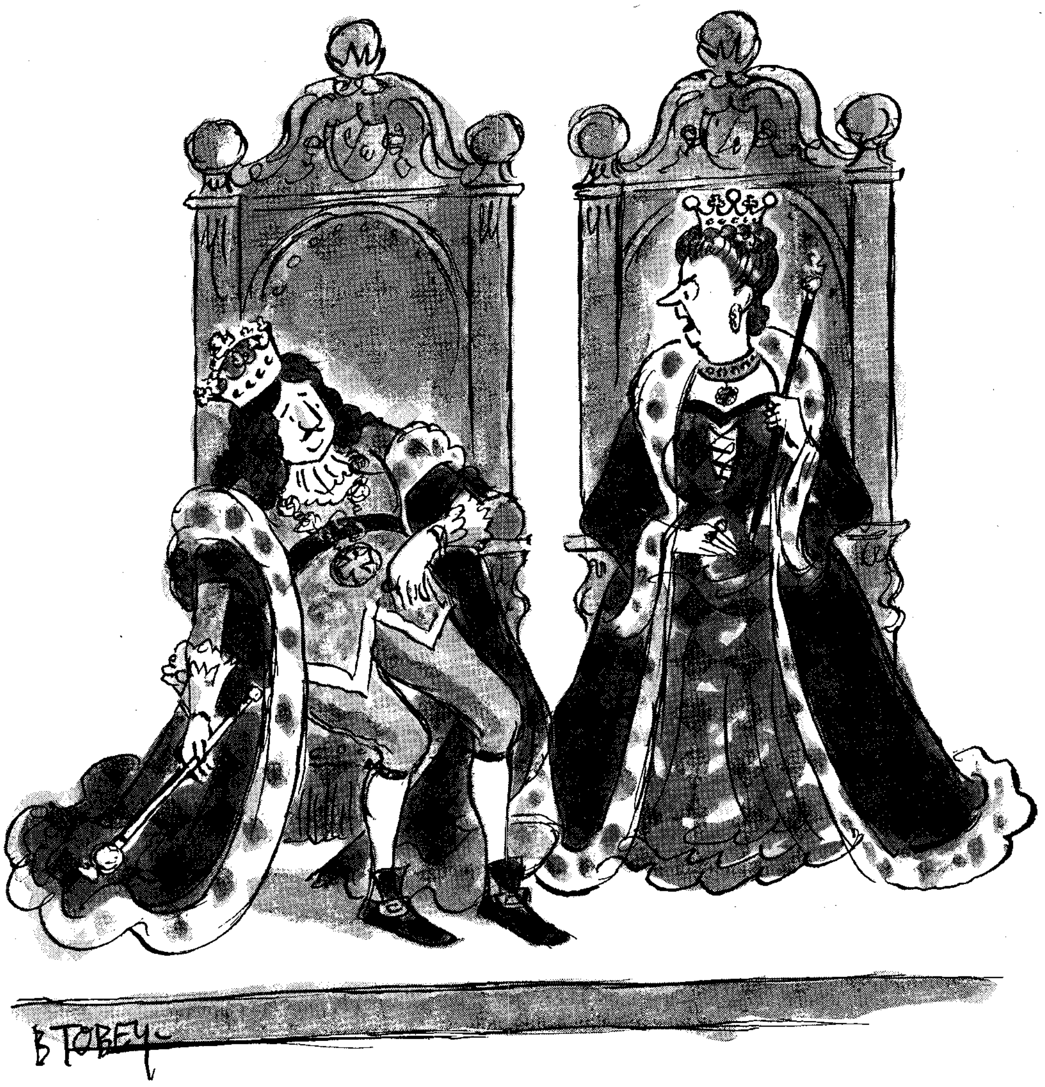
Milk Route

AT one-thirty on a cold Wednesday morning, a milk truck is parked outside a dairy in the northern Bronx. The truck, which belongs to one of the last remaining independent milk-route owners making deliveries to Manhattan homes, was loaded several hours earlier by a dairy employee. Now its driver checks to make sure that all the quart bottles of homogenized milk he will need this morning—a hundred and five cases of them, twelve bottles to a case—are aboard, and at the dairy's platform loading area he picks up the so-called by-products that will also be needed on the route: four cases of quart bottles of orange juice (also twelve bottles to a case), two and a half cases of quart bottles of skim milk, two cases of quart bottles of ninety-nine-per-cent milk, twenty-four quart cardboard containers of homogenized milk, and various amounts of chocolate milk, buttermilk, light cream, heavy cream, half-and-half, and eggs. He then drives the truck, an aging white-painted steel step-in van, south on the almost empty Major Deegan Expressway. The route's boundaries are West 101st Street, West 115th Street, Central Park West, and Riverside Drive, and within that area there are eight hundred customers, in two hundred apartment buildings—half the customers receiving deliveries on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, and half on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings. At West 155th Street, the driver turns off the Major Deegan and proceeds a few blocks to a nursery school, his only stop outside the route's boundaries. It is two o'clock. He opens the back of the truck, removes the twenty-four containers of milk (the school's customary order), and carries them in a wire basket to the school's front door. He opens the door with one of thirty or forty keys on a key chain, moves quickly down a linoleum-covered corridor to a kitchen, and opens the door of a refrigerator. Inside the refrigerator he finds a note reading "Please leave just twenty containers today." He puts twenty containers of milk in the refrigerator and retraces his steps to the truck, carrying the four surplus containers. The driver, a retired teamster, who is fifty and looks older and grayer than his years, appears uninterested in why four fewer containers than usual are wanted. He isn't a speculative man or a curious one. He has acknowledged that in all the months he has been delivering milk to the school he has never taken a look at the classrooms that lie along the corridor on his way to the kitchen.

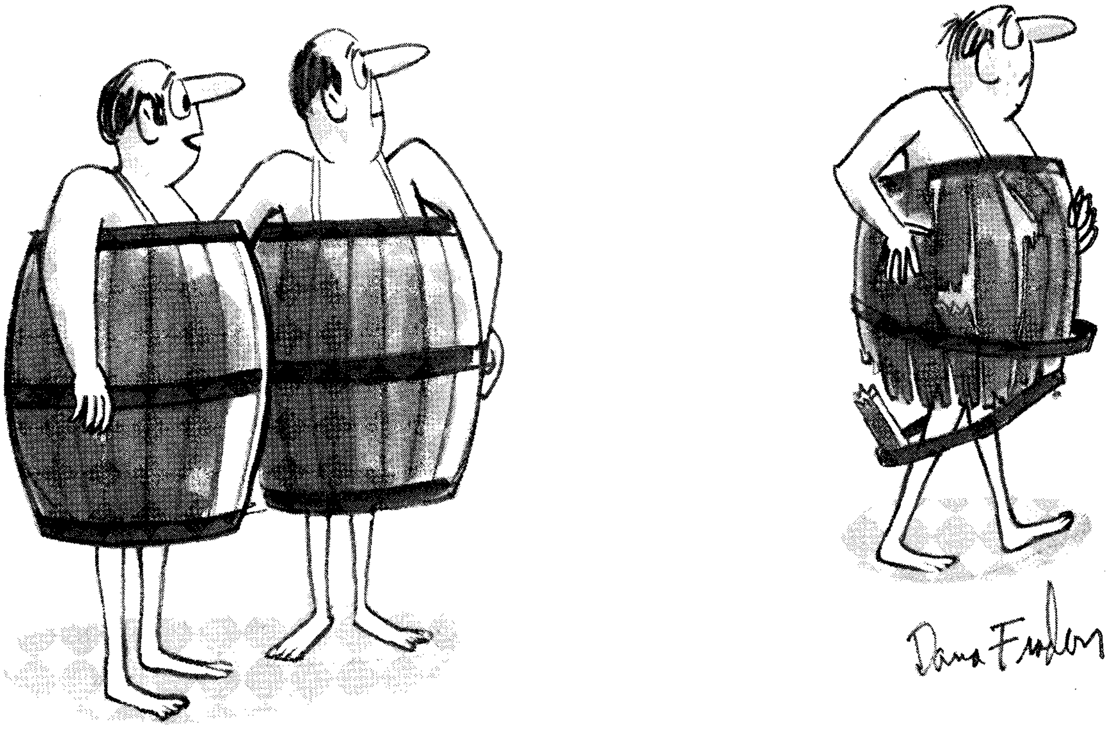
The truck sails down Broadway, past mostly darkened and shuttered stores, to 111th Street, where, at two-fifteen, the driver is joined by two helpers—a middle-aged Englishman and a young man from the Dominican Republic. On the truck's dashboard is a stack of flash cards, one for every apartment building on the Monday-Wednesday-Friday run. The cards are arranged in route order, and each gives the building's address, a list of the apartments in the building that get deliveries, and three numbers for each apartment, indicating how many bottles of milk the apartment receives each delivery day. "6A—4, 4, 5" means that Apartment 6A gets four bottles of milk on Mondays and Wednesdays and five on Fridays. (Many people regularly buy an extra bottle or two on Friday to tide them over the weekend.) Some of the cards bear abbreviated instructions, such as "S.D." (leave milk outside service door), or orders for other products, such as "1 O.J." (one orange juice). Each man takes one of the first three cards on the pile, scans it, removes the requisite number of bottles from plastic shells in which the dairy has loaded them, and transfers them to aluminum carrying cases, which hold either twelve or sixteen bottles. Then he clips the card onto his jacket and runs—really runs—from truck to building, although a bottle of milk weighs two pounds six ounces, so if he has a fully loaded sixteen-quart carrier in each hand he is toting over eighty pounds. The English helper dashes to an apartment house between 111th and 112th Streets on Riverside Drive. The building has seen better days—the lobby lacks a carpet, and its furniture is sparse and worn—but there is an attendant on duty, and he unlocks the front door and greets the milkman cheerfully. The building has two elevators. The Englishman scurries to the elevator on the left side of the lobby, enters it, and presses the button marked "10." He begins on the highest floor on which he has a delivery; that way, if the elevator is whisked from him while he is making his rounds, he can walk down instead of up. When the elevator reaches the tenth floor, he consults the card, runs a few steps to Apartment 10E, sets a bottle of ninety-nine-per-cent milk down on the floor to the right of the door, picks up an empty bottle that is standing there and puts it in the carrier, and runs back to the elevator. Down to the seventh floor (one bottle of milk for 7E), on down to the fifth floor (two bottles of milk for 5E), on down to the third floor (one bottle of milk for 3F). Back to the lobby, over to the right-hand elevator, up to the tenth floor to deliver milk to more people whose names he doesn't know: a quart of milk for 10B, three quarts for 9B, five for 6B, three for 5A, three quarts of milk and a quart of skim milk for 5B. Down to the lobby, and back to the truck with twenty-one empty bottles, which he puts in plastic shells formerly occupied by full bottles. He studies another flash card, reloads the carriers, and tears off to the next building, and the next.

The three milkmen meet at the truck at 3:15 A.M. and ride to 106th Street and Riverside Drive, which is very windy, bitter-cold, and almost deserted. No one is abroad except the milkmen and a lone dog-walker. For half an hour, the men deliver milk on West 106th Street and on Riverside Drive. Up and down, up and down they ride in slow, creaky elevators, which open onto clean but dreary-looking and dimly lit hallways—hallways with gray-painted walls and checkerboard tile floors, silent hallways whose silence is broken by the sound of milk bottles clanking against the metal carrying cases and against each other. In an empty milk bottle outside an apartment on West 106th Street the English helper finds a note that reads "Milkman, please leave us two heavy creams today if you have them," and he has to make a separate trip to the truck to fetch the cream. The helpers don't like notes; notes slow them down, and they are paid sixteen dollars a morning no matter how long it takes them to complete the route. They usually finish in four hours, but they would rather finish earlier, and that is why they hustle. The milkmen run like jackrabbits to buildings on West 110th, West 111th, West 112th, and West 113th Streets. They are wearing light jackets, despite the low temperature, and they are sweating because of the exertion. The driver observes that cool, dry weather is known as a milkman's night, and the English helper reports that a customer on West 110th Street—"a four-quarter"—has left a note saying that he is moving away.

The milk truck's next stop is 104th Street, near Amsterdam Avenue, from which the three men are to deliver milk to six of twelve buildings in a housing project between Amsterdam and Columbus. The driver describes the first part of his route as "high-class." High-class customers are billed monthly; they



"Sit up straight!"



"I guess we should count our blessings."

pay their bills reliably, but they don't drink a great deal of milk. The second part of the route, starting at the housing project, is what the driver describes as "low-class"—made up of welfare people and low-paid working people, who are billed biweekly and are given to moving without paying their last bills (the route owner can lose over a thousand dollars a year when they skip); most of them are Puerto Rican, and they drink a lot of milk. The three men deliver twenty-five cases of milk to the six project buildings. The driver puts four plastic shells on a hand truck and wheels it into the elevator of one of the project buildings. (This method is faster than transferring them to the metal carriers.) He presses "17," and the elevator, a temperamental machine, eventually carries him there. Each project-building card says "K.O.D." (knock on door); if the people in the projects don't take in their milk the moment it is deposited on their doorsteps, it may be stolen. The driver raps sharply on each door. Sleepy-looking women in nightgowns or housecoats come to the door promptly. Most of them gather up the bottles of milk wordlessly, but whenever one of them says hello to the driver he says, "Hello, darling, how are you this morning?"

The truck is parked at 109th Street and Amsterdam Avenue at 5:10 A.M. In the three blocks of 109th Street between Manhattan Avenue and Broadway the three men deliver over fifty cases of milk—almost half the truck's load. All the houses on West 109th Street are dilapidated. Almost all of them are walkups. Their front doors are open, their mailboxes are broken, their hallways are narrow and strewn with garbage and covered with graffiti, their staircases are steep, their tenants own a good number of barking dogs. In the walkups, the milkmen start their deliveries on the ground floor, to lighten their loads as they climb the stairs. In one five-story tenement on West 109th Street the driver drops off sixty-six bottles of milk, chocolate milk, and orange juice at seventeen apartments in five minutes.

By six o'clock on this cold Wednesday morning, the milk has been delivered. The two helpers depart for day jobs in Riverdale, where the Englishman is a building superintendent and the young man from the Dominican Republic is a building porter. The driver sets out to collect a few bills for the route owner before returning to the dairy with the empties, the four containers of milk, and an extra case or two of milk, which he will distribute on the Thursday run.

The route owner, Angelo Guagenti, who is a thirty-year-old banty of a man with wavy hair, a mustache, a stutter, and fifteen years of experience in the milk business, sits in an all-night restaurant on Broadway drinking coffee and talking shop. At the age of fifteen, he went to work as a milkman's helper. He dropped out of high school at eighteen and spent the next nine years as a salaried milk-route driver. A couple of years ago, he acquired a Milk and Milk Products Class B retail license for Manhattan, a second-hand truck, and a milk route (that is, a list of established customers in an area) of his own. He is proud that he has built up his business from forty-five cases a morning to over a hundred. "Everyone says the milk route is dying, but as far as I'm concerned it's not yet dead," he says. "I'll survive as long as there are still people who prefer to drink milk out of glass bottles—which you can't get at the supermarket anymore—and people who are lazy about going to the supermarket to get their milk and are willing to pay a few cents more to have it delivered to their doorsteps. I think milk tastes much better out of glass bottles than out of cardboard containers, and my customers agree."

Skirl

THE Royal Shakespeare Company is making a rare appearance in Brooklyn, and there was a big turnout at the Academy of Music for the opening of "Richard II." Mayor Beame, a genuine Brooklynite, was there, and we also spotted a number of people domiciled elsewhere: Martha Graham; the Jacob Javitses; Sir Rudolf and Lady Bing; Paul Lepercq, chairman of the board of the Brooklyn Academy of Music; Robert Shaw and his wife, Mary Ure; Harry Belafonte; British Consul-General the Honourable John A. Ford and Mrs. Ford; and two kilted Scottish pipers, who were wearing the Ancient Macbeth tartan. The pipers piped everybody into the theatre, and we talked with them when they paused for breath.

"You must be from Scotland," we said to the taller piper.

"Kearny, New Jersey," said the piper, whose name is Jock Nesbit. "Of course, we were born in Scotland. I'm a tool- and diemaker, and this here's Jimmy McQuilkin, and he's a cabinetmaker."

"But—" we said.

"Oh," said Mr. McQuilkin. "We belong to a pipe band that plays for British Caledonian Airways."

"Do you like 'Richard II'?"

"Dunno," said Mr. McQuilkin. "We'll find out tonight, won't we?"

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

THE attached photographs of the human soul (Figs. 1 and 2), taken by Pioneer 10, the first spacecraft to navigate the outer solar system, were made on December 14, 1973, as the craft was leaving the magnetic field of Jupiter. The "photographs" (actually coded radio signals from the device's nine-foot dish antenna beamed back to earth) were, of course, incidental to the photographing of Jupiter itself, one of the mission's chief aims. They were made by Dr. Reginald Hobson, F.R.S., of Britain's Cavendish Laboratory, using Kodak spectroscopic plates type IIIa-J baked for five hours at 65° C. under dry N_2 before exposure. Dr. Hobson very shortly afterward brought the resulting images to his friend and colleague Dr. Winston Watnick-Mealie, F.R.S.

"Uh, Winnie—"

"Yes, Reggie?"

"I have something to show you."

"More shots from 10?"

"Right, Winnie. But these ... There's something rather special about them."

"What's that, Reggie?"

"Well, Winnie, I have reason to believe that they are photographs of the human soul on its way to Heaven."

"Oh, really. That's *interesting*. Photographs of the human soul on its way to Heaven. I suppose you've, uh, checked this out, have you, Reggie? I mean—"

"Uh—rather thoroughly, Winnie. I did a computer search of all extant images from space, and, uh, these photographs are *sui generis*, you might say. They are like nothing previously photographed. Nothing. I also did a worm-path study of the possibilities, and the result of the worm-path study was that, uh, these *can only be* photographs of the human soul on its way to Heaven."

"Any other tests?"

"Fourier analysis. Critical-band masking. Continuous smearing grids."

"Um. Well, then, I suppose that's that, isn't it? You're quite sure it's the *soul*—the human soul?"

"Worm-path studies don't lie, Winnie. I ran the program four times."

"The human soul ... on its way to, ah, Heaven."

"One assumes. It was definitely outward bound."

"I see. Well, then, let's have a look at them."

"Right here, Winnie."

"God. Ugly little bugger, isn't it."

"Not precisely pretty. I wouldn't, for example, call it gorgeous."

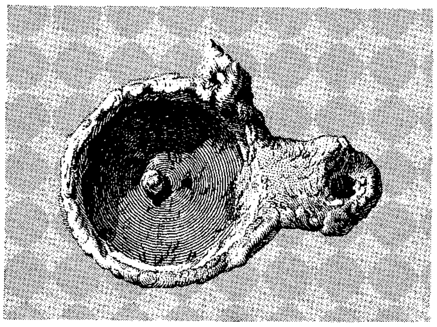


Fig. 1

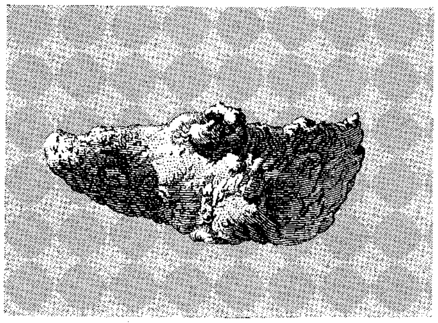


Fig. 2

"Definitely not gorgeous. Rather unattractive, actually."

"I remarked that myself."

"Looks rather like a frying pan."

"Yes, it does, rather."

"A heavily, uh, corroded frying pan. You see that handle sort of part, over to the right."

"Yes, I noticed that. Looks rather like a, ah, handle."

"A bit used-looking, the whole thing."

"Quite."

"And then there's that, ah, knuckle sort of thing there at the top. What d'you make of that, Reggie?"

"Haven't the faintest, Winnie. What you might call an anomaly."

"Yes, definitely anomalous. I mean, one doesn't like to think of souls, the human soul, as having ... knuckle-shaped things sticking out at the top, does one?"

"Much prefer not, Winnie. It bothered me, too."

"Yes. It's disturbing."

"Yes. Definitely disturbing."

"I always thought of the soul as being more ... *symmetrical*, don't you know."

"Right. Sort of ... beautiful. Like that stuff one puts on the Christmas tree at Christmas. What's it called?"

"Angel hair."

"Right. Sort of like angel hair. Ethereal."

"Ethereal, that's the ticket. And now to see it looking very much like something someone's been frying eggs and kidneys and God knows what all in for just ages and ages—well it sort of takes the wind out of one's sails, as it were."

"Very disturbing, I agree, Winnie."

"I wonder what that little nipple-shaped business is, in the middle there."

"Yes, I was curious, too. Probably should be looked into."

"Why couldn't it have been, you know, *beautiful*? If you follow me."

"Well, there *is* sin and all that, of course."

"Yes. Sin. I was afraid you were going to mention that."

"I don't quite follow."

"Well, the thing is, Reggie, I have something to confess. Something in the sin line, actually."

"Something to confess?"

"Yes. I don't know quite how to put it, but it's something that's been rather on my mind, these past weeks."

"What ever are you talking about?"

"Well, it's about Dorothea."

"Dorothea?"

"Yes, Dorothea. The thing is, I ran into Dorothea a few months ago. At Marks & Spencer. She was looking for some orange thread."

"Yes, for her tatting."

"Yes. She was tatting a bedspread, I believe. An orange bedspread."

"Yes, she's finished it. It's on the bed now, in the bedroom."

"Quite. Well, Dorothea was looking for some orange thread—a particular shade of orange—"

"Yes. It's called burnt orange, Winnie. A sort of burnt-looking orange."

"Right. Well, she, as I say, was looking for this special shade of orange thread, and *I* was looking for a thimble."

"You were looking for a thimble."

"Right. Margaret had asked me to stop off at Marks & Spencer and fetch her home a thimble. She'd lost her thimble."

"I see."

"I bought two, actually. In case she misplaced one, she'd have the other, you see. Sort of a backup system."

"Um."

"Well, as it happens the thimble department is quite close to the thread department, at Marks & Spencer. They're adjacent."

"I should think they'd be pretty well the same department."

"One would think that, but as it

happens they're separate departments. Separate, but adjacent. So I sort of ran into Dorothea, that afternoon, and in the ordinary way asked her if she'd like to pop out for a drink."

"She accepted."

"Ah, yes. So we popped out and had a drink. Several, in fact."

"I see."

"And, uh, one thing sort of led to another, and the fact is that I've been seeing quite a bit of Dorothea in the past weeks. Illicitly."

"Illicitly."

"Yes. Behavior which is, strictly speaking, non-licit."

"Um. And you've been feeling a bit uneasy about it?"

"Yes. Horrid, in fact."

"Well, I can understand that, Winnie. It is a bit sticky, given the fact that we've been friends and colleagues all these years. Since the fifties, really."

"The late fifties, yes. I came here in 1956."

"But I don't quite see, Winnie, what this has to do with these photographs. Of the human soul on its way to Heaven. The first ever. I would say that the immediate problem is not your little flutter with my wife, Dorothea, but the photographs. I mean, business before pleasure, Winnie."

"Right, Reggie. I couldn't agree more. You always were one for getting on with it."

"The question is, in my view, what are we to do with the bloody things?"

"Burn them."

"Burn them? But they are of some scientific interest, wouldn't you say? I mean, if the soul exists, and we have the snaps to prove it, it would have quite a lot of *relevance*, wouldn't it? To everything?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it would have *some* relevance. Give the theologians a hell of a fright, for one thing. Might be worth publishing, just for that reason."

"Yes, I can see that."

"Of course, on the other hand, a great many people—decent, serious people—are probably *very interested* in this sort of thing. The existence of the human soul. I mean, it's not like the tooth fairy, right?"

"Much more relevance, I'd say, Winnie. To things in general."

"Well, Reggie, it's what you might call a nice question. There's our responsibility to science and truth and all that. But aren't we sort of in the position of those chaps who made the atom bomb and then were sorry afterward?"

"Yes, I'd say we were, actually. Rather."

"It seems to me to boil down to this: Are we better off *with* souls, or just possibly *without* them?"

"Yes. I see what you mean. You prefer the uncertainty."

"Exactly. It's more creative. Take for example my, ah, arrangement with your wife, Dorothea. Stippled with uncertainty. At moments, we are absolutely *quaking* with nonspecific anxiety. *I* enjoy it. *Dorothea* enjoys it. The humdrum is defeated. Momentarily, of course."

"Yes, I can understand that. Gives the thing a bit of zest."

"Yes. You'd be taking away people's zest. They all have to go around being good and all that. You'd get the Nobel Prize, and no one, repeat *no one*, would ever speak to you again. People do like their zest, Reggie."

"But still—"

"There's just one more item, Reggie. One more item to be considered. I am absolutely persuaded that you have succeeded in capturing the first hard evidence for the existence of the human soul. But it's flawed."

"The thing *is* a bit on the homely side."

"Downright ugly, to be perfectly frank."

"God knows what a life it must have led."

"Yes, but don't you see, Reggie, that these snaps, if they are published, will come to stand for, in the public mind, *all souls*?"

"I suppose there's something in that."

"Some things it's better not to know about. That's what I'm suggesting."

"Your affair with Dorothea would be an example."

"An *excellent* example, Reggie."

"Of course there is some fallout from all this. The affair, I mean."

"What is that, Reggie?"

"I don't like you anymore, Winnie."

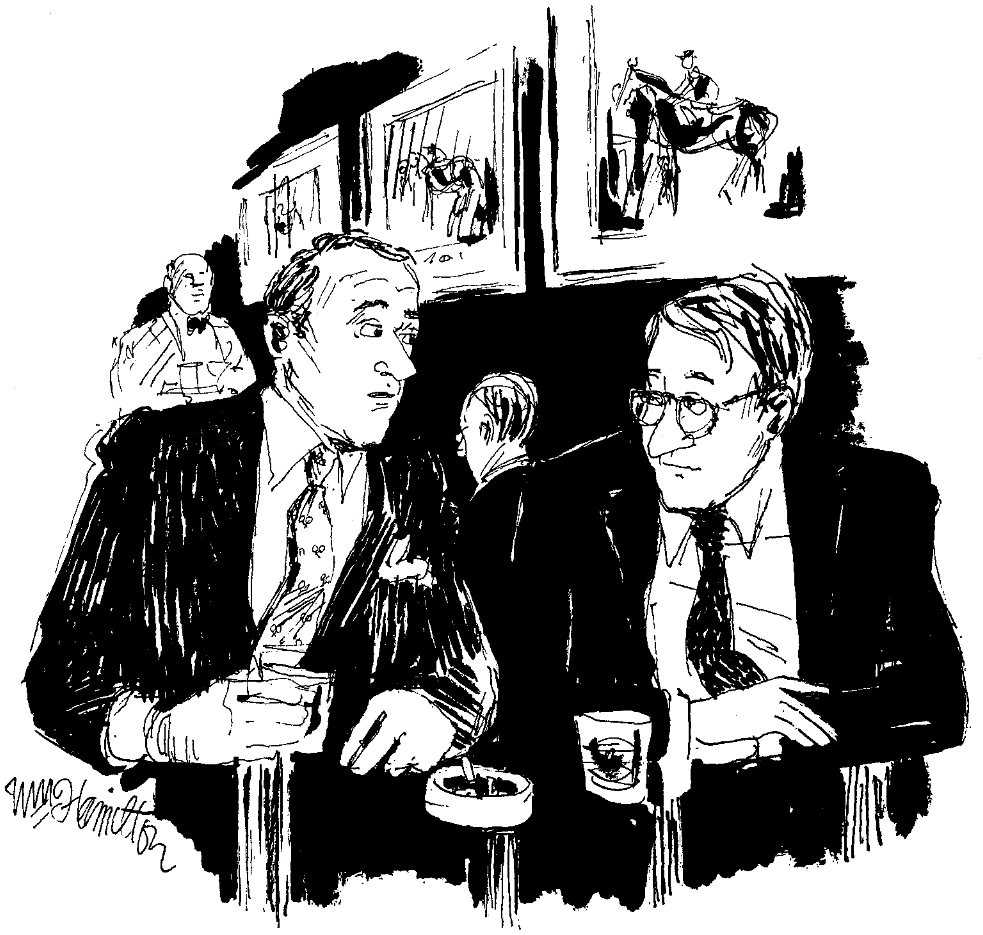
"Yes, I should think you'd have that reaction, Reggie. Quite normal, I'd say."

"So I'll burn the photographs, I expect."

"Yes. Pity they weren't prettier."

"Yes. Pity they weren't prettier."

—DONALD BARTHELME



"Lord! Before you know it, you're too old to be the youngest anything."

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GRIEF

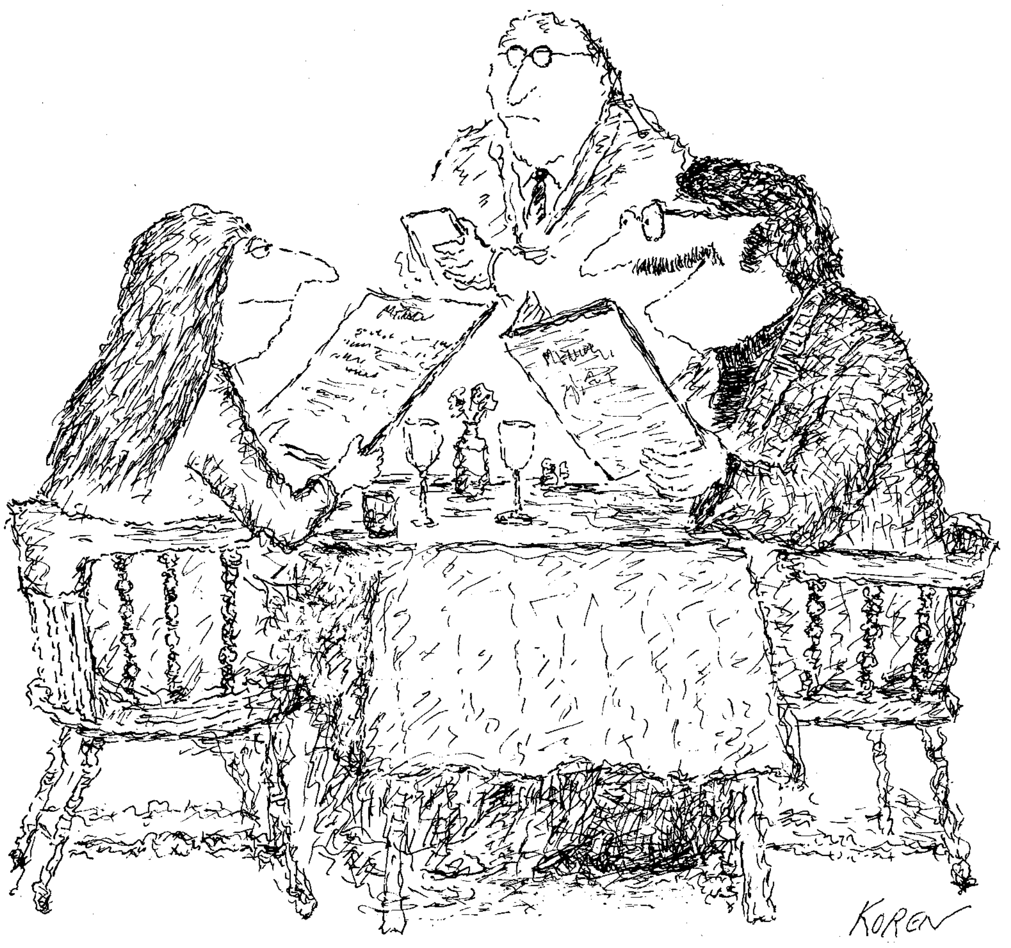
ABOUT six miles west of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, a man of twenty-one years stands beside a dead and fallen apple tree on the edge of a field of snow. His name is David. He has been chopping the tree up for firewood, but now he is standing and resting, leaning on his axe. He breathes heavily and evenly, making white clouds in the frigid January air.

He looks down at the axe and realizes for the first time that it is the same one he gashed his foot with thirteen years before. It was in the summertime—one of the many vacations and holidays he spent at his uncle's farm as a child. He had sneaked off to the woodshed after hearing his uncle say that some logs needed splitting. David had been barefoot, and he remembers blood pouring out of his wound as if some spring had been opened. He imagines blood on the snow and shudders slightly. He also remembers that in the fall his brother Mark used to climb the apple tree, which was old even then, and wait for him to pass by underneath, so that he could throw apples at him.

In front of him, across the field, stands a huge red barn, where his uncle used to keep more than a thousand nesting chickens. David gathered eggs from the barn when he was much younger. The barn is empty now, except for an old hay wagon left from before his uncle bought the place, forty years ago. In back of him is his uncle's farmhouse, painted the same dark red as the barn. Part of the house was built in the early seventeen-hundreds. Inside, it is decorated with Mexican paintings and sarapes. A few of the paintings are by the radical artist Siqueiros, who was a friend of the uncle's during his activist days in the thirties and forties.

David looks up again, beyond the field, past the barn, to white mountains across the valley. The stillness is broken, for a few seconds here and there, by brittle gusts of wind in the trees, whose twigs click and snap like thousands of sparrow bones. Light snow begins to fall, and he goes back to his work.

DAVID's uncle had been helping with the chopping earlier in the afternoon, but the cold and his seventy-seven years allowed him only a few hours of hard work. Since the beginning of October, when David left his parents' apartment in Manhattan and came to stay at the farmhouse, the two men have repaired the slate roof, replaced the water heater, almost filled the woodshed with firewood, painted some of the bedrooms upstairs, and shored up the outbuildings.



"Since we're splitting the bill, why don't you have something really good?"

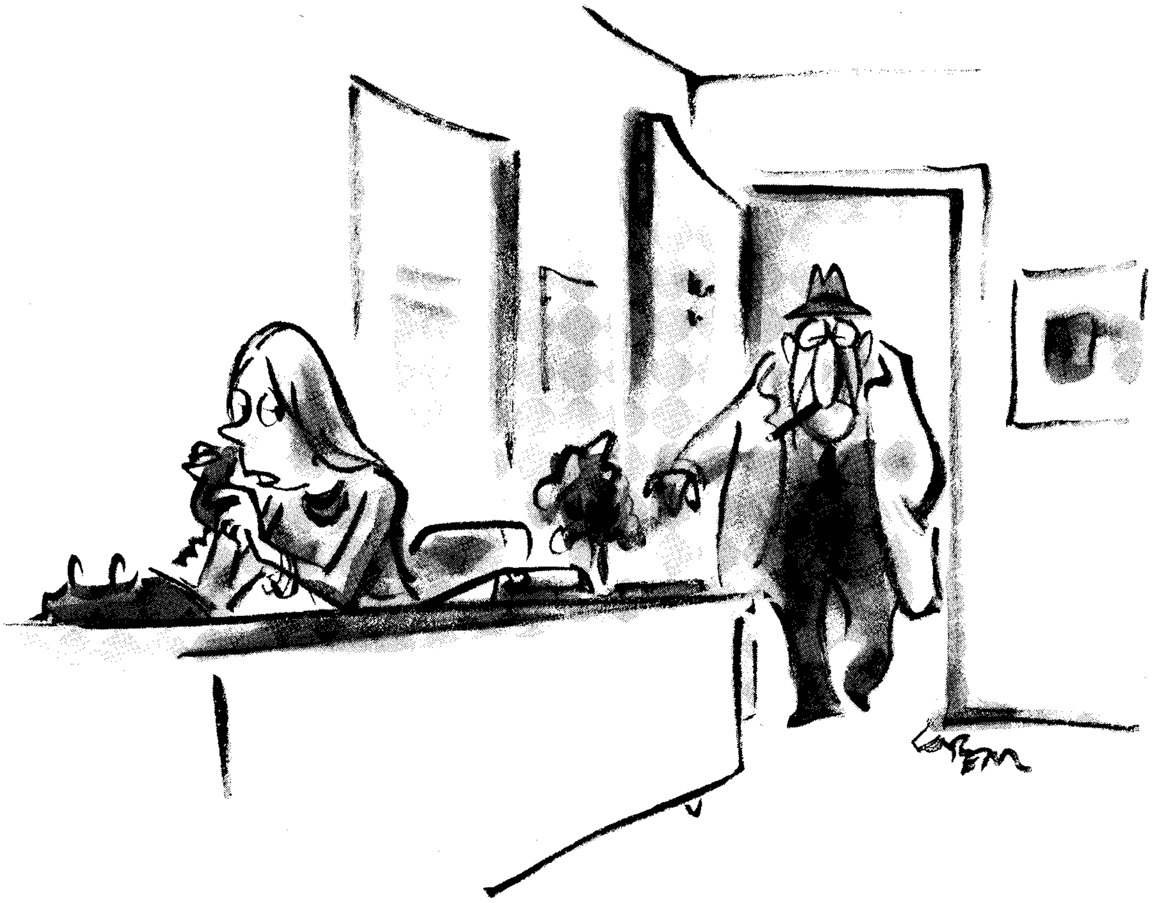
Now, as dusk falls, the uncle sits in front of the fire in the living room, reading the *Daily World*. Everything is silent except for the rhythmic thunk of the axe outside. Directly above him hangs a portrait of his mother and father, who died within two months of each other fifteen years ago, both well into their nineties. The father's features—a large Jewish nose, a kind, open expression, and clear blue eyes—are repeated in the son's face and in the gaunt face of the grandson outside. But David stands six feet one, taller by seven inches than his uncle and grandfather.

NOW it is four-thirty and nearly dark. David joins his uncle before the fire. They talk for a while about the day's news. The uncle has become outraged by corruption in Washington and tries to explain to his nephew that in a true Socialist system, whose advent in America he considers imminent and inevitable, such things could never happen. David calls his uncle an incorrigible utopian and says that people are people and that governments will always be corrupt. This elicits a long talk from the uncle about Marxism-Leninism and the dialectic in history.

The young man, only half listening, marvels at the old man's passion and conviction, even though they derive more from dogma than from reason. He takes a sort of comfort from his uncle's physical and philosophical endurance, from the familiarity of his ideas, like good old clothes. From the time he was very small, David can remember his uncle's voice rising with enthusiasm as he tried to make converts on chilly September evenings in front of the fireplace. The house, too, creaking every now and then as if to gird itself against the storm gathering around it, seems comforting in its age and soundness.

BEFORE supper, David goes upstairs to shower and take a nap. He dreams that he is back in his parents' apartment. It is midnight in the dream, and a strong wind is blowing millions of still-green leaves from the trees in Central Park. There is a knock at the door. His mother opens it, and his brother Mark enters. Everyone is overjoyed to see him. He has been on some great journey, and he has brought gifts. To David he gives a silver knife whose blade pulses with colors; to his father he gives gemlike crystals that emanate an intermittent keening sound; to his mother he gives a nest made of carpenter's nails inside of which sits one blood-red egg.

Mark sits down on a couch, exhausted. He falls into a deep sleep. David and his parents become concerned and try to rouse him. Finally, they sense some horrifying presence waiting at the door. David knows nothing about it except that gray mist envelops it. Mark awakens. He stands up and stretches, and smiles warmly. David is astonished by the whiteness and evenness of his brother's teeth. Mark shakes hands with his family, David last. He walks toward the door, where the grisly escort waits for him. David wonders at his brother's bravery "to consort with such a one as that," as he says to himself in the dream. He wakes up terrified and shaking.



"Call you later, Jane. The Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B is back from lunch."

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SUPPER is a thick beef stew and red Spanish wine. The uncle grew to like Spanish wine when he served with the Lincoln Brigade in Spain. David is pensive during the meal, still shaken by his dream. After he washes the dishes, he and his uncle play chess in the living room. The uncle taught David chess when he was a boy of ten. When he was sixteen, David won his first game, and shortly after that he began to win regularly. Tonight, though, he loses twice in a row, and the uncle knows that something is wrong but says nothing about it.

Finally, David acknowledges that he has had another dream about his brother. He tells the uncle the dream. The uncle says that the dream reminds him of certain English ballads. David says that he can understand why people have often believed that dreams are imposed on the dreamer by some outside force. If he had any control, he says, he would not permit himself to have these dreams.

The two men are silent for a while. They sit together staring into the fire, listening to the wind rush around the house as if trying to gain entrance. David's thoughts keep returning to the dream. He feels cold and his hands begin to sweat. He has an overwhelming urge to defecate but remains in his chair as if paralyzed. Memories that he has been trying to hold back begin forcing their way into his mind.

He remembers standing in the door of the hospital room after his brother's surgery and raising his fist as a semaphore for courage. He remembers his own cowardice, his inability to join his mother in her vigil at Mark's bedside, to help him cough up blood from his lungs. He remembers his sister-in-law clenching and unclenching her fists in the belief that as long as she did so Mark's heart would keep beating. He remembers watching a doctor shout at his brother as he slipped into a coma, and he remembers his brother's feeble response—a slight, slow shaking of his head, like a refusal, an abnegation. He remembers tubes and machines, one that made a rhythmic beep like a ship lost in fog far out at sea.

The memories well out faster and faster. Finally, he remembers his brother's face in death, his eyelids not quite covering his eyes, as if he were looking out for something attacking him from below, his mouth set in a faint hint of the once brilliant smile.

It is the memory of the smile that melts the horror into grief. David stands up, turns away from his uncle, and puts his hands over his face. "I am so sorry," he says, and, at last, he weeps. The uncle keeps his gaze fixed on the fire and does not say a word.

LATER, David climbs the stairs again and lies down on his bed without undressing. He spreads an old quilt, which his uncle has told him once belonged to his great-grandmother in Russia, over himself, and falls into a deep and blessedly dreamless sleep. The snow continues to fall all night, but in the morning a brilliant white sun rises which makes the mountains so glisten that it hurts the eye to look on them.

—DANIEL MENAKER

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ATLANTA, GA. (AP)—Rep. Thomas B. Murphy, a country lawyer with a penchant for colorful oratory, controversy and leadership, stood today all but seated in the chair of the Speaker of the Georgia House.

Only a formality remained.—*Albany (Ga.) Herald.*

Or a quick shove.

REFLECTIONS

THE AMERICAN CONDITION–II

ONE fall day, I interrupted work to help make apple cider. A dozen or more pickups, jeeps, and cars hauled sacks and bushels of apples from homes in Franklin County, Maine, to a cider press in a friend's barn. Our concourse of non-farmers involved one printed poet, two poets still unread, a couple of prose writers, an authority on education, and a retired politician, along with two musicians, and the four women who made up their expanded "family"—emigrants, dropouts, ideologues of the natural, and those who wanted fresh cider. Most had come to rural Maine from other lives and places, the move eased by vocations that could be pursued away from urban centers.

The unloaded apples were poured onto a wooden chute, which fed a power-turned cutter. Apple fragments were raked and tamped into square wooden frames, which were then wrapped in cheesecloth. Five squares—about twenty bushels of apples—were stacked on the base of the press and covered with a layer of thick timbers beneath a metal plate that was welded to a huge screw fixed in a supporting beam. As the screw was turned, the descending plate squeezed the juice into a wooden vat, from which it was dipped to be strained and then loaded into barrels, jars, and plastic milk bottles. It took three men to force the screw through its last turns. Their final grunt signalled that the process of production was over; the process of acquisition could now begin.

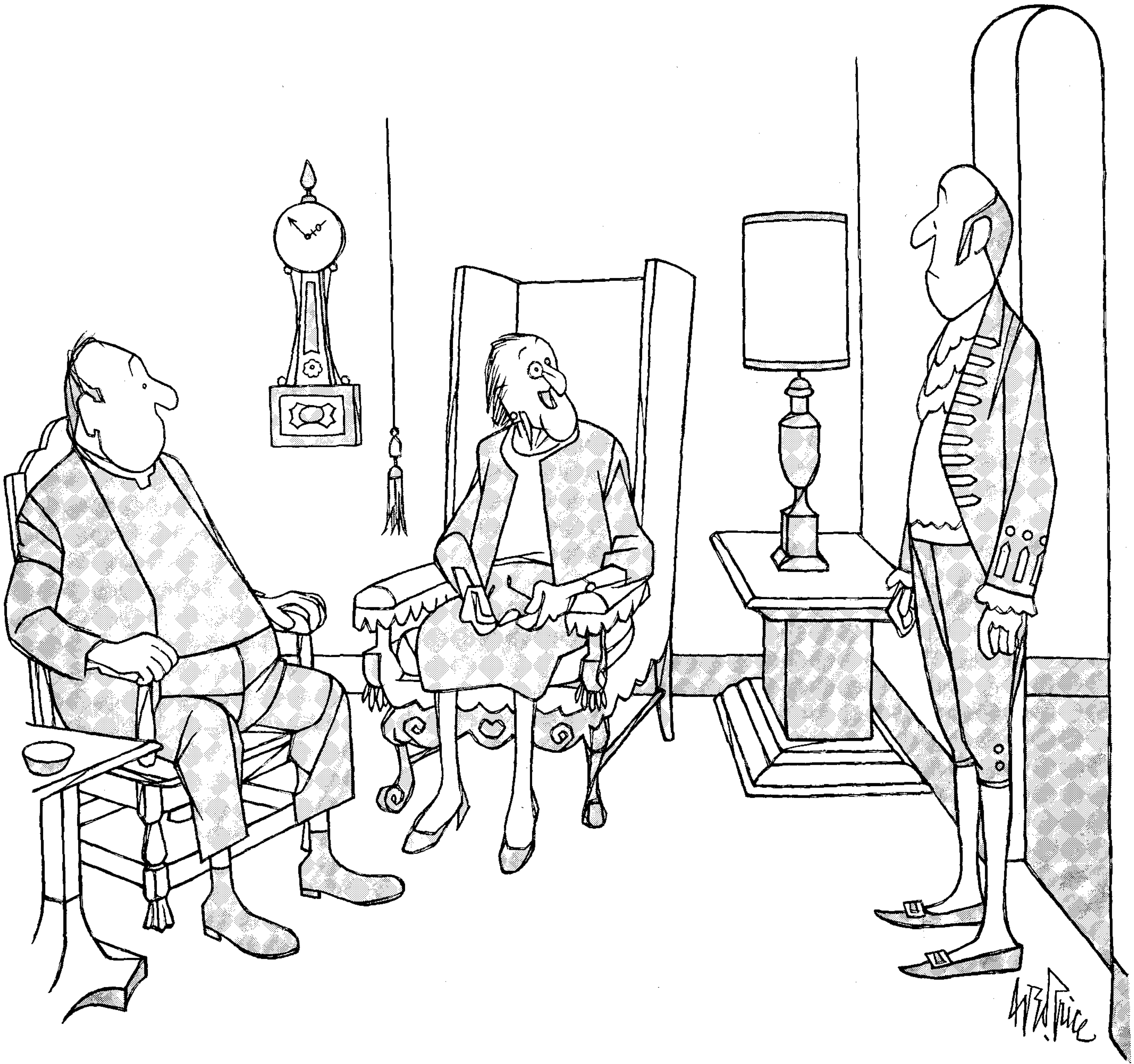
As any philosopher knows, the entire weight of human history sat on the production of this cider. The millennia had evolved the social forces that urged individuals to the barn. The powers of modern technology had caused them to find merit and sensuality in obsolete techniques. Affluence had enabled them to spend labor far more valuable than its produce, to ignore the roadside stands whose cheap and equally fresh cider had been pressed not for pleasure but because of economic necessity. Even the apples had a history. They were immanent in spring blossoms, their size and sweetness dependent on the chances of sun and rain, their future at the mercy of passing deer. Apples and we—a process of organic intricacy. All the same, the cider I tasted and acquired was pressed by those men, in that press, on the seventeenth of October, in George's barn. A single bolt of lightning on the previous night could have stripped the forces of history and the dynamics of society of the power to produce even one jar of that particular, tangible, and distinct cider.

TODAY, some speak of the community of nations, the community of free men, and even the community of Christian souls—a once lively place now suffering from a severe population decline. At best, such abstractions reflect a vague inclination to believe that a lot of people are in the same boat. So enlarged, the concept of community is destroyed. What seems to be only a lax use of language is an aspect of a more general destructive force—the drive toward systems of thought and organization so comprehensive that they have as their consequence the dismemberment of organic wholes. No individual can make personal contact with such immense constructions; one cannot see, touch, or explore them. Thus, the effort to create larger unities brings about the atomization of human life. The smaller components become important not for themselves but only as a part of some larger whole. Since the larger structure cannot provide a substitute connection, individuals are set adrift, to turn into strangers to each other and to themselves.

Aristotle tells us that the ideal state is one whose entire territory can be surveyed from a hilltop. Even during the great world empires—the Macedonian, the Roman, and the British—most of life was centered in a small community. From a remote capital came armies to devastate or protect, new governors, despoiling collectors of revenues, but though an ultimate power might reside in Rome or London, most aspects of everyday life were regulated by the community. Men ordered their affairs according to local custom and local law. Among neighbors and in a familiar landscape, they developed the identity that sustained them—found satisfaction in the knowledge that their acts and labors had human consequences. No empire of the past conceived of exercising a central authority as blanketing and diverse as that which flows daily from Washington or Moscow or from the massive institutions of the modern economy. "I am a man . . . of Tarsus . . . a citizen of no mean city," said St. Paul in Jerusalem. Shakespeare was the Bard of Avon, not of England. And the word "city"—not "state" or "nation"—was until yesterday the metaphor for human society, from St. Augustine's City of God to William Bradford's "city upon a hill."

The community essential to freedom is small and palpable. It must exist within an area that can be comprehended by the senses—a place whose roads and shops, landmarks and physical hazards each inhabitant can know. It can be part of a much larger whole, as older city neighborhoods were, but it must nevertheless be distinguishable to its inhabitants. All the immaterial benefits of a community derive from this physical base. That is why Greek philosophers were concerned with establishing the area and population of the ideal community—a concern that has now been transformed from a problem of philosophy into one of engineering. Compare this account of life in Renaissance Florence, written by a contemporary, with the end of the rush hour in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles: "Now at Florence, when the air is red with the summer sunset and the campaniles begin to sound vespers and the day's work is done, everyone collects in the piazzas. The steps of Santa Maria del Fiore swarm with men of every rank and every class: artisans, merchants, teachers, artists, doctors, technicians, poets, scholars. A thousand minds, a thousand arguments; a lively intermingling of questions, problems, news of the latest happening, jokes; an inexhaustible play of language and thought, a vibrant curiosity; the changeable temper of a thousand spirits by whom every object of discussion is broken into an infinity of senses and significations—all these spring into being, and then are spent. And this is the pleasure of the Florentine public." Florence, of course, was not a democracy.

Community is a corner of society in



"Harlan, some booze for Dr. Bassett."

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which the individual can feel some confidence of acceptance on fairly honest terms and can maintain a continuing association with others, whose familiarity is comforting. Community provides a mooring for the spirit, for community is a restraint that liberates. It relieves us of the need continually to prove our worth or to seek reassurance of that worth. It diminishes the destructive social process of judging and being judged, which cripples our capacity for thinking and acting freely and with honesty. Members of a community may not be friends, but they are not strangers.

The relationships of community also provide that sense of shared purpose and shared concerns which is elemental to the concept of society itself. All the other components—culture, language, ideology, economic process, political structure—have crystallized around this nucleus. In an agricultural community, for example, most people have a stake in the size of the harvest. And those few whose income is independent of the crops tend to share the common concern. Here, where I am writing, in Kingfield, Maine, skiing is the most important business, and everyone discusses the prospects for snow; even those who may be inwardly indifferent feel obliged to express concern. The residents of a city neighborhood may be dissatisfied with transportation or with police protection or with the kind of education their children are getting. What characterizes a community is not that many individuals are dissatisfied but that they share dissatisfaction, can discuss it, and may at least contemplate shared protest or action. Within a community, there is room for common aspirations and achievement—better schools or a new sewage system. This can take place only on a human scale. As the source of discontent and the possibility of constructive action become more distant, community cohesion dissolves. When the trees are cut by indirect order of the Federal Highway Administration, when the river is polluted a hundred miles away, when the new school awaits a decision in Washington or in an equally remote city hall, then community is not possible. Individuals can be said to share their worries and desires only when they share in responsibility and power.

Community is the form that social life takes, and our life is increasingly one of motion without form. More than thirty-five million Americans move each year. The physical world itself is on the move. Recently, I drove through

Harvard Square, in Cambridge, where I had gone to school ten years before. There were new buildings and roads. The familiar place of law-school days did not exist. The experience is well known; many have sought the past only to find that its precincts have been changed. Yet man has nearly always anchored his sense of reality, his sense of himself, to a fixed place amid familiar landmarks. Our world has become nomadic as the scenery of our life has constantly shifted. The modern world deprives most Americans of community. The suburb or the city block is merely a base from which the individual reaches out to the scattered components of social existence. A man works in one place, sleeps in another, shops somewhere else, finds pleasure or companionship where he can, and cares about none of these places. His streets are sterilized of the living reminders of common human responsibility; the aged and the decrepit, the senile and the retarded are incarcerated in hospitals or other institutions or in housing projects for the elderly. Within many of our growing suburbs, there is virtually no place where neighbors can anticipate unplanned meetings—no pub or corner store or park. The lack is especially disastrous for those women who are compelled to spend much of their lives at home. Only small towns, a few urban neighborhoods, and lower-income housing projects have a common playground or a community laundromat—some physical setting where women can meet with a degree of regularity. It is true that there are thousands of clubs and associations, citizens' groups and leagues for recreation. But they are not a substitute for the regular contact of people who share an environment and its concerns.

To describe community in such terms is not merely to express a preference for a different way of life. Community—the form of social life—is the fundamental unit through which the individual can create and express the social existence that is essential to freedom. It is the institutional embodiment of shared human purpose, the reconciliation between individual desires and the general well-being. It is also, as an institution, the only means by which individuals can regulate and restrain the productive forces of society. Thus, it is the means to power over the conditions of daily life—over environment, work, the material content of leisure, the prospects for individual fulfillment. A single community cannot, of course, regulate institutions and forces whose function is national in scope, and one of the causes of decreased community power is the necessity of liberating such institutions and forces from hampering localisms. (This is why responsibility for "protection" of the environment is increasingly centered in Washington.) But the bonds of community are the threads from which larger shared social purpose can be woven. The fraying of social bonds at the community level destroys the possibility of a more general social purpose. And if our productive forces are grown too large and powerful for community regulation, then their existence operates to prevent the reëstablishment of the community existence necessary to freedom.

The dissolution of the ties of community is a consequence of modern economic organization and ideology. It has, however, been hastened by the convergence of a new society with that restlessness of the American character which has pursued our history.

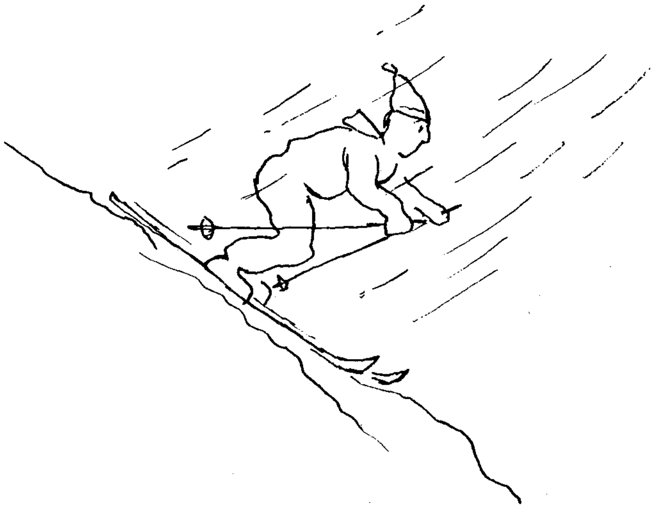
> Americans are always moving on.
> It's an old Spanish custom gone astray,
> A sort of English fever.

Ours is a culture of restlessness, of change and movement in response to an insatiate hunger for experience and a fear of commitment. The heroes of the film "Easy Rider" seemed the incarnation of modern youth as their motorcycles cruised on an aimless search. Yet it was a conventional American story. Walt Whitman wrote, in "Song of the Open Road":

> You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart . . .
> You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

There is a heroic strain to American restlessness. It is an authentic response to the world as process—an aspect of a temperament congenial to the modern consciousness. Yet when this disposition is fused with the modern society it helped construct, the result is to fray the bonds between men which also link us to the possibilities of freedom. This does not mean that other peoples can escape, for the forces that dominate advanced societies are able to nullify less congenial cultural traditions. Indeed, the necessary constituents of the modern world include the summons to restlessness, which is the inseparable companion of the conquering American culture. If the computer and the jet plane, the private car and the modern army are at the center of a nation's cultural purpose, the values that created them cannot be escaped. Go to any of the advanced and wealthy nations, watch the businessmen moving through the airport, listen to music and visit the art galleries. Or attend a meeting of bureaucrats and try to decide, from the nature of their concerns alone, whether they are running the American State Department, the Sony Corporation, Renault, or the machine-tool industry of the people of the Soviet Union. You will find evidence of the most successful cultural imperialism since the heyday of Rome. And everywhere it is being welcomed with a total disregard for consequences.

A few years ago, a Maine paper printed an innocent letter in which a young girl proclaimed the virtues of her generation. Its members, she said, would no longer "accept" hypocrisy or cant, war or aggressive greed. The girl's writing was informed by an almost religious conviction. Although the description of her generation was wrong, the letter exemplified one contemporary effort to build a substitute community; namely, a community of youth—not just being young but being different because one is young, and sharing those differences. Membership in a generation has many attributes of community—common attitudes, ready acceptance of others with similar qualities, and a clear, though somewhat fluid, exclusion of the outsider. There can even be pressures to conform which resemble those of a small town. From the self-congratulatory harmony of the Woodstock "nation" through the clenched fist and the upraised V, many of the young in the sixties sought to establish bonds that could enhance self-mastery. The same desire to re-create community was manifest in the estab-



lishment of the Black Panthers and in their assertion that there was a black community. The desire can also be found among some of the members of women's-liberation organizations and among associates of the John Birch Society. It is evidenced by references to an "academic community," implying shared values, shared social standing, and shared responsibility. To those not eligible for any of these groups, President Nixon offered membership in "the silent majority"—a code name for persons who were not necessarily silent or in the majority but had similar outlooks and common hostilities. We have had such associations before; for example, within the early labor movement: "You can't scare me; I'm sticking to the union." However worthy the objectives of such groups, they are inadequate as substitute communities, since they are both historical and voluntary. They are historical because they are constructed around problems and fears that will change. In a generation or two, for example, either the causes of black militancy will have been eliminated or this country will be the scene of a social failure so immense that its consequences will have transformed the nature of American life, destroying the assumptions that sustain black militancy in its present form. In varying degrees, the same is true of all groups crystallized around social grievances. And, although there will always be a younger generation, no individual can be a member for very long. Not only historical, these substitute communities are also voluntary; that is, they are not a place where one spends a lifetime, nor can they provide a scene of continuity between past and future. One enters by choice, not by birth, and can easily leave. Such ease of passage nearly guarantees an eventual parting. At their best, such groups provide the comradeship of the barracks. But the war will end, and the next one will be different. Still, they are better than nothing, and nothing is the only alternative for many.

Communities originated as enclaves of the natural world. Since the connection with nature was established through the senses rather than by ideology or authority, the individual's perception of himself was strengthened—but within the framework of a shared experience that helped to sustain the bonds of community. And it was a renewed perception of man's relationship to nature which signalled the liberations of the Renaissance. Regular contact with the natural world has virtually disappeared from the life of the largely urban populations of advanced societies. The loss of the relationship to nature lowers the quality of common existence and diminishes the reach of our humanity. This devastation was latent in the fusion of Americans with their continent, beside whose barbarous splendor the lands of Europe seemed like household gardens. We tore wealth from the land with heedless greed and did not hesitate to obliterate those aspects of nature which were of no immediate use or which obstructed expansion. And the incitements to conquest were not only economic. We were one of the few modern peoples to build a new nation in a wilderness, and that wilderness was not a benign cornucopia but an enemy to our hopes, even to our survival. Examining the Leatherstocking novels of Fenimore Cooper, D. H. Lawrence concluded that the essential American character was expressed by the relationship between Deerslayer and the natural world: "He [Deerslayer] says: 'Hurt nothing unless you're forced to.'. . . And yet he lives by death, by killing the wild things of the air and earth. . . . All the other stuff, the love, the democracy, the floundering into lust, is a sort of by-play. The essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer. It has never yet melted." The great American novel "Moby Dick" is impelled by the enmity between man and natural force—an enmity that was to Americans what defiance of the gods was to Prometheus. This feeling was expectable, and could become heroic when the contest was truly mortal. The necessities of conquest must always arouse the desire not merely to subdue but to destroy. Long after the danger has passed, the destruction continues. And although our inherited attitudes are not the cause of this destruction, they do help lower resistance to the imperatives shaped by an early industrialism that was based on the transformation of natural resources into wealth. This principle now directs us to exchange air and water—the natural world itself—for the manufactured apparatus of society, in order to sustain the productive process that rests on the principle. The destruction of our relationship to nature has already limited our freedom. Denied this historical stimulus to expansion of personal existence, the isolated individual is further turned in on himself. The result is a perceptible increase in tension, which lowers thresholds of tolerance, increasing vulnerability to anger, anxiety, and envy. The elimination of nature from our daily life loosens the ties of community through its effect on our emotional capacities and by removing a traditional bond of shared experience.

The fragmentation of social existence, having destroyed previous forms of authority, also makes inconceivable the establishment of an accepted system of values and moral conduct. What is to be valued inevitably becomes, or seems to become, a matter of opinion—a situation that infuses life, work, and human relations with enervating confusions, cripples the commitments necessary to the fulfillment of existence, and imposes on each individual the enslaving and impossible task of legislating an entire ethic. Modern individualism has increased the fragility of all human relationships, weakening the responsibility—the assumed obligation—that supports friendship, love, community, and all other forms of shared life and endeavor. The relationships between human beings become externalized, and, to that extent, subsist as a form of coercion, not as an expression of freedom. What has been termed "the philosophy of the absurd" is the culmination—the logical end—of individualism. There can be no moral conduct without community. God is the creation of a collective humanity. Moreover, without an authoritative system of values and moral conduct the community necessary to freedom does not exist and cannot be created. Values and codes of conduct are the framework of society. A receding belief must yield to enforcement. Laws, force, and the purposes of the economic institutions that govern us take the place of inner restraint. This requires an enormous growth in the coercive apparatus of the society, and, given the nature of the state, of bureaucracy, and of political man, that apparatus extends beyond its mandates to steadily reduce the power and the freedom of the individual.

CORPS D'ESPRIT

Just when you're able to admit
you always wanted to whack
her one with your backhand
hard, then some outrageous stroke
of bad luck, backstroke, does
it for you. Just

when you know what to do
with your life, the mother
of it and the wife you fixed
it up with, then it jilts
you all and crawls off
on your belly. Forty-two

is the number of years that fits
like concrete shoes. Just when you
regret your careless walking
on the stream of consciousness,
the shoes remember and they haul
you in. What of your dry amusement?

What of your nonchalance? Just when you know
people best, and have learned at last by heart
the logic of loving them least, just now,

fish-eyed and heavy-footed in its wonder,
still fat in the fists of its intelligence,
the body of your life goes under.

—Heather McHugh

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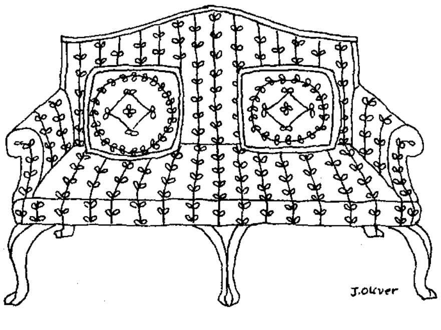
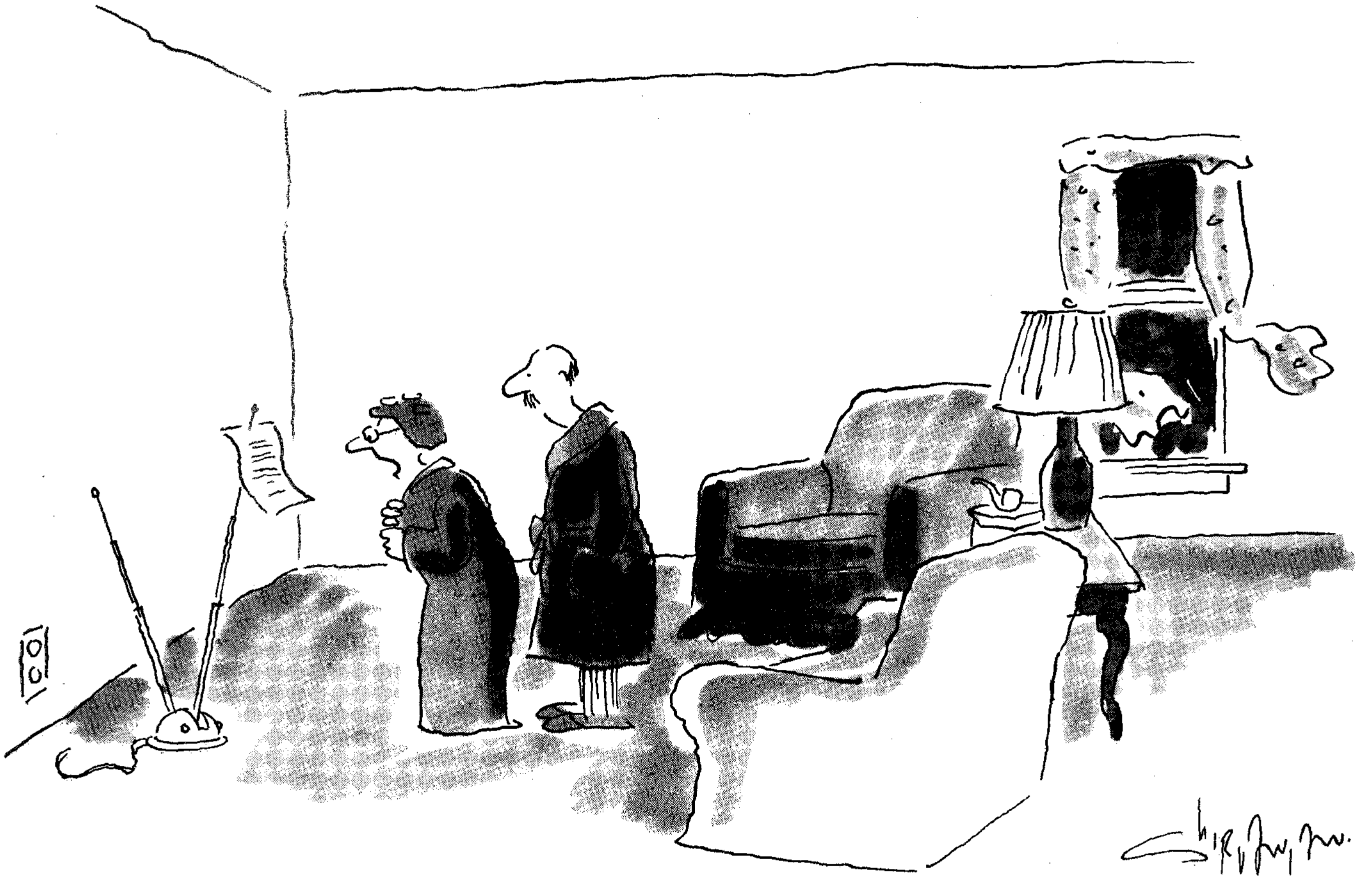


THE nation-state is the characteristic form of modern social organization. Accompanying the rise of modern consciousness, the nation—like its companion the Reformation—denied the idea of a universal human authority. It could not assume its modern form until economic and technological changes made it possible effectively to organize and govern a territory larger than the semi-sovereign province whose size rendered it vulnerable to an imperial rule. In the last century and a half, national structure has been adopted on every continent. Loosely linked fragments have been fused (as in Italy, Germany, and Russia), colonies have broken away, and central authority has



"It says, 'You have permanently lost your picture—the Cat Burglar.'"

• •

been extended over territories that were countries in name only (as in much of South America).

Nationalism has been a response to economic forces: the breakup of feudal, and hence of imperial, authority; the need for internal markets large enough to support industrial development; the urgency of uniform commercial regulation; the fact that colonies came to cost more than they produced; and so on. Yet such forces do not explain any particular country. In general, national cohesion has been possible only among people with some kind of shared heritage—of language, history, or geographical isolation. Authority that transcends such limits must be imposed by force, just as force is usually required to separate people who feel united by shared historical experience. The impulse of the modern state to define itself in terms of traditional concepts—of a "people," a "culture," or a "territory"—is so intense that it has helped to provoke every major armed conflict of the postwar period: Korea, Vietnam, Berlin, East Pakistan, and, more ambiguously, the Middle East. That same impulse has precipitated interventions by the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe and by the United States in South America. How powerful is a drive that can persuade nations and governments to risk loss of power, and even total destruction, in causes of little economic consequence! It has been argued that modern technology and new economic forces have made the nation-state an anachronism. Yet even the smallest and least efficient countries are strenuously resistant to the economic logic of merger. Every postwar effort to move toward supranational social organization has been a failure, although some forms of economic collaboration have been institutionalized. (The spread and collaboration of large economic institutions and capital sources is leading toward supranational economic relationships, defying the resistance of governments to a formal merger, and such a merger may, if current trends continue, become unnecessary, and even irrelevant.)

What gives the nation-state its cohesion is the process of self-determination which molds community and other social associations. The impulse to define oneself is also a desire for self-mastery, which cannot be achieved unless it incorporates qualities that have already become part of the individual's nature. A common language, common customs, and a common tradition impinge on us from the moment of birth and rapidly fuse with the inborn elements of our nature. I am a Frenchman because I speak French, was born on French soil, have absorbed French customs, traditions, and ways of thought; these elements of being French have enveloped me since memory began. To say "I am a European" also connotes some common tradition, but one that lacks any deep resonance in personal history—just as being Greek proved weaker and less fulfilling than being Spartan or Athenian, and as being Catholic became less important than being Italian or English. The nation is not merely a convenient form of social organization but an aspect of individual existence which fulfills irrevocable human needs. If alternative sources of identity, of power, and of self-mastery continue to crumble, we can expect national feelings to intensify. Paradoxically, however, although the nation as a form of social organization continues to extend its authority, the bonds that link the individual to national society are becoming weaker. It is the *idea* of the nation which enhances self-mastery, and that idea can deteriorate even while national authority and wealth increase.

Although the citizens of each country are involved with their national idea, the ideas of all countries are different. Witness a few examples of popular patriotic inspiration. France has of-

"How do you do? I'm the genie's agent."

• •

ten appealed to glory. The first line of the "Marseillaise" is "Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory." Almost two centuries after that was written, de Gaulle found a response to the same appeal. But few have sought to stimulate Americans to the pursuit of glory. It is too intangible—tied to the idea of the hero and dominated by the sense of a past that is to be recaptured or emulated. Historically, Russian patriotism seems to have had two major themes—the motherland, and resistance to repression. A hymn of the Soviet Union asks:

> Long may she live, our motherland,
> Long may her flag be over us.

Without making too much of a few verses, we can note that our own counterpart, "The Star-Spangled Banner," hopes our flag will continue to fly over "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The qualities of the place are important, rather than the place itself. Long before Communism, Pushkin wrote:

> The heavy-hanging chains will fall,
> The walls will crumble at a word;
> And Freedom greet you in the light,
> And brothers give you back the
> sword.

Americans have sung of maintaining the liberty of society, not of being imprisoned within it.

Conscious of a brilliant past, the English have often been moved by exhortations that they insure their place in history. In 1852, Tennyson wrote:

> . . . we must speak;
> That if tonight our greatness were
> struck dead,
> There might be left some record of
> the things we said.

And Churchill's most memorable declaration was to ask his fellow-citizens to act so that if Britain lasted for a thousand years men would say, "This was their finest hour."

Americans can be moved to action more easily by immediate goals than by the prospect of an honored place in the history books. This does not mean that the American idea is a practical idea. In many respects, it has been the most romantic of all, verging on the religious. Much of our idea of ourselves can be found in phrases drafted almost twenty-five hundred years before Columbus: "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. . . . And I will make of thee a great nation. . . . Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; I will give it unto thee."

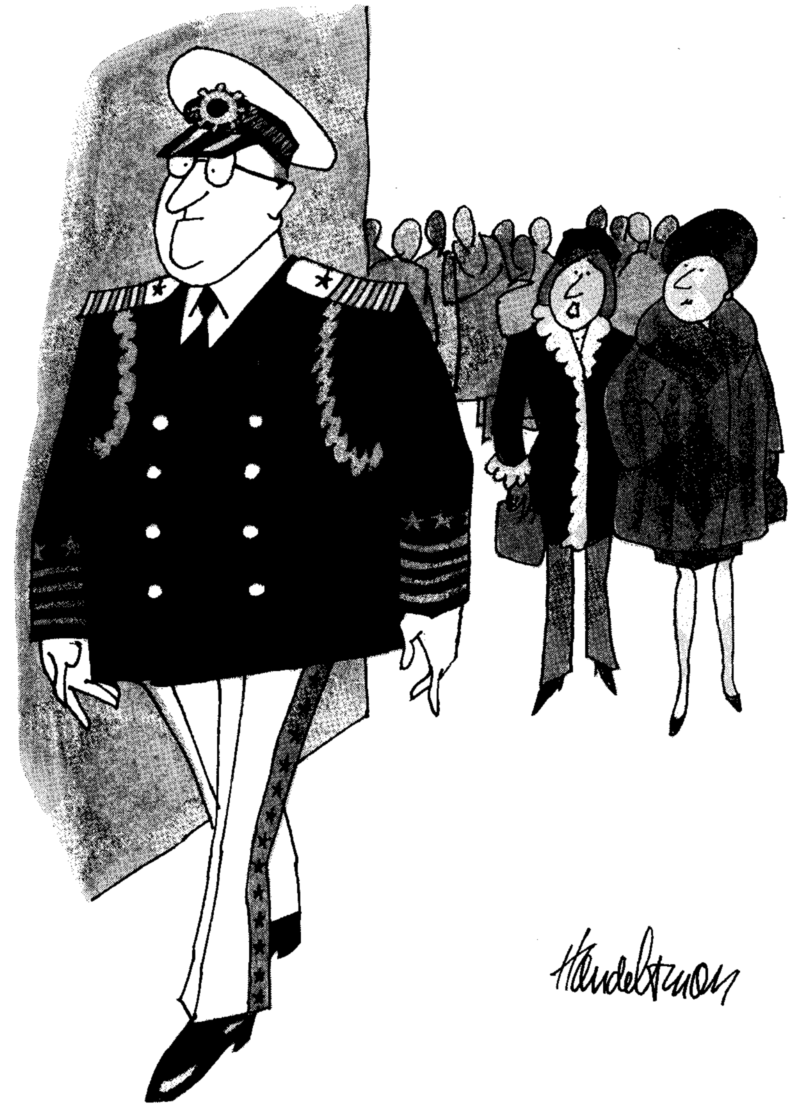
American purpose and institutions were shaped during the brief intellectual ascendancy of the European Enlightenment—the time of Voltaire, Montesquieu, Hume, Locke, and Rousseau, who were among the sources of that enlightened liberalism which guided the nation's early leadership. Washington admonished his fellow-citizens that the fate of liberty and democracy was "deeply . . . finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people." Jefferson hoped we would point the way to other nations seeking to emerge from tyranny. Almost a century later, Lincoln spoke of the Civil War as a proving ground, a test of whether a nation "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal . . . can long endure." That war was fought to preserve the union, to make the experiment succeed—not to protect the sacred soil of the motherland, or, in the modern phrase, "to maintain our territorial integrity."

The idea of America as a great experiment was also accepted by many of Europe's leading intellectuals. In 1778, the French philosopher Turgot wrote of the American people, "They are the hope of the human race; they may well become its model." Diderot warned Americans to guard their freedom, and prayed, "May they defer, at least for a few centuries, the decree . . . that has condemned them to have their birth, their time of vigor, their decrepitude, and their end: May the earth swallow up those of their provinces powerful enough, and mad enough, one day to seek the means of subjugating the others." In his dying days, Voltaire arranged a public display in which he embraced Benjamin Franklin and blessed Franklin's godson with the words "God and liberty." A century and a third later, the sentiments of this European élite had their popular counterpart in the hopeful crowds that welcomed Woodrow Wilson when he arrived from the New World as the self-designated savior of the Old.

In our first and last great work of political thought, the Federalist Papers, Madison summed up the American differences: "Is it not the glory of the people of America, that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience. To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights and public happiness."

Those dawn days were filled with a sense of enormous possibilities. We had staged the first successful colonial revolt in the modern world, and established the first national democracy on earth since the Renaissance republics. Our models existed centuries in the past or as the theoretical constructs of eighteenth-century thinkers writing in a Europe where absolutism was tightening its grip. We had an ocean to protect us and a rich continent to nourish the future. The special nature and the purpose—even the moral mission—of our society have dominated the idea of America far more than tradition, cultural heritage, common language, or territory has. To be French or British, Chinese or Egyptian is to be part of a cluster of events and beliefs transmitted across centuries. The American idea could not be formed from such continuity. The wilderness had sheltered no Roman legions, no Peter or Constantine, no Renaissance or Elizabethan Age. We could not reflect on that interminable procession of rulers and artists which provides a Frenchman with his proudest moments. In our case, the two basic constituents of nationhood—population and territory—constantly grew and changed in composition. We could form a stabilizing association only with an idea derived from national character and direction. We were the land of opportunity and freedom. We were William Bradford's "city upon a hill," Jefferson's "chosen country," Lincoln's "favored land," and from there it's a direct line to Wilson's Fourteen Points and Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. This national idea differed from that of other nations in a crucial quality: It had to be constantly renewed, always contemporary. It could not be sustained by saying that we had been a land of opportunity or that once upon a time we had had a great purpose, as other countries could support their present with the experiences of the past. Even when we invoke tradition or recall the words of past leaders, it is less as a celebration of the past than as a guide to the future or a critique of the present. These themes have defined the American idea with remarkable consistency, although the early assertions gave way in the nineteenth century to apprehensions about our ability to withstand the corruptions of growing wealth and power.

The accumulation of wealth and power is itself part of the national idea, however. The land of opportunity is also the land of abundance. Still, the American idea has celebrated the national wealth not for its own sake but as opportunity for the individual to achieve a rising income. Abundance is linked to the idea of just distribution. The conception that individual well-being is connected to the creation of social wealth is so natural for Americans that it is easy to forget how often the policy and the goals of other nations have focussed on making the country richer, with the individual—except for the privileged and powerful—but a subordinate beneficiary. Although we have been committed to continental expansion, military power for its own sake has until very recent days rarely been an American goal. Except for extending our own borders, we have been fairly isolationist for most of our history. Up to the post-Korean period, we made no peacetime effort to maintain a military establishment that could compete with the military establishments of other powers. Instead, we downgraded, cut back, and almost eliminated our armed forces after each of our wars, including the Second World War. Our pride in military exploits outside the continent has centered on the idea of winning—of victory and success—rather than on our ability to occupy, subdue, and rule. Even a revisionist explanation of American history as one of aggressive imperialism does not refute the assertion that citizens have believed our acts to be consistent with the American idea. The two wars, before Vietnam, that were our least explicable ones—the War of 1812 and the Spanish-American War—were at the time justified in traditional terms. In 1812, even though the group of Americans who wanted to annex Canada was probably decisive in bringing about the war, the British depredations against our ships and our frontier were an unacceptable use of force against a smaller nation. And even with this provocation the war was so unpopular that the New England states refused to coöperate with the federal government and came to the edge of secession. The Spanish-American War derived much of its popular support from our announced intention to



"Oh, that's just plain Arthur Belknap. He's the captain of his soul."

liberate the oppressed Caribbean colonies and secure Cuban independence. Those who had colonial expansion in mind at the war's inception were few and secretive.

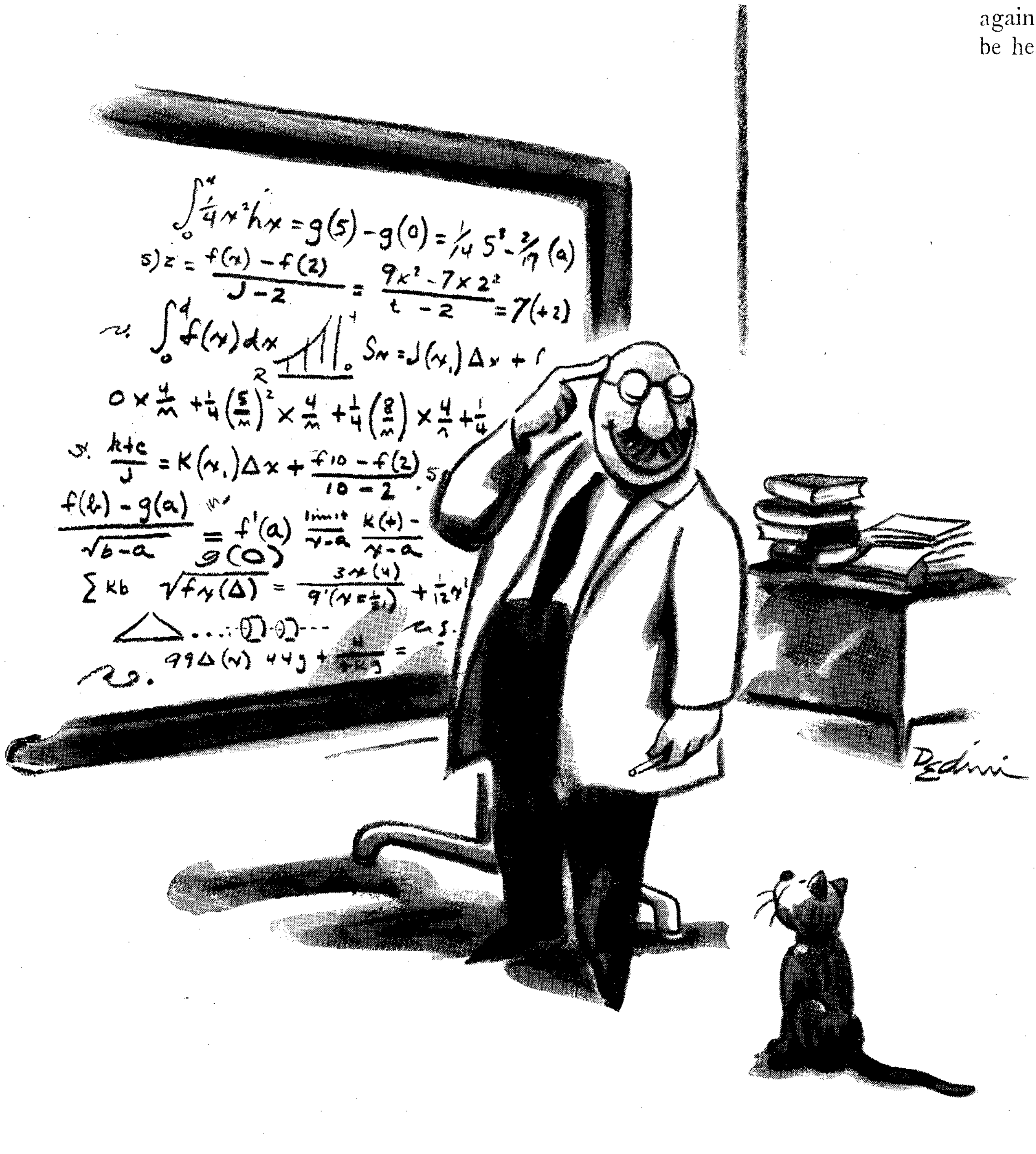
The conquest of the continent, which included the Mexican War, is of different dimensions. Americans simply moved west, occupying and settling the land. The only real choice was whether the new lands would become part of the Union or form independent nations. The rights of the Indians were betrayed, but one must remember that the pioneers were not affluent, middle-class Americans; millions of people fleeing the poverty of Europe came to the margin of rich lands that were virtually empty and unexploited. Great wrongs were done, but the clash was unavoidable and the moral questions were often ambiguous. It is true that the nation has been materialistic and, at times, militaristic. But in analyzing the idea of America—the inner sense of association—it is important to remember that those words have never been used as terms of praise.

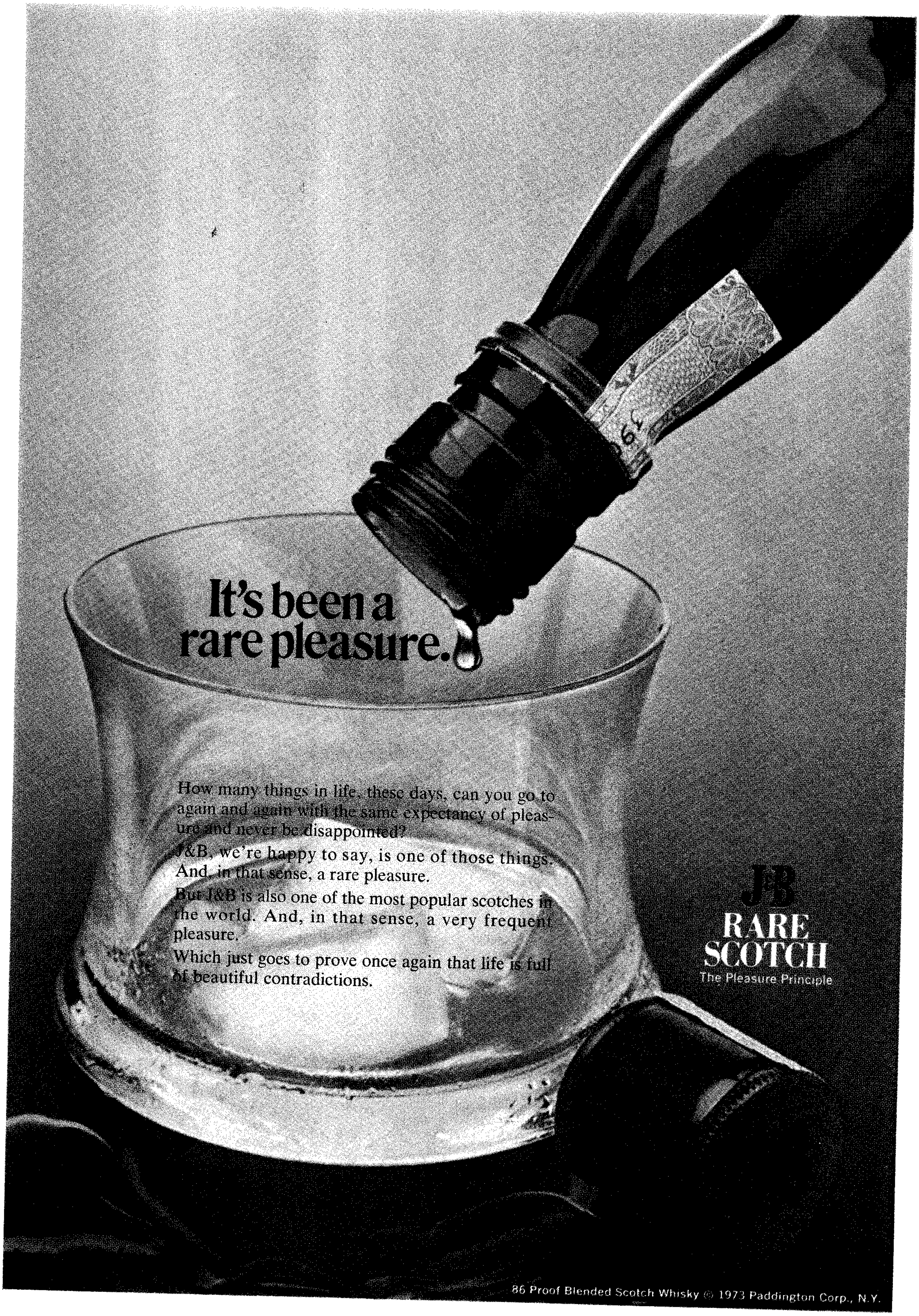
The American idea is more vulnerable than most to the fragmenting and coercive forces of modern society. To the extent that a national idea is composed of historical and cultural traditions, or the rooted possession of territory, common ethnic origins, and a common language, it is fortified against temporary misfortune or aberrations. For the present to destroy the past requires a sustained and prolonged assault. But the idea of America is always in the present. Either "justice," "freedom," "opportunity," "model and exemplar to the world" are present realities or the idea is dead.

On June 25, 1970, in St. Louis, President Nixon proclaimed that it was time to "stand up and speak about what is right in America." It was an incitement that would not have occurred to previous American leaders. Surely, among those who cheered the statement were many who did so because they sensed the need for reassurance. In the past, it had seemed more relevant to caution Americans against braggadocio and self-righteousness than against excessive self-criticism. De Tocqueville explained to his European contemporaries, "Much . . . of the self-importance which the American assumes, particularly abroad, is traceable less to his mere citizenship than to his conscious identification with the success of democracy. . . . The course of his pride is a legitimate and a noble one. It involves not only his own position but also the hopes and expectations of humanity." More than a century later, another friend of America—a high official of Canada—offered a poignant counterpoint. Canadians are concerned over the "sudden and tragic disappearance of the American dream," he said. "We wonder what did happen to that bright star of hope . . . which as recently as the post World War II period was the cynosure of all eyes, an example for all mankind."

Loss of faith within America is not limited to those who desire a more liberating society. It has infected white racists and black militants, warriors and peaceniks, those who flaunt the flag and those who trample it. It is inescapable. One may believe that blacks should be suppressed, but one cannot justify such a belief in terms of the American idea. It is possible to argue against helping the poor, but few will be heard to say that the poor should be ignored so that we may increase individual opportunity, enhance justice, or expand the pursuit of happiness. One can submit that the pragmatic realities of the world require us to support repressive dictatorships, impose our will on small countries, and oppose the forces of popular desire because they are led by Communists, but disbelief or scorn is the only possible response to any assertion that such acts are in fulfillment of a historic American mission to point the way toward liberty and increased well-being for all peoples. An assertion like this can be supported by argument—the necessities of defense, say, or of economic stability—but only by arguments that distance themselves from formerly expressed conceptions of the country. To make such arguments and believe them manifests a profound loss of faith.

The American idea is one of the elements from which the individual constructs himself. It enters into that personal framework which transforms an amorphous social impulse into a particular social person—one who exists in a particular place at a certain moment in the his-

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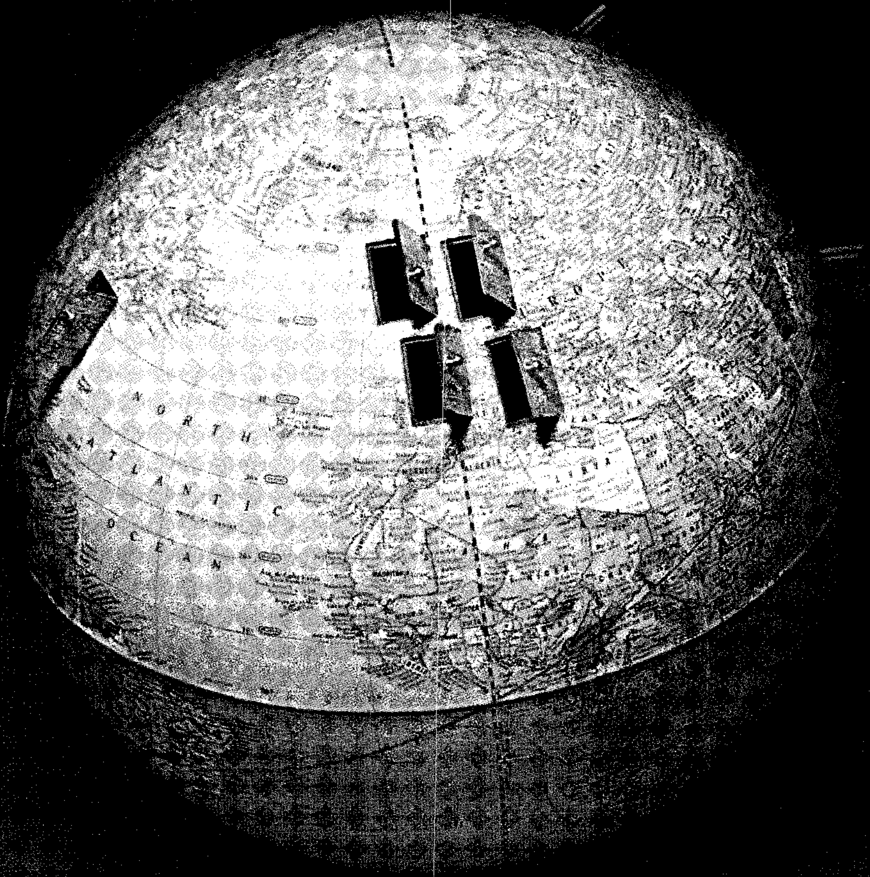

DOOR OPENERS.

torical flow. When the idea weakens or starts to yield, the framework that sustains individual power is menaced. The need for community and for family is more deeply rooted than the need to feel oneself part of a nation; their loss is far more devastating to the possibilities of individual freedom. Yet for modern society as a whole the loss of faith in the national idea, the growth of sensed disbelief, can have more tragic consequences. For the physical nation entraps us. Our lives are directed and confined by its economic structures and political institutions. It has pervaded our experience since early youth and been imprinted on habits of thought and behavior. There is no "substitute community" for the nation, because all other associations are contained within it. The idea of America is menaced less by the presence of contradiction than by our awareness of that contradiction. Thus, one could identify with the American idea in the presence of slavery until historical change made men aware of slavery as an avoidable evil. Similarly, through the early part of the boom after the Second World War there was a great deal of poverty and racism in America, yet not until the late nineteen-fifties did the public become aware that these conditions existed and that they were inconsistent with our view of the nation. The idea is threatened when we become aware of the condition, aware that it is a contradiction, aware that it is remediable, and aware that we are failing to remedy it.

The dissolution of shared social purpose, like that of community, is contained by the modern social process. Often appearing as liberation of the individual from formal creed or ideological illusion, the weakening of the American idea slackens the bonds of civil society, swelling the power of authority, which is made external to the citizens it rules. Leaders and citizens are equally caught up in the remorseless progress of human fragmentation and alienation. Finally, of course, the contradiction will be resolved. For if the reality is not changed, the idea will be changed to suit the new reality.

ALTHOUGH the exclusion of blacks from the American community is as old as the nation, the present form of that exclusion, its consequences for the country, and the obstacles to its termination are determined by the particular circumstances of modern America. Black existence and the state of poverty for blacks are nevertheless distinctive, incorporating a more absolute exclusion from the society than that which is implied by material deprivation alone. Black poverty is not exclusion so much as it is one of the consequences of exclusion. For most of the period between the end of Reconstruction and the Second World War, the black condition was not generally perceived either as exclusion or as a contradiction to the American idea. For most Americans, blacks existed beyond the society—outside the general awareness of what constituted the possibilities and the values of the nation. It is difficult for us to recreate that sense of black exclusion as an aspect of the natural order of things. Moral feelings and values are bounded by perception, and we can no more recreate the perceptions of the past than earlier generations could have prophetically experienced our own awareness. However, history contains enough parallels to permit us at least to admit the possibility that sincere moral convictions and libertarian social ideals can coexist with what subsequently come to be seen as great wrongs. The most eloquent defenders of ancient Greek democracy accepted almost without notice the slaves whose labor made that democracy possible. For generations, the British nation struggled to form the principles of democratic equality which still dominate our present ideology while it was conducting what is now judged a ruthless devastation and exploitation of foreign colonies. There is little doubt that the future will judge us harshly for conduct that today appears to be appropriate and wise.

One of the factors that link the exclusion of American blacks with that of Greek Helots and of British colonials is that the presence of a large underclass served an economic purpose: it was an aspect of the dominant economic relations that limit social consciousness. Moreover, in each instance the productive forces of the time were not adequate to eliminate the economic circumstances that bound large masses to relative poverty. And that for which no satisfactory solution exists is not perceived as a problem. In 1896, when the Supreme Court gave Constitutional sanction to segregation, counsel for the blacks made an argument that demonstrated an awareness of the economic foundation of black exclusion. He asserted that segregation established whites as a dominant class; that membership in a dominant class was property; and that blacks were therefore being deprived of property in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. This argument, with the analysis that must

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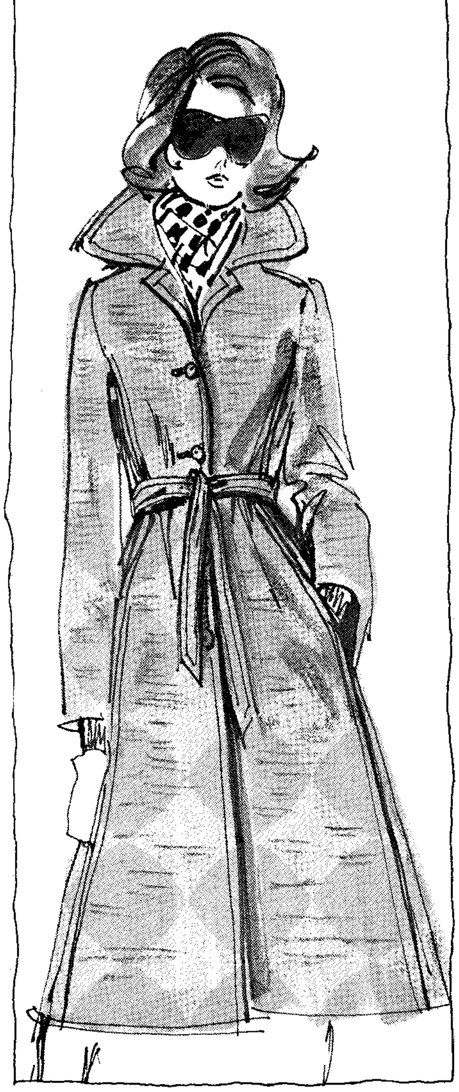

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have sustained it, was affirmed by the subsequent economic history of black Americans. However, the argument was much too theoretical and too Marxist in orientation for an American court to review—even as late as 1954, when the earlier decision was overturned. The 1896 Court disposed of the point by stating that a black "is not lawfully entitled to the reputation of being a white man;" that is, black is not white.

After the brief upsurge of hope following the Civil War had been suppressed, blacks entered their Southern period, which lasted until the New Deal, the Second World War, and the advent of a new economy prepared the ground for a second black insurgency. During this Southern period, the black man did not endure poverty amid abundance; he was just the poorest of the poor. The entire South, and especially the rural South, was an underdeveloped country. Early in the New Deal, President Roosevelt asserted that the South was "the nation's No. 1 economic problem," and the supporting statistics sound like a litany recited by the World Bank to prove the need for foreign aid. The South, which had a third of the people, received less than a fifth of the country's income. In 1938, on the eve of the Second World War, a Presidential investigation reported that two million Southerners were infected with malaria each year, cutting the region's industrial production by a third; that pellagra was a Southern epidemic; and that from sixty to eighty per cent of all low-income families—that is, most families, black and white—could not buy enough to eat. Death rates, including infant mortality, were as high as those in many of today's underdeveloped countries. In the decades before the war, it had seemed that the general poverty of the South might bring an improvement in the black condition. A handful of populists, and even an occasional radical, had begun to thrive on the growing regional consciousness of injustice. (Huey Long wanted to "share the wealth," and Hugo Black, acting later, voted to strike down segregation.) It had looked as if the white people of the South might believe their poverty more important than their whiteness. For many reasons, that phenomenon faded, and although the reality of common economic interest among lower-income whites and blacks remained (and still remains), Southern poverty, for the most part, strengthened the repression of blacks. It provided an economic motive for maintaining cheap black labor, and, since resources were severely lim-

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ited, the exclusion of blacks meant a larger share for whites—at least, some whites. It was economically convenient to have a colony within Southern boundaries. The environment of poverty was combined with legalized terror to deter any consciousness among blacks of a gap between their condition and the possibilities of the society. Such consciousness is the foundation of revolutionary awareness; there can be no will to revolt unless liberating change appears to be a physical possibility. The lack of awareness must have been especially marked in the rural South, where a man's world was bounded by a few familiar landmarks, and the rest of the country must have seemed little more than a rumor. I once talked with some workers in the Peruvian Andes who were cutting crops with a scythe for about thirty cents a day. They did not know the name of Peru's President; none of them had seen a town of more than five hundred people; the large city only seventy miles away was in a different universe. They were not revolutionaries. A similar kind of geographical isolation inhibited the growth of revolutionary awareness among American blacks. And in such a society only the most defiant could avoid the suspicion that there might be some substance to the white man's claim of superiority. Such a suspicion was part of a higher rationality, an effort to escape the pain of recognizing the fact that the hopeless situation was also totally unfair.

The Second World War marked the beginning of the end of the Southern period. The war and postwar growth not only improved the black condition but reduced the barriers to awareness, making black resistance possible and, ultimately, inevitable. An increasing movement to urban areas—originally for defense work and later for escape and opportunity—together with the spread of modern communication and transport, enabled the black man to measure his lot against the standards of the entire society. The black no longer felt himself to be the poorest of the poor but the oppressed among the rich. In the two decades after 1950, America's black metropolitan population increased by more than seven million—more than the total immigration by any one ethnic or national group in American history. (By 1971, about six million nine hundred thousand Germans had come to the United States, and so had about five million Italians, four million seven hundred thousand Irish, and an equal number of English.) Although Southern cities have absorbed some of the black mi-

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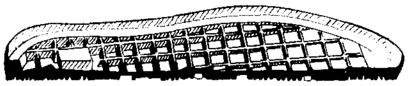

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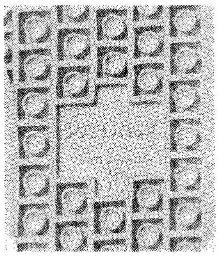

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gration, more of it has gone North. In 1940, almost eighty per cent of the American blacks lived in the South; today, just over half do.

The postwar period that heightened black awareness also increased white perception of the conflict between racial oppression and the American idea. The disabilities of the blacks became a threat to shared social purpose, and thus to the identity—the self-conception—of the white citizen. The changed relationship between white consciousness and the black condition was caused not by the urban migrations themselves but by the evolving economic structure that propelled these migrations. The economic framework of black exclusion was dismantled by the evolution of productive forces that did not depend upon a large underclass and that had acquired the ability—still unutilized—to eliminate the forms of poverty which historically characterized black society. This change has led to an improvement in black economic possibilities, not simply because of our ability to produce more wealth but because of the forms by which that wealth is produced—because of new "relations of production." An economic process based upon mass consumption depends on increasing the numbers of those who possess purchasing power beyond necessity. Such an increase has been the foundation of postwar growth, just as the current stagnation in that process—the inability to end the remaining poverty—is among the most serious weaknesses, and portents of vulnerability, in the bureaucratic economy. Because that economy is bureaucratic, it is impersonal, depending upon standards and criteria of judgment rather than upon individual evaluations or beliefs. Race is largely irrelevant to the functioning necessities of bureaucratic structure, and therefore historical enmities and nonrational racial feelings, although possessed by individuals, are unlikely to obstruct opportunity within the structure. This is especially so when the use of racial criteria causes disturbances—opposition, protest, condemnation—that may hamper the tranquil operation and expansion of governing economic institutions. (That factor obtains, however, only as long as the disturbance caused by racial discrimination exceeds that produced by the elimination of the discrimination.) And a structure whose growth has extended its reach to the entire nation cannot defer to regional feelings. It is regional values that must yield, as is now happening in much of the South, the change being proportional to the pace of economic growth.

Despite recent economic gains and the institutional compulsions of the modern economy, blacks are still excluded from the American community. Indeed, in recent years the barriers have hardened. Some of the reasons for this are historical, but most important is the process of social fragmentation, which is constantly fortified by the same economic process that has increased black opportunity. In a sense, blacks are knocking on the door to an illusion. They seek to establish themselves within a community and a national conception that are disintegrating. The weakening of human connections within society also weakens the ability and will of white Americans to forge new relations. The entire momentum of the social process is in the opposite direction. As the idea of America weakens, it loses its persuasive force. While the black condition can now be perceived as unjust—as contrary to American standards—that perception has lost much of its corrective power. The weakening of civic obligation infects and distorts the will of every citizen. Social fragmentation deprives the individual of power over social existence. The response to impotence is not resignation, nor is it merely a desire for self-protection. The inner reality of social existence cannot be denied. If it is not expressed through "bonds of unity," it is corrupted into fear, hostility, and even violence. Black Americans are a natural object for these emanations of a sensed impotence, which, if it continues to deepen, will further intensify racial feelings.

The personal experience of almost every white, the continual reminders of social intercourse contain evidence of a nearly universal prejudice that, since its objects are black, is known as "racism." Many who share this feeling would not deny economic equality to blacks. Justice does not rest on affection, or there would be very little of it. However, racial feeling loses its mildness when this majority ideology is acted upon by the poor and uneducated. There is a direct line between an exclusive all-white New York club and a street fight on the edge of Bedford-Stuyvesant; between the expensive resort at Bar Harbor and the local construction union that refuses to admit black workers. In the context of the black historical experience, exclusion from any aspect of society implies an assertion of black inferiority. This may not in fact be the motive for exclusion, yet the meaning of a social act is determined not by subjective intentions but by the present conditions of the society. Individuals who exclude blacks in the exercise of their liberty to select associates are acting to sustain values that may not be involved either in the particular issue or in conscious motives. The only beliefs that exist for social man are those contained in behavior. One can hold an inner conviction of equality and abandon that conviction through failure to respond to the denial of equality, just as the most peaceful of men can be an accomplice in violence. Although such values can often be maintained in a relatively civil and innocuous fashion at the upper levels of the social structure, they are translated into a more violent response at lower levels. For at those levels people do not have the resources to escape the problem, and the associations that are important to them—unions, housing projects, schools—are also essential to black opportunity. The varied manifestations of black separatism, social and aesthetic, are a psychically necessary response to racial division. Individuals must evolve some form of association with others—with those who share the common life. They must find a place within a society. If blacks are rejected by the larger American society, they have no choice consistent with freedom except to form a society of their own.

Although the ability to end poverty exists, we cannot be so confident of society's ability to eliminate racism. Draw a circle on a piece of paper. There are two ways to define what is inside the circle: by describing the interior or by eliminating everything that is outside. We all live in the midst of concentric and overlapping circles—nation, religion, race, community, family, and so on—within which we define and confirm our existence. It seems that man is so fragile that he can often attain a belief in his own worth only by contrast, by degrading all that lies without. Racism, then, is terror not of the black—the other—but of one's own existence. It can be overcome only by widening the community—something that is possible only in a society that is enlarging the possibilities of all its members. That enlargement cannot be accomplished through an effort of will or an increase in production. It requires far-reaching changes in the material structures and relationships that dominate modern life. Black freedom is tied to the freedom of all.

WE can begin to trace the links between social fragmentation and the rise of coercive society by examin-

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3 Ask the Service Representative for a rundown on the specific rates and charges you can expect. Find out exactly what the regular monthly charges will be, and what the one-time-only payments are. Find out whether there are options in your area of paying on a monthly basis, or making a single one-time only payment, on certain items.

4 Are you going to be away from home for any extended period of time? A business office Service Representative can tell you, based on how long you plan to be away, whether you could save money by temporarily suspending your telephone service.

5 Moving to a new residence? Ask a Service Representative whether you are eligible for a credit on your bill if you take your present phones along with you to your new location.

6 If you've never had a phone in your name before, or have never established credit, you may be asked to pay a deposit when you order telephone service. But we don't like to keep deposits for long periods of time. In fact, if you establish good credit with us by paying on time, we'll return your deposit to you PLUS interest. Ask a Service Representative to explain the details which apply in your area.

7 If a coin phone swallows your money but doesn't give you your call, you're entitled to a refund. Find a phone that works, dial "Operator" and explain what happened. You'll get a refund in the mail. P.S. We'd appreciate it if you'd also tell the operator the telephone number and location of the phone that's out of order so we can get it fixed as soon as possible.

8 Reach a wrong number on a Long Distance call you just dialed? Don't just hang up. Ask for the area code and the number you reached in error. Then dial "Operator" and report what happened. The operator will have the charge removed.

9 Get a poor connection on a Long Distance call, or get cut off in the middle of your conversation? Don't just hang up and call back. The person who placed the call should report what happened to an operator. The operator will issue a credit for the time your call was interrupted.

10 Error on your bill, with a charge for a Long Distance call you didn't make? Call the business office. A Service Representative will arrange to get the charge removed.

11 Save on Long Distance charges by cutting down on person-to-person calls. It's true you may not be able to reach the person you want on your first try with a station-to-station call. But in many instances you can make two (or even three) out-of-state station-to-station calls for what it would cost you to make that one person-to-person call. This is particularly true if you dial your own calls instead of going through an operator.

12 Dialing your own out-of-state Long Distance calls is the least expensive way of all. If you don't know the number for a call you want to make to a distant city, you can obtain it at no charge to you by dialing the area code (when required) for that city, plus 555-1212, for Directory Assistance. Then dial direct and save. Save time

save money phone bill.

in the future by recording the number in your personal number book. A listing of all area codes can be found in the information pages at the front of your local telephone directory.

13 Make sure you know when dial-direct rates apply before you make your call. They apply on all out-of-state calls to anywhere in the United States (excluding Alaska) if they are completed from a residence or business phone without an operator's assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone when direct dialing facilities are not yet available.

14 But it's even more important to know the circumstances when direct-dial rates do NOT apply. They do not apply on person-to-person, hotel-guest, credit card or collect calls, or on calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. Direct-dial rates do not apply on calls made from coin phones, even those from which you dial the complete number yourself before the operator comes on.

15 While operator-handled calls cost you more than those you dial yourself, there is one exception. If you run into equipment trouble completing a Long Distance call you're dialing yourself from a home or business phone, you're still eligible for the dial-direct rate even if you require an operator's assistance. Explain your problem to an operator. If you need help in getting the call through, or in making a satisfactory connection, confirm with the operator that it will be charged at the dial-direct rate.

16 Dial direct, but save even more by making your out-of-state Long Distance calls within the time periods when rates are lowest. The lower rates for out-of-state calls made in the evening, on the weekends or late at night are described for you in the call guide in the front of your local directory.

17 Don't get caught by surprise, or miss out on the money you can save on Long Distance calls you make within your state. The times when lower rates apply may be different than for your out-of-state calls. Check carefully in the call guide in the front of your local directory for a description of when to save on calls you make within your state.

18 If you're concerned about avoiding added charges on your Long Distance calls in general, don't guess how long you've been talking. Time yourself, so you can finish your call before overtime rates apply. To save even more time and money, jot down what you want to say before you dial.

19 Before you go ahead and place a Long Distance call to a business, check first to see if they have a toll-free number. You can recognize it because it has an 800 prefix instead of a regular area code. If they have one, it's usually displayed in their advertising, or you may find it listed in your own local telephone directory. If so, the call's on them, and you save.

20 The information pages at the front of your local telephone book are a good source for tips on how to place your calls and how to save time and money in using your telephone. Look in the book, and save.

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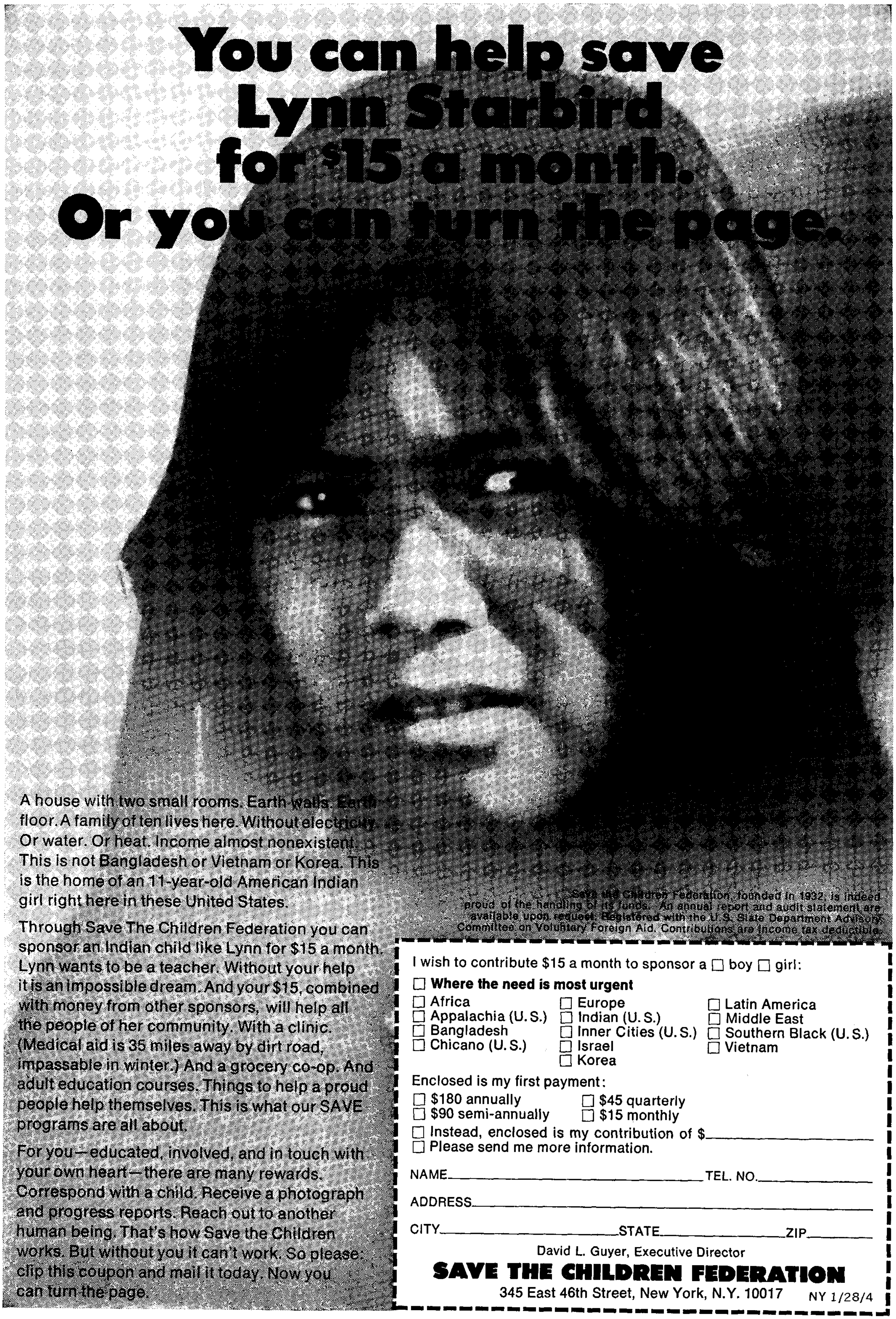
ing the individual's loss of power over his own social existence. Today, nearly every significant social controversy contains an explicit demand for power. Yet, despite all the debate and protest, very little power has been transferred. Large issues of power always imply a demand for fundamental social change, even if they are not perceived that way by the participants. If only one man in a village has a productive farm, and if he can defend it, he will be powerful. Such an individual may decide to refuse power. But the complex and impersonal interests that dominate our society cannot choose to refuse power. Since the relationships among interests constitute the structure of society, any effort to reallocate power is an attempt either to change these relationships or to ratify changes that have already occurred. When issues of power enter serious political debate, it means that new relationships among private interests are seeking to replace the old. The fact of that contest does not alone tell us whether the new interests will succeed or be repressed but merely that the social structure is being challenged. Power as an explicit social issue not only unmasks the presence of contradiction but leads us toward its source. The demands for social authority originate in the inward erosion of self-mastery—a sensed impotence that afflicts not merely the militant but those who resist their demands, along with that more numerous population which is indifferent to public issues. In order to demonstrate that this individual loss of self-mastery has external causes, it will help to define what is meant by "power."

Human life is social life, and all human power is social power. Human life can be enhanced only by modifying the relationships of society—by changing environment, beliefs, and the opportunities to extend one's capacities. Anything that cannot be changed is not power at all but fate. It follows that all social power has been, at some time, created and bestowed by men. Although men are the source of all social power, they can bestow it on ideologies and institutions; indeed, they have always done that. And although power can be possessed by institutions, the distribution of power—the content and manner of its exercise—can always be changed by living human beings. Values and institutions can be changed in ways that reduce or eliminate their social power. Economic systems can be levelled, religious beliefs can be denied, and leaders can be overthrown. The power once bestowed can be taken back—unless, of course, men have retained so little power that they lack the strength to end their servitude. The struggle to regain power—to diminish alienation—is always bitter and uncertain, since it must contend against the men and the institutions that rule society. We can now define power as the capacity of man or his creations for influencing social existence. More precisely, it is the capacity of any dynamic social system or structure, including the individual, for influencing social existence. To be "dynamic" is to possess a vitality, an autonomy, that permits change, development, and growth. When institutions, beliefs, or individuals begin to lose their dynamic capacities and become rigid or unresponsive, their power is in danger. Nothing in the definition requires individuals to have power over others. The man who is in command of his own social existence is a man of power. And experience tells us that his mastery is a manifestation of power in its rarest—perhaps its supreme—form. Nietzsche wrote, "I have found strength where one does not look for it: in simple, mild, and pleasant people, without the least desire to rule. . . . The powerful natures dominate, it is a necessity, they need not lift one finger. Even if, during their lifetime, they bury themselves in a garden house."

It can now be seen that power is essential to freedom. The man totally without power—were such a state possible—would have no influence upon his own existence. He would be an object. A person with very little power is a slave. *Yet power and freedom are not the same thing, and among their differences is one that is a source of immense misery and danger. For although institutions and ideologies can possess power, only men can be free.* The transfer of power from man to his social creations almost always involves a loss of freedom. Imagine power and freedom bound together, like the atoms in a simple molecule, as they move from men to an institution; the institution can absorb only the power, leaving the linked particle of freedom immobilized, without possibility of return. This, of course, is but a scientific metaphor for the process of alienation.

Alienation is the diminution of human life through man's subjection to his own creations—an enslavement that begins, Marx wrote, "when the life he has given to the object sets itself against him as an alien and hostile force." It is alienation of the self from the self, the transfer of the individual's powers to a



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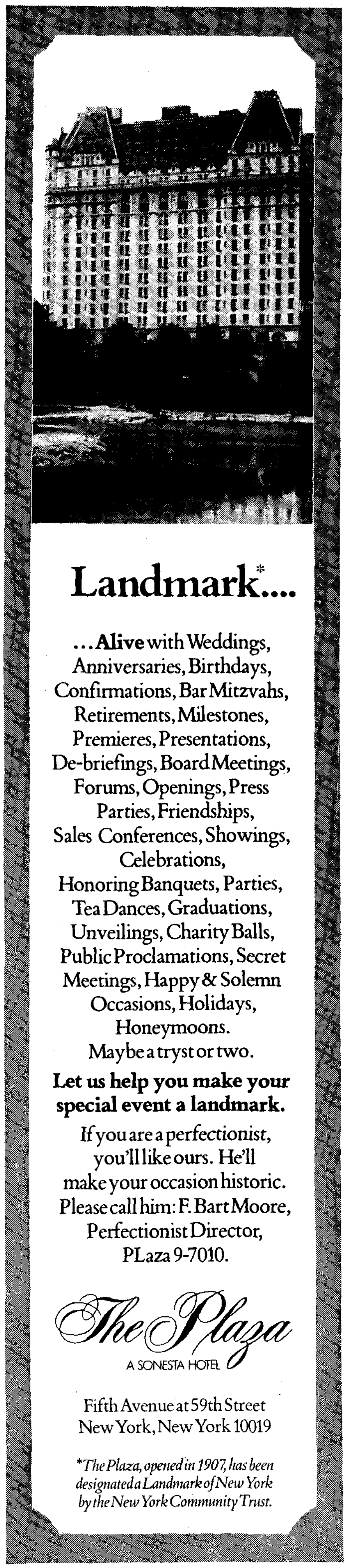

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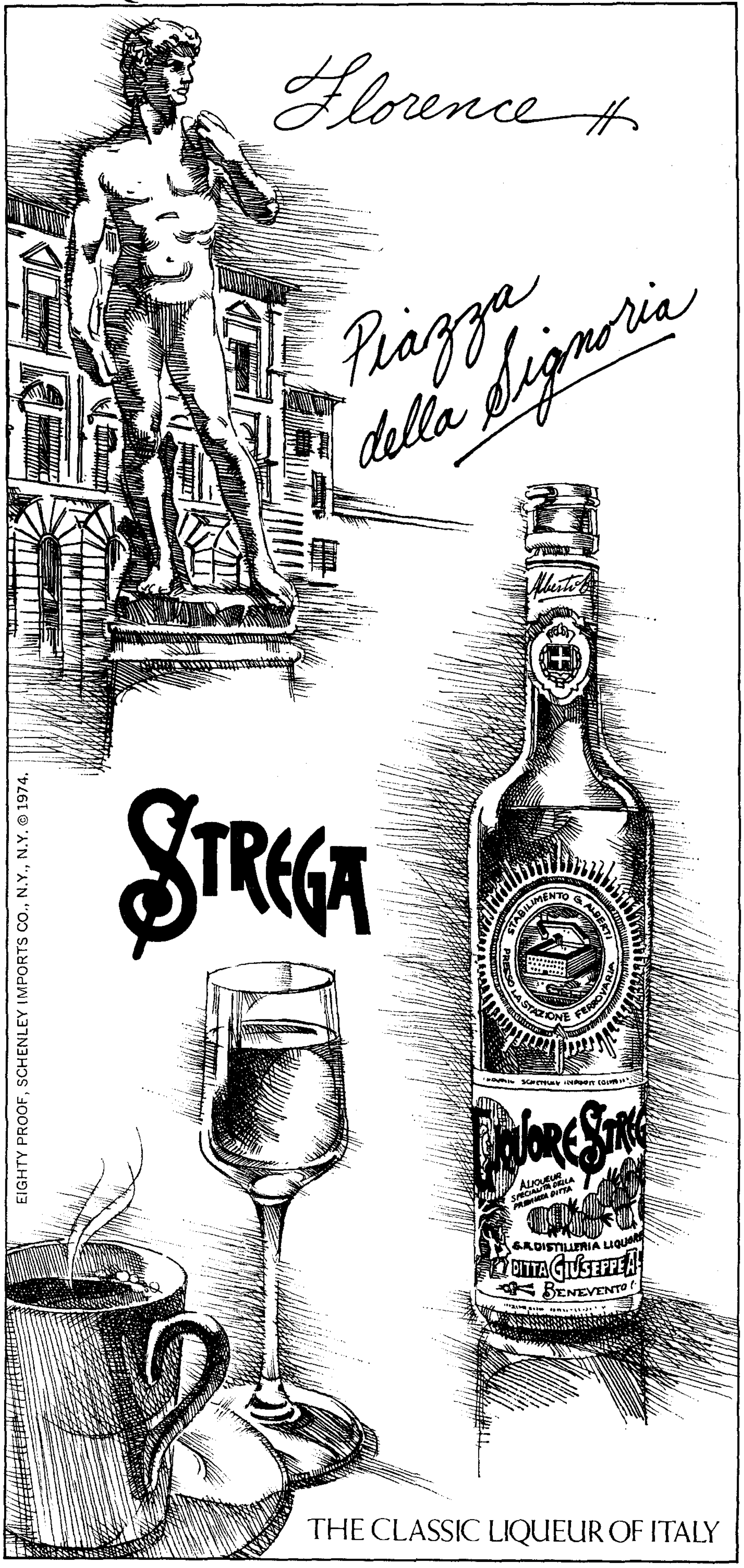
social authority that does not contain him. An external will displaces the will of the individual, appropriating some portion of his existence. To the extent that one's existence belongs to another—to an individual or to an institution—one's wants are no longer one's own, even if they are experienced as matters of personal urgency and desire. For that matter, a man who is apparently content despite submission to an external authority affords evidence that his wants emerge from, and are created by, *the state of alienation.* Although modern society has avoided many of the failures that Marx predicted, it has brought an alienation more intense and pervasive than he could have conceived. We can glimpse the sources of this alienation in countries that are enacting our past. An official of the Indian government describes his participation in the construction of a new steel mill: "Each one of us was helping build the future—a future one could almost see, touch, and feel. . . . One also felt that the plant now had a life and personality of its own—quite apart from the men who worked for it—a being that demanded the best from us and also rewarded us with that rare feeling, a sense of fulfillment." In India, this panegyric is idealistic, while in America it would be regarded as nonsense. No executive vice-president of I.B.M. would praise his computer plant as an "independent" personality that "demanded the best" from him. Because the rule of the machine is far more extensive in America than in India, such a statement is inadmissible. The condition of alienation has little to do with happiness or despair. One is no less a servant if one accepts, or even embraces, the conditions of servitude. Such acceptance means that the power that coerces has been absorbed into the structure of the spirit—transformed into an aspect of individual identity.

Marx assumes that emerging new forces must coexist in transitory struggle with the dominant interests of the receding present. That clash is revolution, its outcome predestined by the economic shifts that have produced it. But alienation implies something far more unexpected: outmoded beliefs and institutions can influence the dominant classes to act against their own interests—can, indeed, cause the entire society to undermine and perhaps destroy itself. History is replete with examples. Despite changed conditions of warfare and trade, the Greek city-states retained their devotion to mini-independence until they all went down—oligarchs, tradesmen, philosophers, artisans, and slaves. The nation-state and the idea of nationalism were necessary to the early development of Western capitalism. In our own century, the capitalists of Europe as well as the workers twice ravaged their societies, and finally cast away their economic supremacy in thoughtless obedience to nationalistic doctrines, although the changed techniques of mass production, consumption, and trade had already stripped away the economic justification for their behavior. Even after the Second World War, the Europeans engaged in bitter and costly struggles to retain colonies whose economic role was obsolete. They wasted their substance at the command of a territorial imperialism that was actually inimical to the new "relations of production." Any doubt about this should be diminished by the examples of Germany and Japan, which have flourished largely because past structures were destroyed. In our own country, the war in Vietnam is yet another example of the way in which the alienation of a dominant class can influence it to engage in self-mutilation.

THE function of society is to organize the material conditions of existence. Material conditions are those conditions which are not subjective. They consist of all relationships external to the individual, not only with work or consumption but with the environment and with other human beings. Economic relations dominate the organization of those material conditions. The portrayal of the modern economic process which follows is offered not as an aid to economic analysis but as a description of the conditions of life within society. For the necessities and the guiding interests of that economic process are imposed upon the individual as circumstance, value, and desire. A later discussion will move from the general concept of alienation to the concrete structures that are its cause, and to the varied ways in which individuals and groups are made to forfeit a portion of their existence. Phrases such as "the military mind," "bureaucratic mentality," and "organization man" are not metaphors but description of fact. Still, those expressions of alienation are only symptoms and outward forms of an oppression that cannot be readily perceived, because we can no longer distinguish our own will from the will to which we have submitted. Marx thought that changed economic relations would, of their own force, restore social existence to consciousness and make possible the human community that was the goal of utopian Communism. Communism, he wrote, "is therefore the return of man himself as a social, that is, really human being, a complete and conscious return." Later, I will touch upon some of the reasons this expectation failed to be realized. That failure does not contradict or qualify the conclusion that we can recapture our own existence only by an assault on the material society that imprisons it. It should, however, be a warning that we cannot know where to strike and to what purpose until we understand the process that defines and enshrouds existence, and the manner in which it denies us our freedom.

Freedom is defined in relation to historical conditions, as the enlargement of human existence to the limits set by the material possibilities of the time. Capacity tells us what is possible. The capacity for eliminating poverty exists even within our current economic process; that is, the task could be accomplished without an important alteration in our dominant "relations of production." Other afflictions will not yield to so propitiatory a remedy. The structure of society imprisons capacity, intercepting every effort to place our powers at the service of human freedom. The capacity that represents our possibilities consists of material resources, human skills, and technology, plus the knowledge that can redirect and expand technological achievement. It is physical capacity. That physical capacity is compounded of two distinct elements. The first is productive power—resources and the technology of production—which is largely but not exclusively a measure of how much we can produce. The second element is made up of the possible uses of productive power—the technology of goals and the necessities for choice, which include both present possibilities and our present ability to direct the future development of productive power. For example, an assertion that we can eliminate pollution or reduce the amount of necessary labor implies not only that we know how to do this but that we can do it without sacrificing objectives more important to human life. Each of the two elements—productive power and its possible uses—influences the other. Rising productive power reduces the need to choose between desirable goals, and often, though not necessarily, increases the variety of possibilities, while some uses of production are more likely than others to lead to increases in productive power. (In the long run, all uses make some contribution to an increase in productive power.) It is clear

IL LIQUORE DEI CONOSCENTI.



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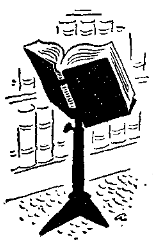
from the definition of physical capacity that such capacity is not a measure of how much we can now produce or of what choices can now be made. Capacity exists, but only as the description of a present potential. It does not have a material existence; that is, we cannot sketch its contours with indisputable logic. It is what we could accomplish if the society were organized to serve the freedom of its members. Since no such society exists, any description of capacity must contain assertion and prophecy. Yet these uncertainties begin only when we try to establish the magnitude of disparity. For it is undeniably clear that we possess far more expansive possibilities than we can hope to achieve within the present structure of society; the society's ability to satisfy human wants is far less than its capacity. We can clarify this distinction between capacity and ability by an analogy to individuals who are made less than they might have been: individuals, for example, whose inborn talents—those contained in genetic structure—are stifled by forms of mental illness which are creations of social reality; in a different society, they might have escaped the dislocating experience that has imprisoned them. The world of the "healthy" is similarly populated with many whose capacity has been aborted by the impositions of their society.



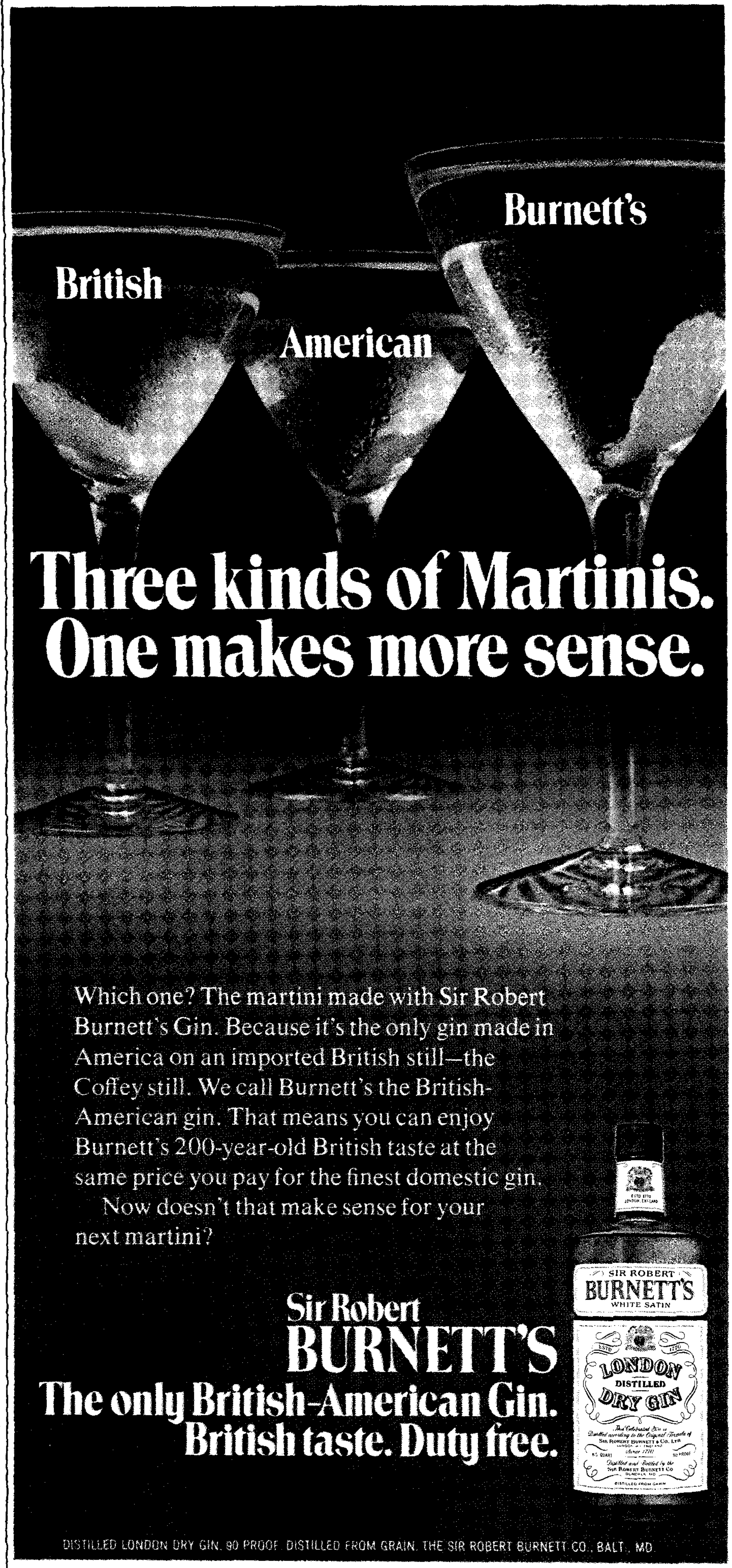
In 1940, the American Gross National Product was approximately a hundred billion dollars—a few billion dollars less than it had been before the crash of 1929—and about fifteen per cent of the labor force was unemployed. (In years subsequent to 1929, the Gross National Product had been as low as fifty-six billion dollars, and unemployment had risen to a high of twenty-five per cent—both extremes occurring in 1933.) By 1945, the Gross National Product was about two hundred and thirteen billion dollars, and almost everyone was working. There had been no discovery of unsuspected resources or of a prodigious new technology. Instead, we had gone to war. The urgencies of conflict shattered obsolete economic relationships and ideology, liberating a capacity that had been latent during the years of the Depression. Could we, then, have made those productive changes before the war? Only if we had been a different society, with different relationships and values; only if we had understood what transformations were necessary and had had the will to make them. Today, also, we have the capacity for meeting certain wants that are still unsatisfied. Those wants are less well defined than the needs of a society in depression. Many of them are not material in the traditional sense. Still, any hope of meeting them depends on our physical capacity. It is the inescapable foundation.

OUR physical capacity is not like some buried vein of gold awaiting the moment of discovery. It is present as a force continually straining against the society that binds it. This necessary opposition supported Marx's expectation of capitalist collapse: "The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and as soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property." As Marx prophesied, the productive forces of traditional capitalism became too powerful for the society that contained them. However, the resolution was not utopian Communism but a bureaucratic economy that today stands in opposition to the even more powerful productive forces it has created but failed to liberate. That fact produces a general awareness of contradiction, whose consequence is discontent and social unrest. The contradiction is not generally perceived as an opposition of capacity to economic structure; nor can one readily identify the precise sources of oppression or the objectives whose attainment would enlarge freedom. For not only capacity but our awareness of capacity is directed and limited by the social process.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, voicing a widely shared conviction, told the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco in 1932, two months before his election, that "our industrial plant is built. . . . Our task now is not the discovery or exploitation of natural resources, or necessarily producing more goods." Since we had approached the limits of our capacity—if, indeed, we had not "overbuilt"—we could best restore prosperity by making more effective use of what we had, by finding foreign markets for our surplus production, and by redistributing wealth more equitably. The early policies of the New Deal were based on this evaluation, but their futility soon became manifest, and the transition was made to what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has described as the Second New Deal. The Roosevelt Administration spent a little less in its first year than the Hoover Administration had spent in its last. In the eight years from 1932 to 1940, the federal budget crept upward from four billion six hundred million dollars to nine billion, and the Depression still continued. In the next five years, the budget went to ninety-eight billion dollars, the Depression ended, and the United States became the wealthiest society in world history.

Despite the colossal wartime growth, apprehension remained. When the war ended, the memory of the Depression was still fresh, and probably only a minority believed that the prosperity induced by war would survive the return to peace. Rarely, even in America, has pessimism been so abjectly humbled. The national income today is five times what it was in 1945. And, with five and a half per cent of the world's population, we consume about forty per cent of all the goods produced in the world. Such a concentration of consumption would have been inconceivable before the industrial age, when most production was agricultural and locally consumed. Moreover, it is probable that from the beginning of the industrial age until the end of the Second World War no single country consumed as much as ten per cent of the world's goods. As for the absolute dimensions of America's wealth, it is reasonable to calculate that our production in any one year is equal to the combined production of the Western world from the beginning of recorded history until sometime in the late nineteenth century.

In retrospect, it is clear that the Second World War not only ended the Depression but initiated a new period in economic history. Many economists would agree that if in 1933 Roosevelt had begun to spend a hundred billion dollars a year on tanks, planes, and guns, which he then transported to ships and carried to the mid-Pacific to be dumped overboard, the Depression would have ended sooner. For that is essentially what was done in the forties. Of course, the products were used first, but the use did not create wealth. The fortunes of war made the government a large-scale, and wasteful, consumer, and that government spending precipitated the advent of the modern economy. In the seven years from 1938 to 1945, the Gross National Product more than doubled. In that same period, government spending rose from twelve billion eight hundred million dollars to eighty-two



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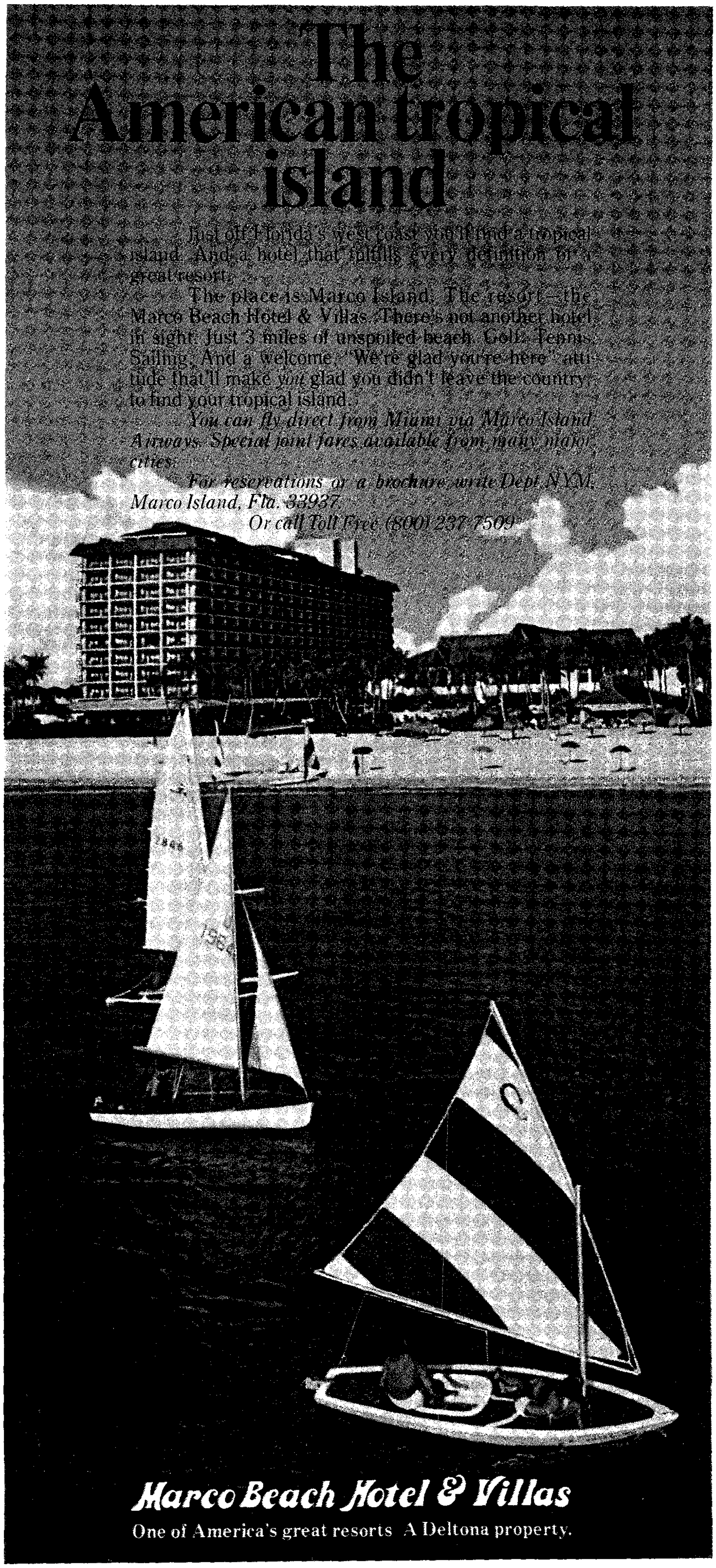
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billion nine hundred million, while private investment increased only from six billion seven hundred million dollars to ten billion four hundred million. With evenhanded ignorance, Admiral Yamamoto had summoned from the pregnant deeps the eight-million-car year and the Sony transistor empire.

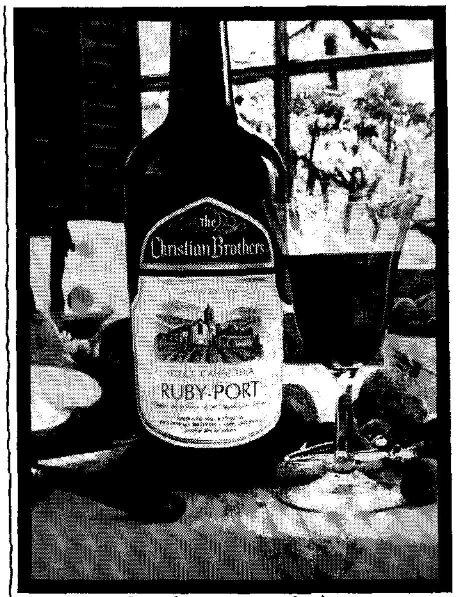
Divested of descriptive qualifications, the outline of the modern economy assumes a powerful simplicity. Individuals wish to acquire goods. Manufacturers increase production to meet the demand. This means more jobs and higher earnings, which are distributed to the workers, the shareholders, and the corporation itself. The newly employed and the recipients of increased earnings have more money to spend, either as consumers or as investors. Production responds, continuing the upward spiral. In the earlier years of the industrial age, such a continuing upward movement was believed unlikely, or even impossible. The market system was thought to be a device for distributing a limited quantity of goods; that is, prices were set when people bid for a restricted supply of commodities. Many economists of that day argued that the demand for goods was limited or tended to stagnate, and would fall behind supply, compelling manufacturers to curtail production, lower prices, eliminate jobs, or reduce wages, or take all these measures in combination. Much of the theory behind large-scale government spending or its Keynesian counterpart—tax reduction—consists of the assumption that this impasse can be avoided if government prods a stagnating demand by increasing its own consumption or by placing more money in the hands of individuals or corporations, or both. These theories are still an aid to understanding. Demand can stagnate and investment can decline. The government can stimulate the economy by increasing spending and reducing taxes—unless, that is, demand and the response to demand are restrained by circumstances other than income levels. The difference is that these theories now seem to be descriptions of certain conditions rather than economic laws—possibilities rather than necessities.

Many important changes converged to shape the new economy. This discussion will mention only four—technology, bureaucracy, credit, and velocity. All these have helped us avoid that serene cul-de-sac called equilibrium, where supply equals demand. The most effective way to avoid it was to keep demand ahead of supply, so that new and expanding wants constantly pressed against production. But it was also helpful to increase the supply even where there was no present demand, for a new supply of goods could create its own demand. Here in northern Maine, all but the poorest families own, or aspire to own, a snowmobile. Yet only a few years ago there was no demand for snowmobiles. Skis and snowshoes were the only instruments for the snow traveller. It is possible that purchasing power has been transferred from something else to snowmobiles, and that the total level of demand has not been raised. Yet in the modern economy this conclusion is not inevitable. As we shall see, a new product can raise the total level of demand. (One way for a man to buy something without forgoing other purchases is to spend money he doesn't have by borrowing against future income.) It has not always been easy to make more out of less—to perform the alchemy of economic growth. The phenomenon of growth is as old as industrialism, but the expansion of the past quarter century is of a different order. It is the creation of productive forces whose potential for growth is both limitless and protean. These now constrained forces are capable of a rising national achievement directed toward the satisfaction of an immense variety of human wants—submarines and pure air, highways and communities—providing us with an unprecedented ability to choose the conditions of social existence.

THE seeds of this indifferent leviathan germinated during the Presidencies of Ulysses Grant and Grover Cleveland; the telephone of 1876 and the internal-combustion automobile of 1887 were the evolutionary predecessors of modern technology and modern economic organization. Even as the industrial age was gaining ascendancy, it was evolving the means of its displacement. By a coincidence that, given the state of our knowledge, must be thought poetic rather than significant, each of these inventions came in a year when modern crisis was being shaped. In the year of the telephone, 1876, the Presidency was exchanged for withdrawal of troops from the South and an understanding that the federal government would ignore its responsibility to uphold the new Constitutional rights of blacks. And in the year of the automobile, 1887, the United States leased a naval station at Pearl Harbor from the Kingdom of Hawaii, taking a major step toward becoming a military power in the Pacific (and a year later Heinrich Hertz propagated a beam of electromagnetic waves, which were to reorganize the world and change science's conception of the universe).

The most significant traditional function of technology was to increase productivity, thereby multiplying the economic power of investment—at least, as long as the value of a technological change stayed ahead of its costs. The process of modern technological change, although it continues to serve this purpose, has assumed a character radically different from previous invention. Much of the technology in the industrial age was designed to process raw materials or to extend and amplify physical strength. The reaper, the sewing machine, and the Bessemer converter improved our ability to extract and process the resources of nature, while the cotton gin, the Linotype, and the steam engine took over the work of muscle—so that even today the energy produced by engines of all kinds is measured in horsepower. But recent technology has tended to extend our senses—our ability to hear and to see—and even the synthesizing ability to think. Earlier technology developed methods of using energy to power engines (railroads, pneumatic hammers, steam pumps, etc.) that, in turn, could carry, shape, or alter physical objects. Much of today's technology uses energy itself as a vehicle to carry words and pictures, information and ideas; it moves, transforms, and amplifies not physical objects but individuals and what had been regarded as the elements of individual existence, of sense and mind. That potential was present in earlier forms of powered transportation, but the automobile was the first vehicle designed primarily to carry people, and it led to a greater increase in mass mobility than the total changes of all previous history had done. The telephone made another kind of mobility accessible to the general population. The altered nature and direction of technology, combined with the speed of technological change, which is itself a consequence of changes in the nature of technology, have had a transforming impact on the capacity of our society.

One of the classic ways to increase national wealth has been to acquire a new supply of natural resources either by discovery or by conquest. Indeed, as late as 1941 the United States and Japan entered into a conflict precipitated at least partly by a dispute over access to the "strategic" rubber and tin of Indo-China. The manufacture of textiles had been the first great break-



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42	28-29-30-31-32
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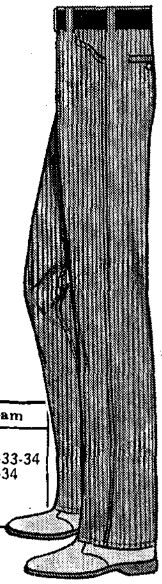

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through into the industrial age. Around the squalor and exploitation of the British mills were fought the bitter opening battles over automation, woman and child labor, working conditions, and dismal wages. The wool used in the mills came from sheep, the silk from worms, and the cotton from the distant fields of Egypt or North Carolina. It was in the mill towns that Karl Marx made many of his observations of capitalism, and that workers began to sing of the industrial paradise to come:

The mill was made of marble,
The machines were made out of gold,
And nobody ever got tired,
And nobody ever grew old.

Today, many of our fabrics are chemical synthetics, and, in addition, the application of machinery, chemicals, and hormones to agriculture allows us to produce all the wool and cotton we are willing to pay for. Meanwhile, many of the descendants of millworkers spend the bulk of their hours in their houses, which are likely to be made of wood and plastic. Their fatigue is likely to be more nervous than muscular, but everyone still gets old.

Each discovery of a technological substitute for a significant natural resource is equivalent to the kind of discovery which once made men and nations rich (or which during prehistory gave its name to the age). The volume of such discoveries over the last quarter century has led to the justified conviction that most raw materials could be replaced. Even oil, the international soldier of fortune and revolution, can be replaced over a period of time by nuclear, chemical, or solar energy, or synthesized from almost unlimited supplies of hydrogen and carbon. Modern technology has also managed to create new "natural resources;" that is, it has synthesized natural materials and phenomena in order to create resources that add to productive power. For example, not only is I.B.M. one of the world's largest corporations but its relative importance within the modern economy is even greater than its size would suggest. The raw material on which this industry has been constructed is not the metal from which computers are made, any more than the raw material of iron is the fire in the smelters. The natural resource—the primary substance—from which computers are made consists of electricity, programs, and circuits formed of other technological creations; it is energy combined with a specialized system of logic. The mega-industries of photography and photocopying depend upon light and chemicals. Technology has

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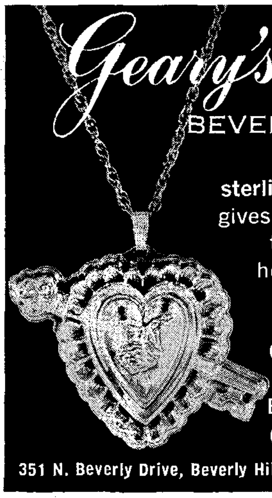

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transformed hitherto valueless substances, and even immaterial processes, into the raw materials of important industries. The characteristics and qualities of these new natural resources demand fuller investigation. Some of them, like light and logic, are theoretically unlimited. Moreover, technological raw materials tend to be more efficient than traditional natural resources, since the supply can be planned to mesh with the needs of production, thus reducing the economic hazards of scarcity and surplus.

This technological evolution helps explain the postwar dissolution of colonial empires. The decreasing importance of traditional natural resources, combined with new techniques of manufacture and international trade—themselves partly a result of technology—made it economical for advanced nations to buy what they needed without bearing the burden of government. Nothing is more instructive than the experience of Japan—roaming the Pacific in the nineteen-thirties and forties in search of land and material wealth, then defeated and confined to its islands, and now the third-richest country in the world.

Technology has also reduced the importance of the size of the labor force as a natural limitation on economic growth. More important than existing automation is our knowledge that it is technically possible to build machines capable of accomplishing many, perhaps most, of the tasks now performed by workers. This has not been done, partly because in many cases men are cheaper than the cost of automating, and partly because of rigidities in the economic structure. Nevertheless, any proposition that the amount of available labor sets an inherent, inescapable limit to production is either gone or deformed beyond recognition. Technology continually bestows new objects of consumption on a population made receptive by the modern techniques of creating demand. Some of our largest corporations, such as I.B.M., Xerox, and Polaroid, owe their present importance entirely to a demand for products that did not exist or for which there was no market when the Second World War began. Other giants, such as General Electric and R.C.A., flourish on the continual production of novelty. Since the individuals who desire these goods do not want to give up other things they desire, the economic structure allows them to extract the additional resources they need—by borrowing, or demanding higher wages.

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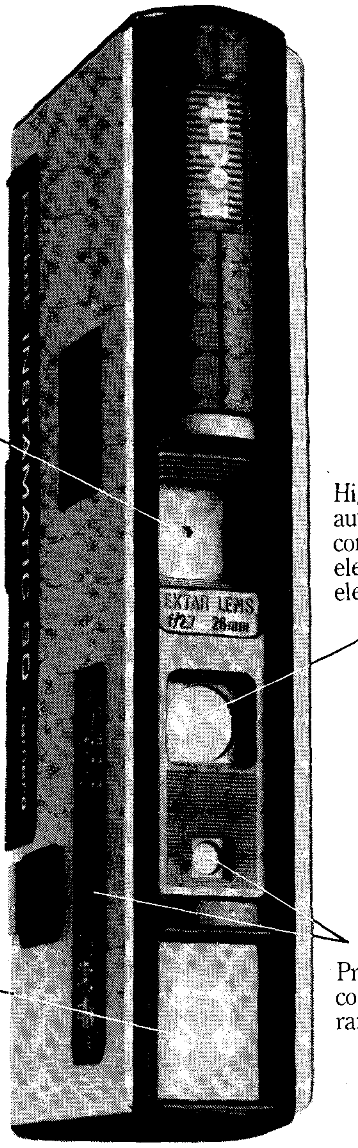
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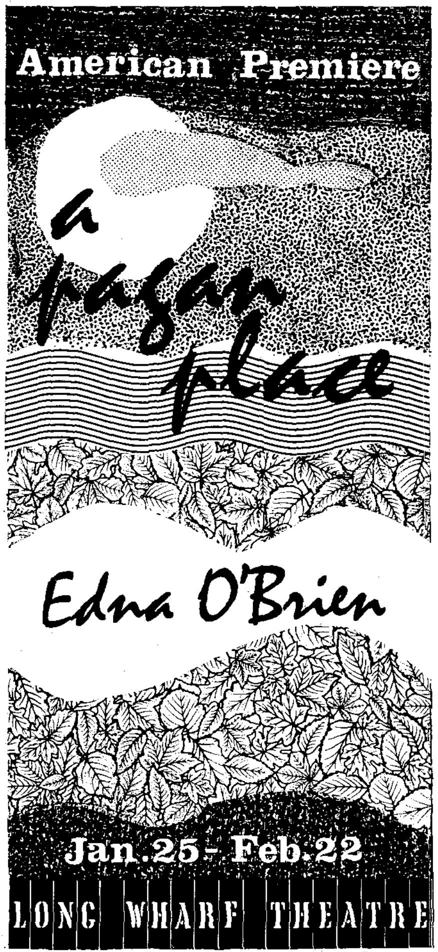

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mands, for example, is not an abstract calculation based on a just division of the returns from increased productivity but the desire to improve a standard of living whose requirements are continually redefined by the appearance of new products. Who bears the cost of higher wages and the risk that those who borrow may default? To an increasing extent, the answer is almost everybody, which means almost nobody who profits directly from production. Most large industries have the power to raise prices to cover higher wages, while credit now exists on so large a scale that failures to repay can be statistically predicted and the loss compensated by higher interest, or calculated as a cost of doing business and reflected in still higher prices. In addition, the general public bears a large part of the risk through a tax structure that allows interest and bad debts to be deducted. When society as a whole pays for higher wages and dishonored debts, wage costs and credit risks have been socialized. This form of socialism is regressive, however, for those who are outside the organized wage system or whose economic position bars them from credit—the unemployed and the poor—must share the costs but can receive none of the benefits.

The products of technology help to support an entire "industry of the new"—an industry whose growth depends upon a flow of novel consumer goods. Among the components of this industry are advertising and television. Furthermore, although jobs are lost when a product is displaced, the new producer creates employment and often requires new construction and new machinery. Even if demand were constant, innovation would increase investment. Some of the wealth-producing power of technology comes from change for the sake of change, regardless of the value of the result. The structure and the achievements of modern technology have confirmed the assumption that there is no limit, theoretical or practical, to the technological process. Change can follow change, invention can lead to invention, affirming Macbeth's "What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" Innovation has itself become a product. It can be planned, and we can be confident of finding technological solutions for those difficulties to which research is addressed. With adequate investment, we could be assured of a continuing flow of wealth-enhancing technology, capable of being directed to the satisfaction of a large variety of individual and social wants. Our technology lags far behind possibility because of the indifference or hostility of large industrial bureaucracies to technological change, and because of the imposed ideology of an economic process that confines the direction of innovation.

A second factor of the new economy—economic organization, or bureaucracy—is itself a creation of technology. I will not summarize the analytical descriptions of J. K. Galbraith's "New Industrial State" (which replaces his "countervailing power" with integrated power) or the insights of Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means. A few observations will suffice to make the point. The term "bureaucracy" has special relevance to the description of current forms of economic organization. It implies diffusion of authority, with complex procedures tending toward rigidity, and it connotes devotion to organization as an end rather than as the instrument of some external purpose. I will later examine our economic bureaucracies in some detail, for they dominate our society. However, such structures also demonstrate the technical possibilities of a decentralized form of economic organization which would permit long-term planning and the efficient allocation of resources. The new technologies of economic organization make it easier to uncover new markets and sources of supply; they reduce dependence upon the vagaries of market forces; and they can influence demand to conform with the goals of production.

Matched to technology, the modern economic organization is capable of supplying nearly all our material wants. It can expand production to meet rising demands. It can innovate where innovation is necessary, and use its own reserves of capital, along with its privileged access to the capital structure, to invest in almost any kind of production. It could, therefore, be modernizing cities, ending pollution, building homes, and expanding schools. Moreover, such changes in the direction of production would not require an economic sacrifice by the society as a whole. The purchase of clean air for a city would stimulate the economy at least as much as the acquisition of a missile or a truck. Out of the price would come wages and earnings. From wages and earnings would come consumption and investment. Expansion would continue. Twenty-five years ago, we did not have a computer industry. Its development has required enormous investment. Yet the American people were not told in 1945 that they must choose between computers and new cars. Had such a choice been imposed, there would be no computers. The same principle holds for those needs we call "public." The necessity of choice does not inhere in the nature of production; it is imposed by an economic process that directs the resources of society in its own interests. This means that the possibilities inherent in the technology of economic organization cannot be realized within the present structure of economic power. For us, that structure enforces a process whose consequence is oppression and whose liberating possibilities are untouched.

A third element of the new economy is the epidemic expansion of credit—especially consumer credit, or what might be called private deficit spending. We have seen how the public spending in excess of revenues which was compelled by war generated modern economic relationships. In the early nineteen-sixties, the government cut taxes with the deliberate aim of creating a deficit, in the hope of increasing economic growth. This measure is thought to have worked, since we began our largest sustained peacetime expansion at about that time. Belief in a relationship between public deficits and increased economic activity is no longer a tenet of political ideology but a matter of economic dogma for conservatives and liberals alike (although not all agree that deficits are the best way to stimulate the economy). When the virtues of public thrift were still being seriously maintained, proponents often argued by analogy to the ruin that threatened individuals who lived beyond their means. It was hardly noticed that household budgets were also going seriously out of balance. Individuals who spend more than they have must borrow. They take out loans, open charge accounts, buy on installments, or select from an increasing array of alternative credit devices. Such individuals are engaged in their own deficit financing. On a large enough scale, this excess spending should have the same kind of impact on the economy as a government deficit. And the scale is already very large indeed. In 1950, private debt, corporate and individual, was about the same as public debt—around two hundred and forty billion dollars. Today, the total net private debt is over one and two-thirds trillion dollars—almost triple the combined debts of all governments in America. Outstanding consumer credit—the amount borrowed to buy con-

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sumer goods—is over a hundred and seventy billion dollars. This private debt has grown steadily during the past twenty-five years, and at a faster rate than public debt, affording a continuing stimulus to economic activity. The acceleration of private debt has accompanied a growing confidence in the peacetime durability of prosperity, for large-scale private borrowing is possible only when consumers and business share a general expectation that expansion will continue. They are spending in anticipation of future income, and usually in anticipation of increased income. Individual consumers do not think they are living beyond their means; they are simply buying today what they can afford tomorrow.

Velocity as a component of the new economy is a creation of modern technology and economic organization. But the accelerating velocity of people, goods, information, ideas, and economic transactions has *independent* economic meaning. It was once thought appropriate to describe the economy as a runner who lost more energy the harder he ran, until, finally depleted, he had to stop. Our recurrent experience of growth and depression seemed a command of natural economic laws. Only a few years ago, some official economists declared that the economy was "overheated," implying that there was too much investment, expansion, and consumption. In other words, we were getting *rich too fast,* and, like the runner who exceeds his capacity, were threatened with serious damage. An economy can't grow too fast, although the process of growth in today's economy can produce painful distortions, such as inflation. Indeed, sustained economic growth within the present economic process will require permanent regulation of prices—if, that is, such growth is not foreclosed by the tendency of the modern economy toward stagnation. Around the beginning of this century, physics discovered a law of nature which provides a more appropriate analogy: the faster an object goes, the greater its mass becomes, until at the highest possible speed its mass is infinite. Modern economic growth has been fortified by the ability to increase the rate at which we conduct the billions of transactions and relationships that constitute economic life. As a result of that acceleration, more goods can be produced and more bought; more workers can go where labor is needed; more supplies can be transported to factories and more goods to market; more ideas can be absorbed and put into practice; and more information can be assembled and used. Of the ten American corporations with the largest revenues, three—A.T. & T., General Electric, and I.B.M.—are wealthy to a large extent because they enable others to hasten activity. Three others are automobile companies, which must also count this among their services. Economic process, like all purposeful human activity, is compounded of both materials and time. If resources, demand, and other economic materials are limited, then rapid consumption precipitates scarcity and stagnation. To the extent that such limits no longer obtain, acceleration of activity adds to growth. Of course, particular materials are limited. There is, for example, as we have learned, an end to the supply of oil, and even to the demand for automobiles. But these limits merely *determine the content* of growth. They do not bound growth, although from within the confines of contemporary society they may appear absolute barriers. However, the velocity of any object consists of direction as well as speed. As long as the economic structure limits the direction of economic activity, we cannot realize the benefits contained in the principle of acceleration.

The events of the past three decades, besides increasing our wealth and productive power, have *fundamentally modified the economic process itself.* Human needs, the foundation of economic demand, now lack any discernible limit. Wartime experience and postwar growth demonstrate that productive capacity can be expanded to meet rapidly rising levels of demand. Technology has already abolished many of the restrictions imposed by a limited supply of natural resources and of labor, and it could eliminate many of the remaining restrictions. Innovation itself is no longer the consequence of fortuitous discovery but can be anticipated and planned. A sufficient investment of skill and money could produce a technology to reduce the amount of necessary labor and to solve many of the material problems that obstruct the enlargement of human life. If these realities of the new economy were matched to the possibilities of modern techniques of organization, it would become possible *to allocate resources* toward the fulfillment of nearly any material desire. We could rebuild cities, restore nature, end poverty, and, in the process, add to our total wealth, although that wealth would take different forms. It would be social wealth, defined by the qualities of a free existence; it might be measured, for example, by decreasing the hours of work as well as by increasing the volume of production. We do not do these things, because our society is dominated by economic structures and an attendant ideology that confine our capacity within a pattern of activities designed to maintain and strengthen the ascendant structures. That imposed pattern is at variance with the most urgent human needs; indeed, it is responsible for the oppressive conditions from which those unfulfilled needs arise.

THE most traditional form of bondage is that imposed by material necessity. Hunger and deprivation are historical constants, but the nature of poverty—its form and its relationship to the possibilities of freedom—depends upon the particular conditions of each society. American poverty and the barriers to its elimination are consequences of the same social process that dominates the life of every citizen. All poverty is "structural"—the consequence not of natural or divine law but of the man-made social order. Some poverty can be justified in a society of limited resources, which must concentrate wealth as capital for investment. However, in such societies one invariably finds interests that command a share of wealth in excess of the concentrated accumulation needed for growth. The result is poverty in excess of economic requirements. This power to command wealth—economic strength—is conferred by the ideology that sustains a particular social structure. "Surplus" poverty being an imposition on present weakness, those who determine the components of economic strength—what shall be valued and rewarded—are those who are already strong.

Within our own social structure, wealth is not distributed either to people or to institutions in amounts proportionate to their contribution to the creation of wealth or the prospects for growth. The clearest examples are the inheritance laws, which can confer a substantial economic value on the fact of an individual's birth and are indifferent to the recipient's present capacities or future plans. Until recently, large farmers were subsidized for not producing, and our shipbuilders are still paid by the government to construct ships that it could purchase less expensively abroad. Although the traditional economic and investment functions of

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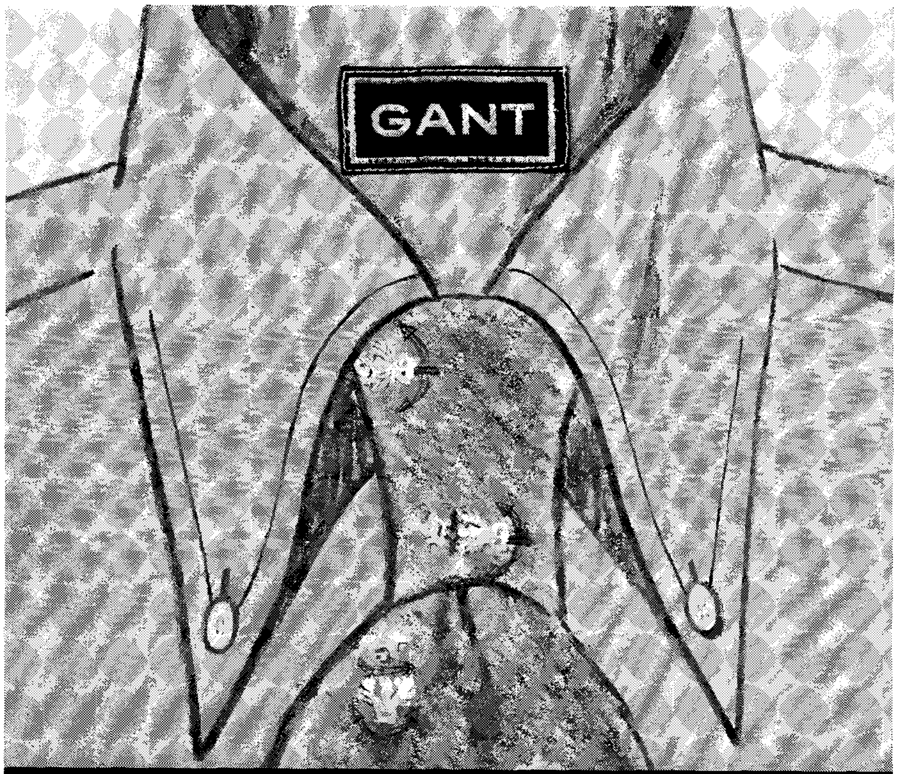

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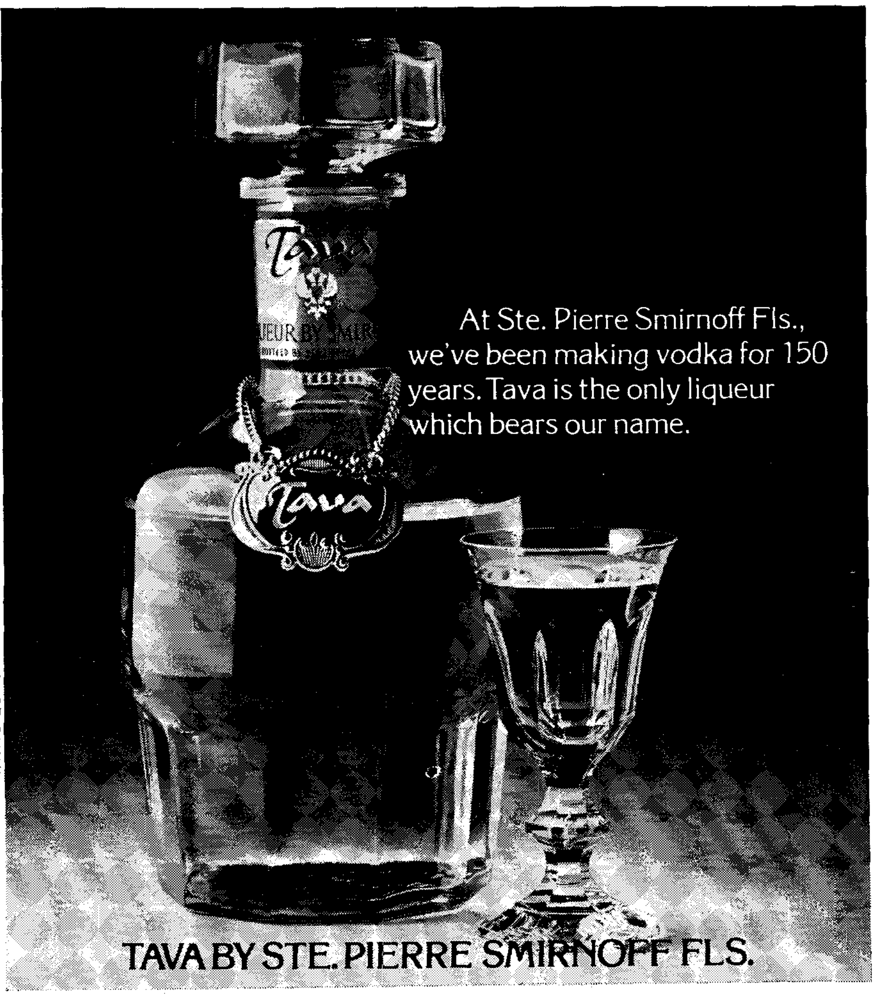

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large banks have been severely reduced in recent decades, they are making more money than ever. And the rewards bestowed by the large modern economic bureaucracies bear an increasingly tenuous relationship to economic productivity. Such uneconomic rewards are infiltrating every aspect of our economic life, increasing that proportion of social wealth whose distribution is arbitrary. Those excluded from an arbitrary distribution are not being punished for their personal inadequacies; they are the victims of superior social strength.

The existence of material deprivation is not always an exhortation to social action. Even so, poverty is always a consequence of social structure; that is, of social choice. Poverty in America is not the consequence of scarce resources, of a need to concentrate capital for future growth, or of an economic inability to end poverty. The American poor are oppressed—the victims of a material deprivation imposed by the relationships of society. In other periods, poverty as oppression could be explained as the rational pursuit of self-interest by the forces of production. This does not explain the persistence of poverty in our society. The elimination of poverty—an equivalent to the creation of consumers—would greatly expand the market. (Automobile companies, for example, would be among the first to benefit. If they were to follow the logic of self-interest, they would establish full-time Washington lobbies for poverty programs.) Indeed, our failure to continue the process of augmenting the number of consumers is a principal cause of today's relative economic stagnation. Clearly, we could end poverty without degrading or impairing the life of the non-poor majority. When to this fact is added the knowledge that the elimination of poverty would enhance the well-being of the entire nation and strengthen those economic forces which now dominate the society, one seems to stand on the verge of a radical social disorder.

—RICHARD N. GOODWIN

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

•

Experts said that comet viewers should look to the west-southwest just after the sun goes down. The head, or coma, of Kohoutek then will be low in the sky with the tail streaming up from the horizon. Kohoutek's tail may be as long as 20 million miles, but the viewing angle from earth shortens the tail's appearance, the experts said. As a result, the tail will seem only about 18 million miles long.—*The Times.*

Oh, darn.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

“The Past Is the Past” and “Going Thru Changes,” which will be playing at the Billie Holiday, in Bedford Stuyvesant, until the middle of February, are two remarkable one-acters by the remarkable black dramatist Richard Wesley. (I saw them first in their original production, with essentially the same cast, at the Eugene O’Neill Theatre Center, in Waterford, Connecticut.) “The Past Is the Past” takes place in a poolroom in what could be Newark or Harlem, or even Bed Stuy. An older man is there alone, pushing balls around a pool table. A younger man comes in, there is some desultory conversation between them, they start a game, and pretty soon it becomes clear that they are a father and his illegitimate son, meeting for the first time. On the surface, the action is the game of pool; beneath it is another game—the determination of the younger man, all his resentment at his desertion intact, to break through to his father, and the older man’s equally strong determination not to be caught with emotions and responsibilities that he does not feel equipped to handle. (The guilt is hard enough.) One feat, among many, of Richard Wesley’s is that he manages to get in all the essential exposition without ever breaking the mood or the conversational tone of the piece or dulling its wit. The play is entirely about feelings, and it is written with a combination of strength and delicacy and craftsmanship that adds up to perfection. Indeed, it may become a classic on a tremendous theme—recognition between father and son and their acceptance of one another—but only time can tell that.

The performance, under Lloyd Richards’ expert direction, matches the script in quality. Bill Cobbs, as the father—wry, evasive, self-deprecating, trying to back away from emotions, or at least hide them—is wonderful, and so is Robert Christian as the son, on fire with great expectations, and trying to play it cool.

“Going Thru Changes” is an entirely different sort of play. Episodic and apparently more loosely knit, yet just as controlled, it tells the story of the coming apart of a young couple in Newark who love each other dearly and whose marriage doesn’t stand a chance. Again, the past intrudes upon the present. He, at twenty-three, dreams of regaining his old high-school skill at basketball and works out at a gym every evening, while she, pregnant, sits at home remembering the fun she used to have at parties and shows. Then there are the others: her mother and her best friend, who don’t think much of her husband and take every opportunity to run him down, and his crony at the gym and his pals on the street corner, who see marriage as nothing but a trap. Perhaps as important as anything else is the beguiling influence on the young wife of television and movies and the romantic world they project, in which, among other things, everybody seems to be white. The story is sad but not tragic—one feels at the end that these babes in the woods may get together again someday—and, scene by scene, it is very lively and funny.

Mr. Wesley has provided the actors, both supporting and lead, with rich, playable roles, and the actors, under Mr. Richards’ guidance, do him proud. Michele Shay brings a radiance all her own to the troubled, volatile young wife, and Mr. Christian is splendid as the husband. Excellent, too, are Juanita Bethea and Deloris Gaskins, as the troublemaking mother and troublemaking best friend; Mr. Cobbs, as the crony; and, of the boys on the corner, Lee Roy Giles, as a hopeless, self-destroying drunk. By the way, the crony in “Going Thru Changes” is one of the leading characters in Mr. Wesley’s “Gettin’ It Together,” which was done last year at the Public, and the young wife is the illegitimate *daughter* of the older man in “The Past Is the Past.” Mr. Wesley was a close associate of Ed Bullins at the late New Lafayette and, like Mr. Bullins, is working on a set of loosely connected plays about black life in America.

Upstairs at the Brooklyn Academy, in a room called the Lepercq Space (above “Richard II” but below “Candide”), three actresses of the Royal Shakespeare Company are appearing in “Sylvia Plath,” which is exactly described in the program as “a dramatized setting of her writings.” In the first act, we hear excerpts from “The Bell Jar” and many of the poems, connected by a biographical narrative. Much of this, too, is in her own words, and so well are these words spoken that the poet herself is all but present, in high spirits and low, retracing her years as a child with her family, as a college student, as a wife and mother, and as a lifelong lover of death—lifeshort lover, of course, for she died, a suicide, at thirty-one. The facts are too well known for summary, and so are most of the poems, but the actresses—Brenda Bruce, Estelle Kohler, and Louise Jameson—make both seem fresh. Their distinctive voices and styles of acting are very well contrasted and blended, under Barry Kyle’s direction. The second act is a play called “Three Women.” The setting is a maternity ward, the themes are childbirth and motherhood, and the three women are aspects of one woman. The accompanying music, by Jeremy Barlow; the setting and, presumably, the telling props, by Gordon Sumpter; and the lighting, by Brian Harris, provide the appropriate atmosphere for the evening.

Felix, of Claude McNeal’s “Felix,” which opened and quietly closed at the Cherry Lane (in Manhattan), is a nonunion man of forty-seven, a dispatcher at a warehouse who is fired because his employers are cutting down on their staff. All he wants, he says, “is to work at a decent job,” and he will accept no help—no welfare, no handouts. No jobs, either, and he ends up a derelict. In the course of the action, he is queried intermittently (and fatuously) by a Ph.D. candidate who is writing a thesis on some branch of sociology, and this, along with a quote from T. S. Eliot about “decent godless people” appended to the program, leads one to believe that Mr. McNeal has something to tell us about society. His message, if that is indeed the case, is of no interest whatever, but some of his characters are interesting, in a quirky sort of way, and he is no amateur at writing scenes. They came and went so quickly, though, that the total effect was as choppy as a television show. What gave the production the distinction it had was the performance, by a competent cast, under Robert Mandel’s direction. Dick O’Neill’s Felix—proud, defeated, and bone-weary—was strong and probably unforgettable. I also admired Sloane Shelton, Gerry Black, and John Perkins.

—Edith Oliver

LETTER FROM LONDON

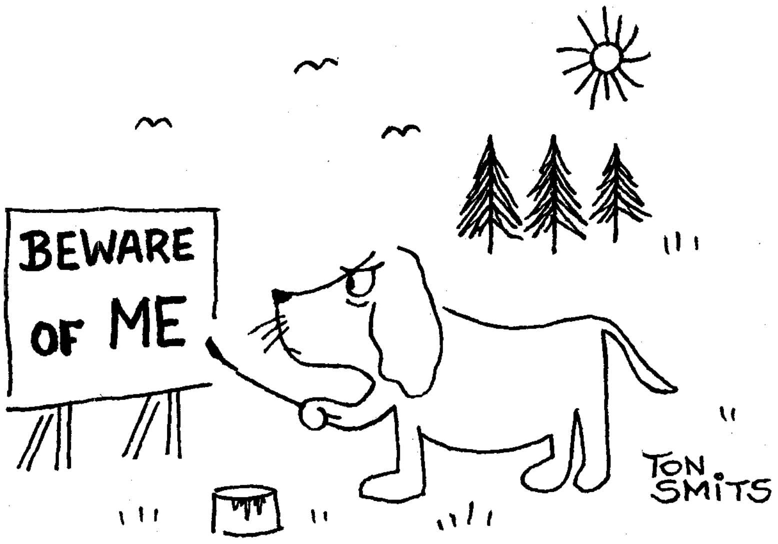
JANUARY 16

THINGS are changing so fast here that a report may be out of date almost before it is written. On Monday evening, the Government extinguished the sole ray of light in sight, it appeared to many worried citizens, by turning down the offer of the Trade Union Congress leaders to help bring the miners' calamitous dispute to an end. In view of the past powerlessness of the big union bosses to control their more militant members, it was not surprising that their promise to hold back other wage claims if the all-important miners could get what they are asking for now was apparently felt to be not good enough. The disappointed popular view will probably be that it would have been worth trying, if only to prove that the Government is anxious to end the present tribulations as soon as possible. The Opposition parties accuse the Prime Minister of presiding obstinately over a trial of strength with the unions in which no conciliatory quarter will be given. And now it seems probable that by the end of the week everybody will be pitched into the battle royal of a general election.

Almost as though he were firing the first missile into the fray, the governor of the Bank of England, standing like a captain on the bridge of the City of London while the floating pound dipped to its lowest ever, made a sensation yesterday when he said in a speech that the sickness of Britain's economy was critical long before the oil shortage (which puts the responsibility on the Government's management of it), and that austerity for everybody might have to last until 1984—of all flesh-creeping dates to look forward to. One strong current of thought is plainly uppermost in the stream of confused emotions that seem to be running for or against Mr. Heath's Government at this depressed moment. That is the universal hope—or desperate belief, because anything else would be too bad to think about—that the alarming national rigor of the three-day week will come to an end before it stiffens into something approaching rigor mortis. The Prime Minister's reported statement to the New York *Times* that he saw it continuing into spring if necessary was much quoted here and produced a wintry chill, since there had been some optimistic forecasts that it would be lifted in a very few weeks. His newly appointed Secretary of State for the brand-new Department of Energy, Lord Carrington—an extremely sharp and able Minister, who has the invaluable television gift of being able to expound clearly to uninformed listeners, and whose only bad point, as Harold Wilson complained when Parliament reassembled briefly last week, is that he is in the House of Lords and therefore cannot be put on the mat of the Commons to answer for what is going on—gave an even grimmer warning recently. He said that coal stocks were still so dangerously balanced in the power stations that the country might be forced to hobble along on an even more crippling two-and-a-half-day, or perhaps two-day, week. With the ruinous effects of the present short working week being predicted and lamented on all sides, it seems unlikely that a Government thinking about an election would care to test how the hard-pressed and long-suffering electorate would react to further slashings of their jobs and money. Wholesale power cuts for one and all will probably be the alternative. Householders, with no penalties to fear, have apparently not been switching off lights as valiantly as industry has been keeping to its side of the law-enforced energy-saving measures. This is not really surprising, for contradictory stories about the fuel position turn up all the time in the papers. One of the few laughs that anyone has had from these events was an earnest admonition from one of Lord Carrington's junior ministers, who broadcast an urgent appeal to the nation to save electricity by cleaning its teeth in the dark.

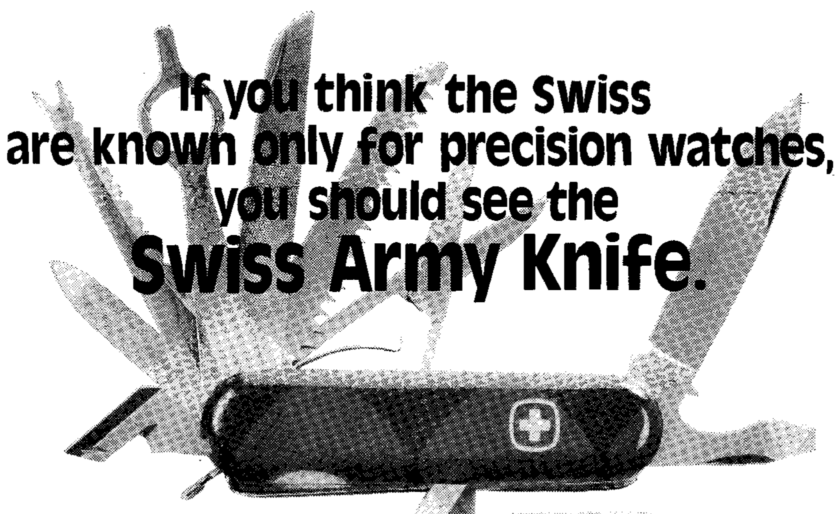
Last Wednesday and Thursday, when M.P.s interrupted the final week of the recess for a two-day debate on the crisis, they returned to the accompaniment of a threatened and then an actual one-day rail strike. On Wednesday, the train drivers of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, who were already working to rule, announced a total walkout, in scandalized answer to the British Railways Board's sudden, crisp ultimatum of "No work, no money." On Thursday, sure enough, the Southern rail region, always the most affected, was paralyzed all day, and yesterday there was another strike—a national one, for good measure. All morning and evening, the London streets were solid with the cars of commuters crawling painfully to work and home again, with their precious petrol burning merrily away in the seized-up traffic, and not a vacant meter anywhere or an inch in any of the Royal Parks' special parking places. At Waterloo Station, close to Westminster Bridge, on an earlier version of which Wordsworth stood in 1802 and mused that the very houses seemed asleep and all London's mighty heart was lying still, his vision seemed horribly prophetic. The usually roaring place was as quiet as a village green, with only a handful of people—perhaps staunchly determined travellers left over from the day before—sitting it out among the station pigeons, with cardboard cups of coffee and the air of being prepared to camp there until doomsday.

Parliament is only rarely recalled to debate grave events (the last time was over Ulster, in 1971), and last week's summons, taking place against such a darkening background, ought to have been momentous. Oddly enough, it seemed to most observers to fall several notches short of that, perhaps because all the arguments put forward were so well known. Doubtless with thoughts of an election in everyone's mind, the House was more subdued (except for Labour's brass-lunged, irrepressible left-wingers) than it was in the unedifying shouting matches before Christmas, which had certainly not improved the irritable public disillusionment with all politicians. With rare thoughtful exceptions, though, the parties showed themselves as far apart as ever, and they employed—for all their



talk of conciliation as the best way of bringing industrial peace—a perfect arsenal of bellicose phraseology, bristling with "confrontations," "defeats," and "no surrenders." Mr. Heath was described as "stubborn," "cold," "inhuman," and "unimaginative" in the course of the debate. Angry Opposition speakers repeatedly attacked him with the charge that the three-day week was unnecessary or had been brought in too soon, and that it was intended to harden the hearts of the rest of the stricken working population against their comrades in the mines. Some of these points were made in carefully reasonable language by the leader of the Opposition. Mr. Wilson, though plainly battling the frightful cold that seems to be afflicting every other Londoner, gave his most adept Parliamentary performance in months. When he sat down, his delighted supporters cheered him lustily, and the faces of Tory backbenchers, as viewed from the press gallery, looked remarkably thoughtful. On the whole, however, people who had hoped that a bit of cheer might turn up somewhere in all the talking felt gloomily that the return to Westminster simply showed that nothing much had changed in the watchdogs' absence.

In the election talk now going on everywhere, the formerly comfortable Conservative belief that Mr. Heath would get back with a landslide mandate to do all the unpopular things he will surely have to do seems suddenly to have been cautiously qualified. Many Party workers now think that it might be a close run. Probably the majority of public opinion is behind him in his typically resolute, blinkered refusal to see anything but the impossibility of letting the miners' pay claim break through his incomes policy and risk drowning England in a riptide of inflation. The opinion polls are saying so cheerfully. But did not the polls prove themselves false-flattering mirrors by returning Harold Wilson's image large and clear before the 1970 general election? This time, Mr. Wilson would certainly make much play with the argument that he could eventually lead the country out of its fearful mess without inflicting so many of the sacrifices that Mr. Heath has abruptly demanded of it, and numbers of voters, worn out with continuing gloom, might feel drawn to give him a try. Or, again, in the view of some pessimistic political observers, more people than usual might subscribe to the impartially disgusted remark made by a taxi-driver to his fare the other day—"I don't like the Government, but I wouldn't have any truck with



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that other crowd if you paid me"—and not vote at all.

MEANWHILE, life is proceeding recognizably, if creakily, with much ingenuity shown by all. The mechanics of the three-day week are still causing confusion, because some firms operate that way and others prefer to use the permitted alternative of electricity in the mornings one week and in the afternoons the next. In the hours when they cannot have power, many businesses stay open just the same, with their staff wearing overcoats, pushing desks to the not always radiantly helpful London light, and closing down early. A flashlight is now an indispensable aid to shopping. Many of the big stores prudently invested in generators after the last miners' strike and are oases of warmth and brightness in streets of small shops that look at first sight like rows of religious shrines, dimly lit by candles, tiny gas storm lanterns hanging from the ceiling, or the occasional Victorian oil lamp. Hairdressers' establishments are among the worst hit, impossible equations having to be worked out between clients' heads and the number of dryers that must sit coldly unreceptive for half of each day. In spite of rumors, there are no food shortages. Bread stocks were sensibly cut to stop wastage and to save fuel, but the frequent empty gaps on supermarket shelves are caused by the shortage of tin plate and all other forms of packaging which is beginning to be felt from the three-day week. Prices are rising, of course. Possibly because of the storms that have been lashing Britain's coasts as a helpful little extra from nature, housewives were outraged this week to find the humble cod costing as much as sole did a year ago. Without a doubt, the most widely resented austerity in the home—the very last straw for the public—has been the closing down of television every night at ten-thirty. People argue that the power it saves is out of all proportion to the gloom and despondency caused by their being done out of some favorite program. They are inclined to put it down as a bad mark against a Prime Minister whose image is that of a coolly self-contained man—new to England's experience of leaders—who would find his own entertainment sitting at a piano playing Bach. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cicely Tyson Goes to the Fountain

AT American movies now, black people are just about the only ones looking to find heroes for themselves. Films made for whites are curdled by guilt and confusion; the heroes are corrupted, they fail, they live or die meaninglessly. But the black pictures feature winners, sometimes even non-racist winners—like the heroine of "Cleopatra Jones." Played by Tamara Dobson, who is six feet two in her stocking feet and looks like a powerful, elongated Eartha Kitt, Cleopatra Jones is a female version of Robin Hood crossed with James Bond. She's protecting her people against the poppy growers and drug pushers, and audiences cheer for her as happily as audiences ever cheered for Robin Hood. Like him, she is guiltlessly heroic, a champion, fighting for the abused and mistreated. In the recent film "Gordon's War," Gordon, a Green Beret (Paul Winfield), comes back from Vietnam to learn that the dope plague in the cities has taken his wife, and he organizes an army to clean the dope out of Harlem. The picture's celebration of vigilante justice may have been frightening to a white viewer, but the black movie audiences don't need to have it explained that the white-controlled system of authority is imposed on them and is corrupt. For them, Gordon's group represented an attempt by blacks to create their own system of authority. And the audiences could identify with Gordon's army just as at the Second World War movies the audiences identified with the ruthless American heroes—such as Bogart, or Dick Powell in "Cornered," also avenging his dead wife—who were cleaning out the Nazis. Gordon's dedicated buddies, united by shared ideals, have the camaraderie that white movies used to feature. The shabbily constructed script made it impossible for the director, Ossie Davis, to bring his special gifts to "Gordon's War"—it has none of his feeling for comedy or for joy—and it hasn't been a hit, but it has something that unites the audience, something that one no longer gets out of white movies. Most of the films made for black audiences are exploitation jobs, as cynical and brutal as the current action films made for general audiences (if not more so). But the audiences at black films react more: with more gusto to the killings but also with more disgust to certain kinds of routine phoniness—like weak blacks pleading for their lives, or too much cant from the women characters. The audience seems to want its action, its heroism—even its sex—*pure*, not doctored with cowardice or a lot of bulling around. And if the audience reacts to the victories of Shaft or his progeny with the same pleasure as to the victories of a Cleopatra Jones, this is clearly because the audience enjoys feeling victorious.

To put it bluntly: While white audiences can laugh together at the same things—mainly at evidence of American stupidity and rot—there is nothing positive that they share. (I don't mean to suggest that this is necessarily bad, and I certainly don't mean to suggest that we should have clung to our myths of American heroism, or to that worst myth of all—the self-righteous union of strength and virtue. I'm just trying to pin down a distinction.) The movies for blacks have something that white movies have lost or grown beyond. I point this out because I think it's something that whites miss; it's what they mean when they say that there's nothing to take their children to. It's a lost innocence, a lost paradise of guiltlessness, and some of the black movies have it. A few months ago, when some friends asked me what they could take their kids to that their kids would have a good time at—something like the old Errol Flynn swashbucklers—the only picture I could think of was "Cleopatra Jones." They told me later that the whole family had enjoyed it. We may have reached such a strange impasse in this country that whites need to go to black movies to relax and partake of guiltlessness.

The ironic miracle of "Sounder" was that whites could respond to its black family far more intensely than they could conceivably now respond to a white family. The blacks of "Sounder" live in hardship circumstances in which their sheer endurance is a victory—their endurance and their ability to sustain their feeling for each other. In the past, American movies celebrated white-pioneer courage and endurance; now the black movies take us back to those satisfying hopeful qualities, but, for whites, with a difference. Implicit in "Sounder" and in the new "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" is a sense of moral complexity—of a redressing of the balance, of justice at work within the mythology of popular culture. What we can no longer accept about white heroes and heroines we surrender to when the characters are black. I think we absolutely need to; this has nothing to do with the formal aesthetics of a particular piece of popular culture but everything to do with how popular culture works in a society. And we have been lucky. The beautifully made "Sounder" spared us the embarrassments of maudlin emotions; and "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman," which was produced for television by Tomorrow Entertainment

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and will be on C.B.S. on Thursday, January 31st, from 9 to 11 P.M. E.D.T. (and will run in theatres in other countries), stars Cicely Tyson and was made by John Korty, a self-effacing director who has what might be described as an aesthetics ruled by morality. His past work (such films as "The Crazy Quilt" and "Funnyman," and the TV film "Go Ask Alice") shows his principled unwillingness to push for dramatic effect; this makes him the ideal director for "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman." One shove and we would say, "Oh, here it comes—more guilt piled high on us." But as "Jane Pittman" has been directed, her story, of how a black woman lived and what she went through, with major historical events seen through her eyes, has a far greater meaning than if white viewers were browbeaten into a defensive reaction. The full force of "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" is that no defense is possible, so none is called for.

Cicely Tyson plays a woman who was born in slavery and lived to take part in a civil-rights demonstration in 1962; the role spans Jane Pittman's life from the age of twenty to the age of a hundred and ten, and Cicely Tyson knows what she's doing every inch of the way. Her Jane Pittman does not have the Biblical strength or the emotional depth of her Rebecca in "Sounder." Jane isn't a deep woman; childless, uneducated, she's an enjoyer of life. It isn't until extreme old age gives her a privileged status that she loses her fear and becomes—briefly, just before her death—politically active. Old age brings her out in other ways, too; it's as if her life were a series of liberations, so that only at the end is she free enough to speak her mind and to crack a joke and to find herself. When she walks up to a whites-only drinking fountain in front of a Southern courthouse, and drinks from it, all of us in the audience can taste the good water.

Tyson is an extraordinarily controlled actress, and perhaps this control has some relationship to the history of black people in this country. I used to watch her sometimes in the old George C. Scott TV series "East Side, West Side," and I found her control and her tight reserve slightly antipathetic; she seemed to be holding back from us—not yielding her personality, not relaxing within the minuscule demands of the role. Now I think I can see why. It was a role in which a beautiful pin-headed actress might have been perfectly content, and her contentment might have made her seem delectable. Those secretary roles, black and white, are generally played for comedy or for sex; the black girls are plumped down in an office—to fill the quotas—but they're playing classy maids. What Tyson's strained manner in that series was saying to us was "I can't give myself to this role—I have more than this in me." And, despite her magnetic glamour, she wouldn't give us more than the cold efficiency of the secretary she played—which could only make a viewer slightly uncomfortable. In small, empty roles, this New York-born actress who had sold shopping bags on the streets when she was nine years old seemed aloof. She *felt* aloof from the roles, and she had too much in her to sell herself cheap. She still refuses to sell herself; in her performances as Rebecca and here as Jane, she never bathes us in the ravishing smile of her modelling years or her TV talk-show appearances. She has the haughtiness of the enormously gifted—of those determined to do everything the most difficult way, because they know they can. Her refusal to melt us with her smile is like Streisand's refusal to sing; there's some foolishness in these refusals, but also hard-won pride. In every breath, Cicely Tyson says to us, "I'm not going to make Jane a cute, feisty old darling for you to condescend to. I'm not going to warm the cockles of your heart. And don't treat me kindly as a great black actress; I'm an actress or nothing." She's an actress, all right, and as tough-minded and honorable in her methods as any we've got. You feel you're inside skinny old Jane's head: you get to understand her mixture of shallowness and superstition and pop culture and folk wisdom. And through knowing Jane Pittman you feel closer to a recognition of black experience in this country; at an ironic level Jane's story is the story of how it takes a hundred and ten years to make an activist out of an ordinary black woman. Tyson won't allow her beauty to carry her; she plays Jane with supreme integrity. Jane's charm seems all to belong to Jane; Tyson doesn't shove any of her own onto her. She doesn't yet have the fluidity of an actress who can turn the character into herself, and vice versa; she is still in conscious control. She hasn't made that leap to unconscious control which separates the "divine" legendary actresses from the superlative technicians. I'm comparing Tyson to the highest, because that's the comparison she invites and has earned. She isn't there, but she's on her way. She's great, but she will be even greater when she can relax and smile without feeling she's Uncle

Tomming, as Streisand will be a greater artist when she can accept all her gifts and use them together.

The subject of the Ernest J. Gaines novel on which “Jane Pittman” is based is so good that everyone connected with the movie seems to have respected it. There are inevitable losses. The incendiary preaching that, in the novel, leads to one character’s murder has been softened, and events sometimes lose their repercussions—no doubt because a novel more sprawling in time than “Gone with the Wind” is being attempted on a TV shooting schedule and budget, to fit a two-hour slot. There are almost eighty speaking parts, and some of the casting and acting—though not blatantly bad—are nondescript. (A Cajun character certainly doesn’t help; no Cajun on the screen ever does.) Yet none of this does serious damage. There’s one unfortunate change. In the novel, Jane dreads a black stallion that she thinks will kill Joe Pittman (the one man she loves enough to carry his name). For photographic reasons (the sequence was being shot using day for night), an albino was used instead; the eerie white horse, with a ghastly pink look around the eyes, is mystically effective, but the color switch suggests a racial symbolism that doesn’t quite fit the situation. The clumsiest addition is the device of using Michael Murphy as a journalist interviewing the ancient Miss Pittman to link the episodes; toward the end, we feel the shift to amateurishness each time he appears. But Cicely Tyson is, I think, all that a reader of the book could ask for, and her performance and the director’s tact are more than enough to compensate for these flaws, and for the anachronisms and naïveté in parts of Tracy Keenan Wynn’s adaptation.

John Korty tells the story at a satisfyingly leisurely pace, befitting a woman who accumulates a hundred and ten years. Korty is a director who has never quite come into his own; his loose, unlabored style was probably at its best in the charming, neglected 1966 comedy “Funnyman,” starring Peter Bonerz (the dentist of “The Bob Newhart Show”) as a member of The Committee, the improvisational-revue troupe in San Francisco. This hero is wry and self-conscious, and automatically turns human relations into put-ons; he works up whatever situations he’s in into routines—his “life situations” have the rhythm of revue acts, and vice versa. Korty didn’t make a big thing of his funnyman hero; the movie just skipped along, and in places dawdled along, without solemnity. Probably Korty’s movies suffered commercially from his honesty and tentativeness and his refusal to heighten emotions, but those same qualities showed to great advantage in his direction of the TV film about teen-age drug addiction “Go Ask Alice.” The contrast with the usual TV director’s hysterically manipulative approach made Korty’s work shine. Some of Korty’s virtues are dimmed in “The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman,” because he’s not working as flexibly as he did on his own movies (which he also photographed himself)—the direction here is more stilted—but the movie is still so much cleaner and simpler than just about any other movie made for TV (or any TV series show, either) that the fictional Jane Pittman has the singularity and dignity of a person in a documentary. There never was a Jane Pittman; the character is synthesized from stories that Gaines heard while growing up on a plantation in Louisiana, but, watching the film (which was all shot in Louisiana), one literally forgets (as readers of the novel did) that it is fiction. It seems to be a slightly awkward reënactment of the life of an actual person.

Beauty is almost unknown in movies shot for TV, but Korty has brought his compositional sense and his own unassertive lyricism to this mixture of folk history and agitprop. Visually, the interiors and the closeups of people making polemical speeches are only serviceable, but the exteriors and the closeups of Jane show the sane affection of an artist with no fakery about him. John Korty has no show business in his soul, and sometimes we really need to get away from the show-business hype. “The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman” isn’t a great movie, though with more directorial freedom and a better script it might have been. But it’s quite possibly the finest movie ever made for American television. Would a story about the endurance of an ancient white woman be this effective? There’s no way for it to be comparable. There is probably no imaginable way that at this point in American history we could be as deeply moved by a white woman’s story—no matter how much truth there was in it—as we are by this black woman’s story.

—PAULINE KAEL

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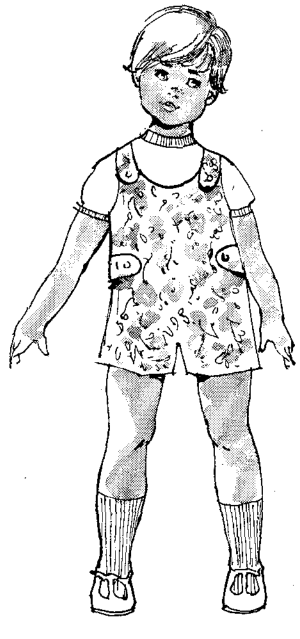

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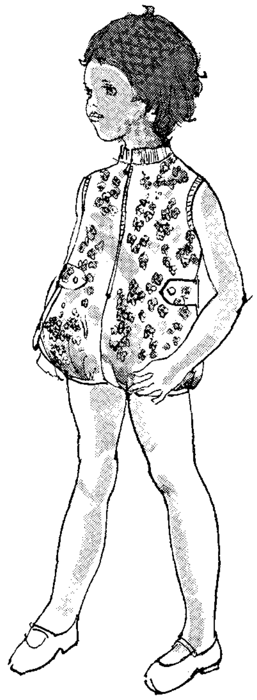

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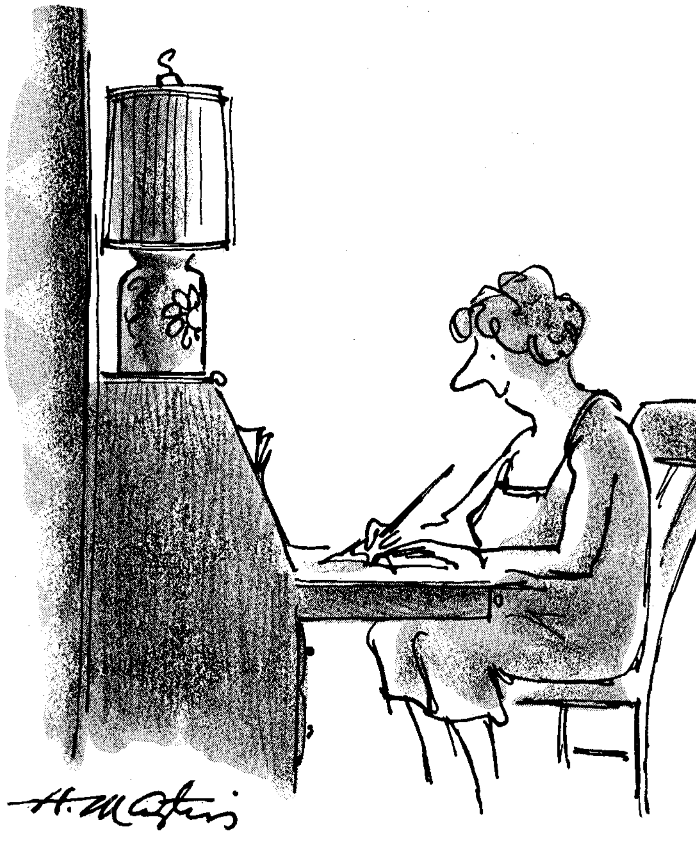
LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

JANUARY 17

As the revolutionary struggle that began in the weeks immediately following the end of the Second World War—when the Communists captured Hanoi and were expelled from Saigon—enters its thirtieth year, the prospects for peace in what is now the third Indo-China conflict are depressingly slight. The vainglorious armies of the French and the Americans have come and gone, but the surrogate roles of the United States, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of China continue to dominate the ruthless, relentless contest. While professing to want to see the war ended, the three powers still send military and economic aid, if on a slightly reduced scale, to the two sides, whose leaders, aware of but seemingly insensitive to the desperate longing for peace of the forty million Vietnamese people, have proved themselves, one year after the ceasefire agreement of January 27, 1973, incapable of stopping the war and beginning serious political discussions. In the past three months, the level of fighting in South Vietnam has again risen, and while most intelligence estimates do not foresee another major Communist offensive until later this year or sometime next year, the current pace of hostilities is bound to last through the present dry season and maybe longer. The battle continues to be primarily a strategic jockeying for territory—a bitter contest for the country's rice crop, and a seesaw fight for several hundred hamlets, villages, and outposts in the regions that both sides claim, denouncing each other for having grabbed them illegally in the weeks after the ceasefire went into effect.

The Communists deny that they want to restart the war; they insist that they are simply determined to "punish" the Saigon government for violating the ceasefire, which they say they just want to see put fully into effect. Since the agreement signed in Paris last year gives the Provisional Revolutionary Government in the South certain advantages, including the right to participate freely in elections for the eventual formation of a new government of South Vietnam, the Communist leaders may mean what they say—or, at least, they may believe their own propaganda—but the fact remains that the P.R.G. and the Vietcong, its military arm, are politically and organizationally weak at present, and consequently have no desire to hasten the election process. The Saigon government is even less eager for any sort of coalition government that might follow an election, except on terms that the Communists would reject. Certainly it is obvious that the North Vietnamese are determined to rule the South—or, anyway, to gain political ascendancy there—through the P.R.G., though at the moment the P.R.G. is trying harder than ever to make itself known, through its representatives in world capitals, as an independent revolutionary entity. To the extent that some of its leaders have always been Southern revolutionists, and would like to avoid being totally controlled by their tougher Northern compatriots, its attitude is logical, but, unfortunately, this factor is secondary to the presence in South Vietnam today of some hundred and sixty or seventy thousand North Vietnamese combat soldiers—an increase of thirty or forty thousand since the ceasefire—plus eight thousand newly infiltrated political and technical cadremen. Even if Hanoi's military strategy and tactics are momentarily restricted, its political purpose remains the use of the Northern-indoctrinated cadres to strengthen and consolidate anti-Saigon forces under the aegis of the P.R.G. in preparation for the domination of whatever coalition government may at some point be formed. Then, after perhaps five, or even ten, years, would come the unification of Vietnam under a Hanoi-guided regime, or two or three "federated" regimes.

It is this basic plan for conquest that the South Vietnamese government of President Nguyen Van Thieu, which has little faith in the Paris peace agreement, is determined to stop. Though Thieu's own claim to leadership has grown stronger in recent months—chiefly by default, since those in opposition to him either have been deprived of their positions of power or have failed to create any sort of united front—the government's course remains confused and uncertain. Economically, the country, like most countries of the world, is in the throes of soaring inflation. Politically, the Thieu regime continues to demonstrate little capacity for capturing the popular imagination. Militarily and administratively, its effectiveness is sapped by rampant corruption in every segment of the society, and particularly among the underpaid Army men on whose support Thieu depends. Above all, despite propaganda to the contrary, real social awareness is still lacking—the awareness that could engender reforms to answer the criticisms of the Communists. In this strange contest of arms and wills, which seems to go on endlessly, the unfortunate peasants, urban workers, and unemployed are, as always, lost in a political and psychological void. (The rural population, with enough rice available at the moment to sell to either side at good prices, is somewhat better off than the urban masses, al-



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Belo Horizonte, Brazil - Caseworker Report
To Family Helper Project, Sao Domingos

Name: Marta Maria Da Sylva

Age: 4½ years Native Place: Belo Horizonte

Order of Birth: Last child (living)

Health: Fair, vitamin deprived with possible damage to her eyesight. Cuts and bruises on back & legs.

Characteristics: Cheerful, bright, affectionate, speaks with slight lisp.

Parents Condition:
Father: Blind, asks alms on the streets.
Mother: Deceased. Died in childbirth (infant stillborn).

Investigation Report:
Marta's father suffered from an illness several years ago which left him blind. He can get only a few pennies a day from begging. He cannot take care of, or protect his children. Home situation bad. There is living with the family an "uncle" who is cruel and is suspected of taking advantage of, and beating the boys (Marta's older brothers). So far only punishes Marta. Father pitiful in his plea that we help Marta. He is terrified at what may become of her. Begs us to help so they can move away from uncle's house. (Hut appears to belong to this "uncle.")

Home Conditions:
House: Two room hut occupied by Marta, her two brothers, her father and a man they call uncle but whose actual relationship to the family is not clear. The "uncle" is a brutal man and it appears likely his "punishments" account for the bruises & cuts on Marta. Father fears the uncle but being blind is unable to do anything. House is dirty - no sanitation or running water.

Brothers: Alimiro Felix Da Sylva - Age 8 years
Antonio Adriano Da Sylva - Age 7 years

Remarks: In spite of bad home life, Marta is a trusting, sweet child. But soon she must change if help doesn't come. Father is eagerly willing to cooperate in all ways if CCF can find sponsor for Marta and enroll her in FHP program.

URGENT: Recommend IMMEDIATE acceptance into CCF Sao Domingos FHP.

Every day our workers overseas receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

And then our staff must make the difficult decision—which child can we help? And which child must be turned away?

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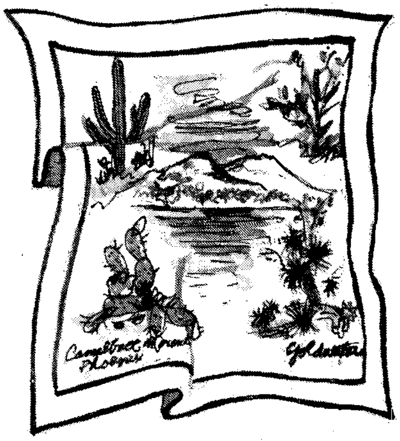

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though, in the war-ravaged countryside, the security of millions of peasant families is uncertain at best.) And cynicism and fatalism have seeped ever deeper into the consciousness of the country during the many years of killing, maiming, and destruction. People still smile, and even laugh, but it is as if they were in a trance. The physical damage to the country, huge as it is, can never be compared to the searing of souls.

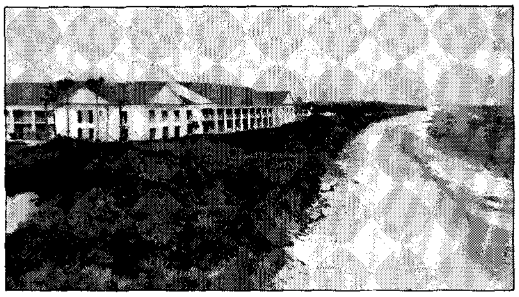
As for Vietnam's neighbors, the seven million Cambodians are now being more harshly tried than ever before, whereas Laos nurtures the area's only hopes for peace and at least momentary neutrality. In the current dry-season campaign in Cambodia, forty thousand Khmer Communist troops as well as ten thousand troops representing a separate faction, now called Marxist nationalists, are being supported by from five to eight thousand North Vietnamese soldiers and political experts. Opposing them are between a hundred and eighty and two hundred and twenty thousand government troops controlled by the teetering, ineffectual regime of President Lon Nol—though exactly how many of these can be rated effective soldiers at any given moment it is hard to say. In the coming months, the Communists will try more strenuously than before to choke off the capital, Phnom Penh, by blocking all the roads leading to it and by bombarding shipping along the Mekong, which since August of last year has been unprotected by American warplanes. Phnom Penh is again being regularly rocketed and shelled, yet an outright attack on the city is not expected imminently, though there is always the possibility of one.

A new Central Committee of Khmer Communists, trained in Hanoi, has taken over Communist combat operations in most of Cambodia, and, with the help of the North Vietnamese Army and political cadres, is now running the insurgent movement more strictly and effectively than before. Though there is a pretense of unity between the hardline Communists and the nationalists fighting beside them, the nationalists are actually becoming isolated. Friction between various groups of Khmer insurgents and North Vietnamese fighting units is also growing. A number of members of the Phnom Penh government believe that if Lon Nol resigned—or even if he should be obliged to leave the country temporarily—government negotiations with the nationalists and some other dissident Cambodian elements now allied with the Communists would be possible, and an alternative to a Communist-dominated regime could be found before it is too late. The prevailing opinion, including that of the American diplomats and military advisers in Phnom Penh, however, seems to be that the time is not ripe for such a move, and that for the moment Lon Nol, although his faults and problems are manifold—he is a weak administrator, tactician, and disciplinarian, and is in poor health—still commands more authority than the bickering group of associates who alternately support him and conspire against him. As things stand, though various Western observers feel that some sort of resolution to this futile conflict may come toward the end of spring, the all-around outlook is as gloomy as in South Vietnam, and certainly more confused.

In contrast, there is hope in Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos, that new agreements ending the war there—specifically, a detailed protocol signed by the government of Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma and the Communist Pathet Lao in September—will be gradually carried out during the coming months, particularly since the North Vietnamese have the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex firmly in their grasp, and so may permit the Pathet Lao (Laotian Patriotic Forces) to make their own accommodation with the Vientiane government. Those laborious negotiations are at present still concentrated on the first stage, that of providing detailed guarantees for the neutralization of both Vientiane and Luang Prabang, the royal seat of King Savang Vatthana, and few observers expect a new coalition government—in which representation has already been numerically apportioned among leftists, rightists, and neutralists—to be formed before April or May, and perhaps not for several more months. Though the Communists will control most of the country's territory, and will step up their current efforts to gain influence among the two-thirds of the Lao people who live in the Mekong Valley sector controlled by the government, there remains a chance that if the peaceable-minded Lao are left alone by the North Vietnamese for the next few years they will be able to bury their differences more effectively than either the Vietnamese or the Cambodians, and make their country into a left-leaning buffer state in this strategic area. This would serve the interests of the Chinese and the Russians and satisfy the Americans, but the question is how long the North Vietnamese would permit the Lao to go their own way. It can be hoped that Hanoi, preoccupied with South Vietnam and with its own economic problems, will not undertake to follow this expansionist path as well.

IT is known that the Soviet Union, North Vietnam's main economic and military bulwark, has recently counselled Hanoi against rash new military adventures, and the available facts on economic and social conditions in North Vietnam seem to bear out the wisdom of that advice. The argument against such a position—and there are undoubtedly some leaders in North Vietnam who espouse it—is based on several tenuous factors, including the fear that the Thieu regime may become stronger as time goes on, that the Soviet Union's reluctance to step up its military aid will increase if there is renewed conflict in the Middle East, and that the chaotic political situation in the United States diminishes the danger of renewed American bombing if a new major offensive is mounted in South Vietnam. The preponderant evidence, derived both from the lagging political talks between the P.R.G. and the South Vietnamese government in Paris and from intelligence reports and Communist broadcasts in South Vietnam, is that Hanoi will decide to postpone major action because right now it feels that time is working in its favor. To what the Communists have traditionally called "the three-pronged strategy"—military and political preparation and troop proselytizing—a fourth prong was added during the pre-ceasefire period: the diplomatic offensive that was employed over many months in the Paris talks and in Hanoi's worldwide propaganda. Now, since the signing of the Paris agreement, there has appeared a fifth prong: legalistic quibbling in which the North Vietnamese and the P.R.G. persistently proclaim their desire to see the agreement enforced clause by clause and accuse Saigon of violating or ignoring it in every way possible.

Beyond the recriminatory charges that the two sides are constantly making against each other is the fundamental fact that the agreement, as almost everyone who was directly involved in drawing it up now privately admits, was and is unworkable, despite continuing efforts by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and the North Vietnamese negotiator Le Duc Tho to patch it



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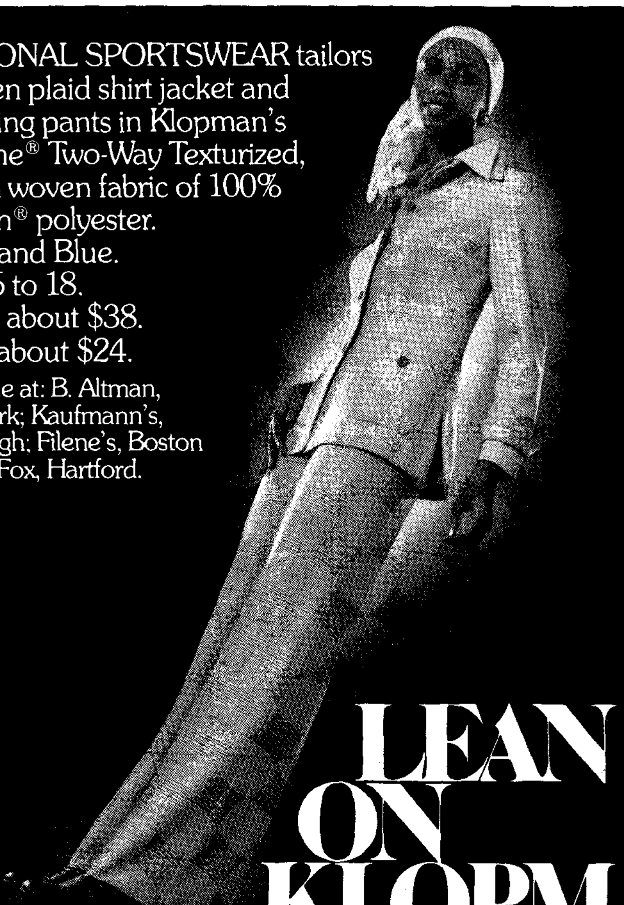

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up. The "peacekeeping machinery"—involving Joint Military Commissions and an International Commission of Control and Supervision—is so complicated and so vulnerable to many petty complaints that no one should be surprised that it has practically ceased functioning both in the field and in conference rooms in South Vietnam. The Americans got what they wanted—a way out of the war, and the return of their prisoners—and the North Vietnamese got what they are still widely acclaiming as "a great and glorious victory over the neo-colonialists" (meaning the United States) and also a semantically flexible document that permits them to keep troops in the South and affords the P.R.G. the opportunity to insist that the agreement be enforced in its favor, even though it knows this is impossible.

Aside from the fact that Hanoi seems for the moment to have what it wants politically and militarily, there remain its problems with economic reconstruction at home. At the time the Paris agreement was signed, the country's economic system had come to a virtual standstill. The transportation and communication networks were in total disrepair, and production was a fraction of what it had been. Now all the rail lines and most of the bridges and roads are usable again, but both agriculture and industry are suffering from a manpower shortage and from such other problems as dissension among planners and organizers and corruption at lower levels—black marketeering and *sub-rosa* trading in commodities. Much industry is still shut down, and though electric-power output has doubled in the year since the ceasefire, it is still only half of what it was before the final, devastating American bombing. Skilled labor is in seriously short supply, and there are many human problems, including the rehabilitation of hundreds of thousands of wounded and disabled. Moreover, there is a natural demand for more consumer products—bicycles and radios, for instance—now that people have been told the war is over. The modest goals of last year—specifically, rebuilding vital public installations, improving agricultural production, and reviving the segments of industry most important to agriculture and to reconstruction, such as cement factories, fertilizer plants, and power plants—have been attained. The present economic plan is scheduled to remain in effect through 1975, and to be followed by a bolder, five-year plan. The new plan will concentrate on creating new industries, among them some that will turn out export products and consumer goods. More technical cadres will be sent to the Soviet Union and elsewhere for training, and efforts will be made to improve the quality of the political and military cadres at home, which were decimated by the war, and to eliminate corruption.

One may well wonder how the North Vietnamese, efficient as they are, can do all this and continue to feed and supply a large army in South Vietnam.

This question has led to considerable debate within the South Vietnamese and American intelligence communities in Saigon over just when a big new offensive might start. President Thieu and some of the South Vietnamese generals maintain that the Communists are getting ready to begin such a drive, and that its main objective will be Saigon, as it was in the 1968 Tet offensive and the 1972 Easter offensive. Secondary targets, it is said, will also be traditional ones, such as the cities of Hué and Danang in the north, Kontum and Pleiku in the Central Highlands, a number of provincial capitals along the Laotian and Cambodian borders and on the east coast, and some important areas in the southern part of the Mekong Delta as well as in the region just south of Saigon. Until recently, most American military observers in South Vietnam agreed with this view, in sharp contrast to the rest of the Western intelligence community. Now it is conceded that the big offensive may be delayed, but a high level of activity is expected to continue through the dry season, which ends in May, and into the subsequent wet season, and to stress battles for government outposts, which the Communists want in order to protect and shore up new lines of communication (especially some important new roads they have built as alternate routes to the Ho Chi Minh Trail), and for provincial centers whose capture would enhance the P.R.G.'s claim to legitimacy. President Thieu is caught in a dilemma: he feels that he regularly has to throw out dire warnings of a big attack so as to maintain Army discipline and morale (which fluctuate between fair and poor) and to avoid a slackening of public support for the continuing war, but, at the same time, if he is merely crying wolf, he is weakening confidence and encouraging financial speculation and inflation.

Those who anticipate only a limited offensive this year are nevertheless

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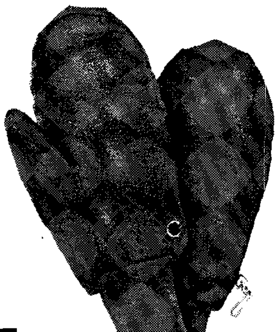

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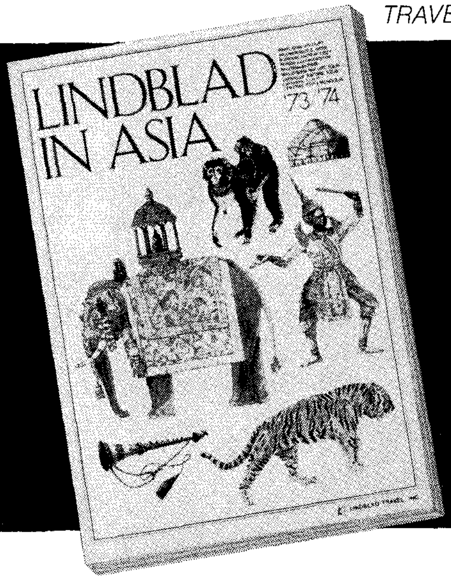
forced to admit that the North Vietnamese have built up their manpower, armament, and supplies in the South sufficiently to launch another drive like the one of 1972. The armament includes some six hundred armored vehicles—mostly Russian tanks—almost a hundred of which are in the Province of Binh Duong, north of Saigon, the farthest south such weapons have ever been kept. There are record numbers of North Vietnamese anti-aircraft and long-range 130-mm. guns and 122-mm. rockets in the South as well, and five SAM 2 missile sites in Quang Tri, the northernmost province. But the analysts point out that the heavy fall rainy season made the movement of vehicles and supplies difficult over the road systems that the Communists are still completing, both in Laos and down through the northern and western parts of South Vietnam toward the central and eastern parts of the country; indeed, not only the Communist troops but the population in the areas under their full or partial control are experiencing food shortages that in many places are severe. "Rice is now a life-and-death matter directly affecting our struggle in 1974," one recent Communist directive said, and virtually all such orders stress the need to save, purchase, or seize more rice.

Another factor arguing against an imminent big offensive is the low level of reserves in the North Vietnamese Army at present, owing largely to the heavy casualties suffered last year and to the low rate of recruitment in the North. Despite the increase in over-all infiltration since the ceasefire, fewer than three thousand soldiers came South between October and December—a period when the Trail routes are usually heavy with traffic—and the total infiltration figures are lower than those for 1972. This rate could, of course, pick up between now and May, but the indications are that stress will instead be placed on local recruitment in the South, which even the Communists admit is difficult, particularly since Communist propaganda is telling the people there that the big war will not be resumed and that the Communist aim is to see the ceasefire implemented. (For example, the recent fairly large-scale battles for key outposts in Quang Duc Province, midway along the Cambodian border, are justified as part of a strategy "to protect the peace and protect the liberated areas.") Still, the accommodation process goes on among the ordinary people despite bombing and shelling by the government and rocket-and-mortar retaliation by the



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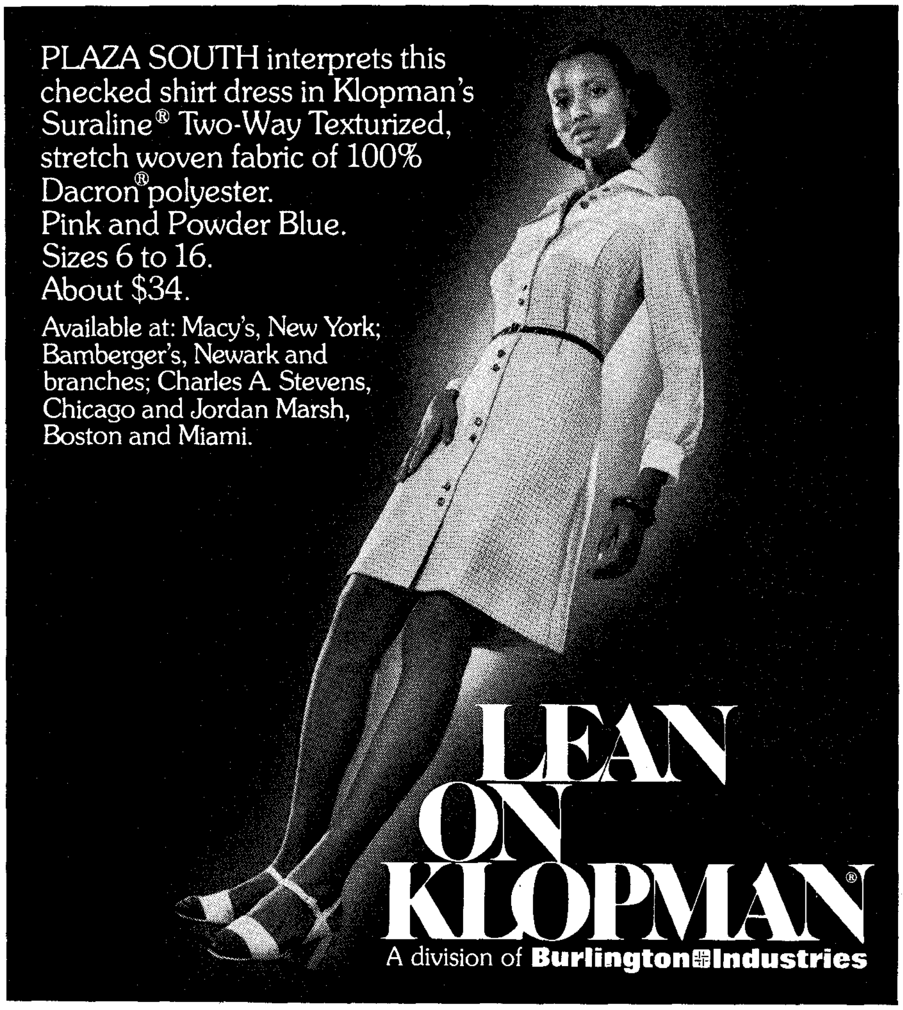

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Communists. Significantly, terrorist attacks by the Communists throughout South Vietnam in 1973 were down to fifteen thousand (in 1969, they totalled twenty-five thousand), although in recent weeks there have been serious new incidents, including assassinations of villagers as well as local officials.

An intangible factor in Hanoi's decision-making is the advancing age of its leadership: the average age in the eleven-man Hanoi Politburo is sixty-three. Although this does not present as significant a problem as age does among the Communist leaders of China, there is considerable discontented discussion among the middle-aged and young second-echelon executives concerning the lack of promotions and changes in the Party hierarchy. For years, very little new blood has been added to the Central Committee, let alone the Politburo—which consists today of the same men who were there twenty-five years ago, except for two veteran alternate members elevated to full membership to replace Ho Chi Minh and a general who died. The middle-rank bureaucrats and Party chiefs are also pushing hard for a new Party Congress; the last one was held in 1960. This pressure, suggesting the possibility of a Congress this year or next, would further favor postponement of a major drive in the South until the North had been strengthened.

A strategy of protracted warfare in Vietnam, with no undue haste for a final victory, thus remains the most plausible for the Communists. What has changed since the Paris agreement is the international attitude toward such a strategy. With the role of the United States and its "free world" allies, including Korea, Australia, and Thailand, eliminated or much diminished, what may now be called the three Vietnams (the P.R.G. being the third) are engaged in separate efforts to obtain as much support as they can from their partisans, especially in the "third world" countries. Top North Vietnamese and P.R.G. officials have lately been making their annual or semi-annual visits to Moscow, Peking, and Eastern European capitals, and they have been well received, as always, but the reception has been more muted; it appears that the two big Communist powers and the Eastern Europeans want to invest only a minimum of military and economic effort in continued major warfare in Vietnam, and would prefer to stress economic assistance. (Talks between the Americans and the North Vietnamese on reconstruction aid, which were scheduled as part of the Paris deal, have bogged down completely.) Though neither the Chinese nor the Russians may find it possible to refuse matériel to the North Vietnamese if a new military crunch comes, it is safe to assume that both Communist powers would just as soon see the P.R.G. attain more nearly independent stature, as a curb to North Vietnamese expansionism in Indo-China. Though the Communists control only ten or twelve per cent of the population of South Vietnam, they maintain some influence in a much higher percentage of the country geographically—between a third and a half—and this fact is being stressed by their globe-trotting representatives. It is therefore not inconceivable that, one of these years, if no coalition is formed in South Vietnam, a contest will take place in the United Nations to seat both the P.R.G. and the Saigon government—a contest similar to the bitterly fought ones over the two Chinas, the two Koreas, and, more recently, the question of the representation of Cambodia.

WHO controls the land and the people in South Vietnam in the continuing civil war, of course, remains the paramount issue. Geographically, according to the estimates of Americans here, the government has twenty per cent more territory now than it had at the time of the ceasefire, thanks to its having moved into contested areas ahead of the Communists. Saigon's resettlement of some six hundred and sixty-nine thousand refugees in twenty-two places—mostly their old home areas, which had been in the battle zones—is about half completed, but there are several hundred thousand more displaced persons to be dealt with, most of them living under poor conditions in cities. Saigon would like to resettle some of them in selected areas around the countryside, but despite assistance programs involving such things as the donation of tin roofing and food, few are eager to move to strange new places. The government has a plan—similar to one in 1954-57 involving the movement of seven hundred thousand Catholic refugees from North Vietnam into a beltlike area north of Saigon—to resettle a more recent influx of Catholic refugees in two areas northeast of Saigon, along the coast and inland. Such an enclave would probably become a new diocese and thus gain at least religious cohesion, but there are problems, involving Communist-contested land and present settlers who would resent such an intrusion. New villages for war veterans have also been projected, but right now there is not enough money to get them started. In 1973, only twenty-five thousand soldiers were demobilized, and no further demobilization of the million-man Army (the figure includes both regulars and territorial units) is planned for this year, because of the continued fighting, though the Americans have tried to persuade Thieu that such a force is too large to sustain economically. Despite a small raise in pay last August, the average soldier does not receive nearly enough to support himself and his family; as a result, morale remains poor, and both corruption and stealing are deep-seated problems in the military. Sooner or later, the concept of a "working army"—that is, an army composed to a great extent of regiments and divisions that alternately serve as soldiers and work on the land or in cottage and handicraft industries—would make very good sense, but Thieu has so far been unwilling to risk taking this step.

The Communists, too, have been moving people around South Vietnam. Hanoi has sent somewhere between thirty thousand and fifty thousand non-military and non-political personnel down from North Vietnam since the ceasefire, including families of newly infiltrated soldiers and returning members of families that went North in 1954, after the first Indo-China war. Some estimates of this influx run as high as two hundred thousand, but the best evidence is that while there may be a long-term plan for "colonization" of the South, not nearly enough people for that have as yet come down. In recent months, too, some twenty thousand Vietnamese citizens have come back from Cambodia—mostly into Communist areas of South Vietnam—as a result of the growing Cambodian hostility toward all Vietnamese.

Encouragement of two-way trade is another Communist tactic that is achieving success. People in government-held as well as "gray," or contested, areas are allowed to move in and out of Communist zones to sell their goods, and even work by day in Communist fields or villages and return to their own villages at night. The Vietcong are paying peasants in the gray areas more for rice than the government pays and then selling it to their own population at low prices. They are also buying such products as wood and cinnamon in government

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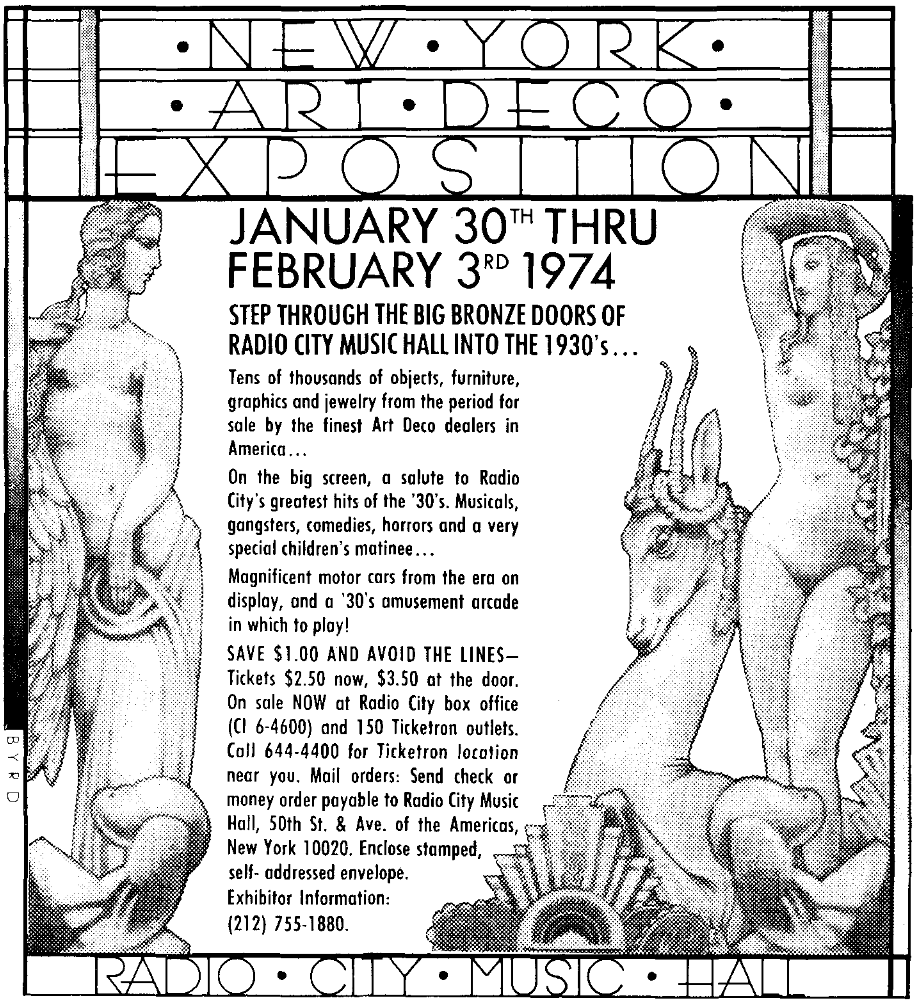

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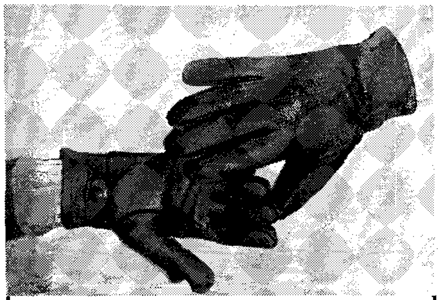

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zones and sending some all the way up the Ho Chi Minh road system to North Vietnam for use there or for export. All this can be read as carrying out the spirit of the Paris agreement, and is another demonstration of Hanoi's desire to utilize that pact to its own advantage while flagrantly disregarding it in many respects, most notably in the infiltration of troops.

The P.R.G., in its propaganda broadcasts over Liberation Radio in the South (which has an even stronger signal than Radio Hanoi), constantly stresses the issue of "legality"—that is, the carrying out of the agreement step by step. The broadcasts cover a wide variety of mundane matters, such as advice to Southern farmers about how and when to plant crops, depending on the weather (forecasts are given), and advice to fishermen on where schools of fish are running. Politically, the emphasis is always on reconciliation and unification. Mutinies of government soldiers are encouraged, and captured government soldiers are put on the air to denounce the Saigon regime. The Saigon radio, for its part, shows far less imagination. People are exhorted to defend the country, to practice austerity, and to rally around President Thieu, but the message of the broadcasts, many of which are twenty- or thirty-second spots in the tradition of American advertising, and are also heard during the several daily hours of television, is not getting through successfully. On the other hand, President Thieu is making many more trips around the country than he used to—two or three a week now, on the average—and these have at least brought him in touch with more people. Whether they have increased his popularity is debatable.

THE latest of many South Vietnamese experiments for reforming the bureaucracy is the so-called "administrative revolution." Under this program, eighteen thousand civil servants from all branches of the bureaucracy throughout the country, but so far mostly from the Saigon area, have spent six weeks at a training center at Vung Tau, on the coast near Saigon, taking indoctrination courses intended to make them more patriotic, more thoughtful, and more useful administrators. Forty-two thousand more will be trained this year, and over the next few years all the civil servants in South Vietnam, from the top levels in the ministries on down—some two hundred and seventy-eight thousand of them—will spend six weeks at Vung Tau. A Vung Tau class numbers six thousand, and the plan calls for several hundred of these to spend three months, following their indoctrination session, somewhere in the country "to work more directly with the people and understand their needs," and ultimately all the *fonctionnaires* (as they are still called) will do this. The program, under the direction of Colonel Quach Huynh Ha, a former province chief, who is one of the men completely loyal to Thieu, has got off to a somewhat shaky start, because, as its critics (including many of the trainees themselves) complain, it was not properly conceived, and is confused and confusing in its aims and direction. The civil servants range in age from eighteen to fifty-five, and ten to twenty per cent of each class are women. Many of the complaints have to do with uncomfortable living conditions at Vung Tau and the uninspiring quality of the instructors—men who have been accustomed to training village officials and rural-development workers, not city-bred public employees. One American who is both sympathetic to the program and well aware of its shortcomings told me, "Many, if not most, of these people have spent their whole professional lives sitting at desks shuffling papers, delaying decisions, and taking bribes—or, at least, what they call 'tea money.' Six weeks isn't going to change them, and three months in the countryside, where many of them have never been before, is bound to be a traumatic experience. But at least they're learning how to do some basic things, like taking action on some matters in weeks instead of months." The chief purpose of the program is to change the nation's decision-making processes so that, in time, seventy per cent of all administrative decisions will be made at the village level. It is highly doubtful whether the program, even if it does improve some of the cumbersome administrative machinery of the nation, will be able to come to grips with corruption—a problem that could probably be much better solved by firing half of the quarter-million bureaucrats and paying the other half twice as much as they are getting now.

The critics say that, like most similar experiments in South Vietnam over the years, the administrative revolution is being imposed vertically, from the top down, instead of horizontally, at the bottom level of the society—in the hamlets and villages. "Sending city folk out to the country with no real knowledge of how to deal with the different regions and the different strata of soci-

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ety amounts to a phony cultural revolution," one Vietnamese critic told me. "It is temporizing rather than coming to grips with the problems of Vietnam. What exists here today is not only a socioeconomic paralysis but a political paralysis as well. All we have is Thieu's Democracy Party, which itself has been based on imposing unity rather than creating it. The civil service is really an adjunct of the Democracy Party, and the administrative revolution is more of a political move than anything else. The trouble is, we have no real national policy—nothing beyond our blind determination to hold off the Communists. And that is not enough. Everything is done piecemeal. President Thieu thinks he is legitimizing himself and building unity, just because hardly anyone dares to oppose him. The Senate elections last August, organized from the Presidential palace, virtually wiped out the only functioning opposition. Of today's sixty senators, only ten or twelve are still actively anti-government, and at least two-thirds of the House of Representatives is thoroughly controlled by Thieu and his palace satraps. There were many things wrong with the Diem regime when we overthrew it in 1963, but at least in its early days Diem permitted us to look at problems in some depth, including the basic problem of how to confront the Communists. We were humble enough to admit we were no match for them and had to learn. But since 1963 we have had nothing but a noisy, destructive society. Coups and chaos and war became our way of life. The formula for success is 'Money plus guns equals power.' We would do better if we faced the present challenge—accepted and respected the Paris agreement and consolidated all our nationalist elements at the same time."

Thieu continues to strengthen his private power base by appointing new division and corps commanders and province chiefs who are completely loyal to him and to the Democracy Party. Among the most important recent appointments was that of Lieutenant General Pham Quoc Thuan to command the vital Military Region III, in the area surrounding Saigon. Thuan is regarded as a mediocre commander at best; as head of the 5th Division some years ago, he was reported to be involved in rice deals and other forms of profiteering, and, after nearly two years of trying, General Creighton Abrams, then the commander of the American forces in Vietnam, finally persuaded Thieu to get rid of him. Now General Thuan is back, and in a far more important job, simply because Thieu trusts him. Of the four corps commanders, only General Ngo Quang Truong, of Military Region I, in the north, is untainted by any rumor of corruption. A number of generals are becoming disturbed at increasing political meddling in military affairs by members of Thieu's palace staff. They have asked Thieu to revise the system of promotions, and specifically demanded that Thieu's cousin Hoang Duc Nha, who is his Commissioner General for Information and his closest confidant, refrain from further interference in national-security and defense matters.

Growing criticism of high-handed palace methods has also come from some leading politicians. At a meeting held at the palace early in November and attended by about two hundred legislators and high-ranking government and military officials, Senator Tran Trung Dung, who is First Deputy President of the Senate and a leading member of the Democracy Party, startled Thieu and the guests by reading a five-point memorandum in which he strongly criticized economic and budgetary policies, corruption, maladministration, inefficiency, and specifically the administrative-revolution program at Vung Tau. Thieu acknowledged that there had been faults and mistakes, saying, among other things, that corruption was especially hard to move against without some changes in the constitution—an interesting observation, since new Presidential elections are scheduled for 1975 and Thieu is asking for a constitutional amendment to remove the ban on a maximum of two terms for the President. There are few Vietnamese who do not expect him to run again, whether or not any compromise is reached with the Communists, and whether or not the Communists are allowed to take part in the election—something else that would require a constitutional amendment.

A further significant political development has been a growing conflict at the top between Thieu's cousin Nha and Nguyen Van Ngan, who, as the dispenser of patronage and the chief liaison man between the palace and the National Assembly, is the other most powerful figure in Thieu's tight palace entourage. The dispute stems from Ngan's determination to build up the Democracy Party as the only government party, and perhaps the only recognized party in the nation, while Nha, seeking a wider base of his own, favors the creation of a loyal opposition and fears that a buildup of the Democracy Party

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will reduce the power of the Army and the bureaucracy. Essentially, however, the fight is a personal power struggle, and whereas Nha has an edge as a relative of Thieu's, Ngan, a much more shadowy figure, has greater public and political leverage. A number of American officials here—men who are known for their professional optimism—regard the feuds in the palace and the mounting criticism in general as healthy signs of "push and shove," countering charges of growing authoritarianism on Thieu's part, but other observers consider the recent developments portents of weakness and of rising public discontent over Thieu's ever-increasing power.

The political opposition is still in disarray. The Social Democratic Alliance, made up of half a dozen opposition groups, has all but fallen apart; its only component that has any chance of surviving is the Farmer-Worker Party of the labor leader Tran Quoc Buu. Buu is now determined to go it alone, he told me, and to seek formal registration of his party—as is now required—by March. "The other parties in the Alliance are either too rich or too intellectual," he said. "We had a common formula but different interests. No one can force the workers to go along with the government or with the other parties, so we will stand alone as the true representatives of the farmers and workers of the nation."

As for the Buddhists, who played such an important role in the overthrow of Diem ten years ago, the hope that they might close their fractured ranks and again become a political force received a setback in mid-December, when the convention of the militant An Quang Pagoda branch of the church failed to decide on electing new officers and ended by squabbling worse than ever. Even the reëmergence, after several years of "reflection," of Thich Tri Quang, the leader of the 1963 revolt, failed to persuade the disputatious monks to make peace among themselves. At the moment, there is more hope that the Buddhist Family Organization, a lay group led by a militant named Vo Dinh Cuong, who was in jail until a year ago, will become politically active, in conjunction with the Buddhist students, who have also been lying low for the past two years but, like other students throughout Asia, are showing signs of stirring. The minority Catholics are also split—some of them ardently supporting Thieu, a converted Catholic, and others becoming militantly antigovernment.

The Americans, who are engaged in

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a low-key effort to give continuing support to Thieu, are at the same time reducing their numbers in Vietnam. The Communists have charged that there are twenty thousand American civilians in the country and that they are all really military advisers, but the fact is that the total number of Americans here is now seventy-five hundred, of whom between a thousand and fifteen hundred are businessmen and other non-government personnel. There are still fifty officers assigned to the Defense Attaché's Office and a hundred and fifty Marine guards assigned to the Embassy and the four consulates-general around the country, and there are nine hundred civilian D.A.O. employees. Air America, the former contract airline for the Central Intelligence Agency, still is active ferrying Americans from place to place. The number of Americans working under contract to D.A.O. has come down sharply—from five thousand at the time of the ceasefire to three thousand. Their main job is to teach the Vietnamese military how to make use of the continued American military aid, amounting to about one and a half billion dollars since the ceasefire. The remaining official Americans here are members of the Embassy staff, the economic-aid agency, the information service, and various intelligence services, working either in Saigon or out of the consulates. The Ambassador, Graham A. Martin, is a quiet but forceful and politically experienced career man, who as Ambassador to Thailand was most responsible for establishing the system of American bases there. He has seen Thieu considerably less often than his predecessor, Ellsworth Bunker, did. The average Vietnamese still believes that the United States pulls all the political and economic strings in the country, but although it is true that South Vietnam would find it hard to survive without our continuing military and economic assistance, our voice is actually listened to far less than it was before the Paris agreement was signed, and far less than it was during the Diem regime we ultimately helped oust.

ECONOMICALLY, South Vietnam in 1973 experienced its most difficult year since 1966, as the rate of inflation increased to between sixty-five and sixty-seven per cent during the calendar year. The market price of rice was up nearly a hundred per cent, and that jump hit the cities, especially Saigon, hardest; even the limited supplies of government-sold rice—which soldiers

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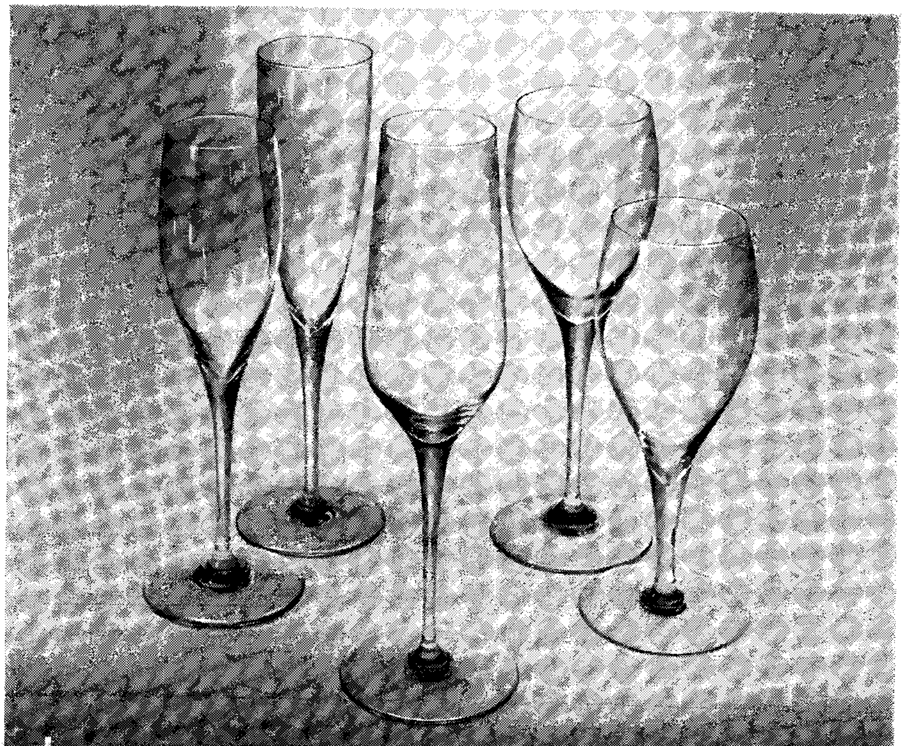

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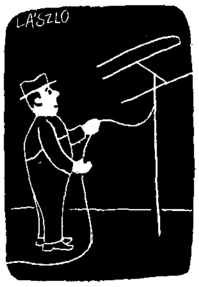
and government employees, and also ordinary people willing to wait in long lines, were allowed to buy at a hundred outlets—doubled in price. The rice outlook for 1974 is better, though the price will depend on the weather and on the level of fighting; the United States now plans to bring in four hundred thousand tons of its own rice in 1974—a slight increase over South Vietnam's 1973 imports. The standard of living for the average person has decreased by ten to twenty per cent over the past three years as a result of the rise in the prices of all commodities, including imported ones. Though black-market goods are still available almost everywhere, they will become scarcer this year, for the government is banning certain luxuries and limiting the importation of others by imposing the maximum customs assessment of two hundred per cent plus additional surcharges on all such items, including liquor. A new austerity program to cut down on the use of petroleum products and other sources of energy will save some money in 1974, but the country's financial condition will remain precarious. Still, unless further catastrophes occur, there should be enough foreign aid to avoid a full-scale economic crisis. With the delayed passage in Washington in December of a three- to three-hundred-and-sixty-million-dollar aid program for South Vietnam for fiscal 1974 (some hundred and fifteen million dollars less than the Nixon Administration requested), South Vietnam will have a total of around seven hundred million dollars to count on this year, the difference being made up from various sources, including a hundred million dollars spent by the Americans still here, a hundred and seventy-five million dollars in Public Law 480 (Food for Peace) assistance, and a hundred million dollars in aid from various foreign countries—notably Japan, West Germany, and France—and international agencies. Foreign-exchange revenues have sunk to a hundred and eighty-six million dollars, and imports still far exceed exports. Domestic tax revenues increased last year to a hundred and seventy billion piastres, and the value of the piastre held fairly well, its exchange rate dropping officially from four hundred and twenty to the dollar to five hundred and fifty, with the black market in money less active. But foreign investment, except in offshore oil, remains minuscule, and even during the winter holiday period business was way below average. With the war still costing far too much, soldiers and government workers vastly underpaid, corruption rampant, and a general state of what contemporary economists call "stagflation," the over-all outlook for this country that has suffered so much over the past decade is not encouraging; the feeling is that official regulations are still too lax—that there is still far too much lip service paid to austerity and discipline and far too little real action. The signs of economic decline are everywhere apparent in Saigon, where the shops, restaurants, and hotels are half empty, and the streets are all but deserted after dusk.



IN Cambodia, the Communists' new Central Committee (which is aided by a number of regional committees) obviously is bent upon either persuading or terrorizing the population to back them in an ultimate takeover of the country, but what remains unclear at this juncture is the immediate North Vietnamese purpose. When Prince Sihanouk, Cambodia's mercurial hereditary ruler, who had run things since 1955, was overthrown by Lon Nol and ended up in Peking in 1970, and the Americans and South Vietnamese invaded the country, all-out war began, but by last fall the strategy had shifted to what were apparently more limited objectives, and it appeared that South Vietnam and Cambodia had been "decoupled;" that is, that the two wars had become separate again. Now, however, there are signs that the North Vietnamese are once more going after all-out victory in Cambodia; but are using the more sophisticated methods they have applied in Vietnam; namely, combining their military and political "prongs" to attain their objective.

The Central Committee and regional committees have a chain of command that functions secretly down to the level of the hundred and fifty-four battalions that compose the Khmer Communist Army. Some of the Central Committee members are veteran Party men who were educated in France, returned to Cambodia in the late fifties or early sixties, and then went to Hanoi in the mid-sixties. At the regional, regimental, and battalion levels, younger men—members of the Hanoi-trained Revolutionary Youth of the Communist Party of Kampuchea (the old name of Cambodia)—predominate. In addition, five members of the sixteen-member Cabinet of the Royal Government of National Khmer Union—known by its French initials, GRUNK, and still headed by Sihanouk in Peking—are now somewhere in the jungles of Cambodia. One of the most important leaders of GRUNK (though not a Cabinet member), who arrived only recently, after being given a farewell banquet by Premier Chou En-lai, is Ieng Sary, a forty-three-year-old former schoolteacher, who returned to Phnom Penh in 1957 from France, where he had become a Communist, and who, after teaching in a Cambodian *lycée* for five years, went underground with his wife, Khieu Thirith (who *is* now a Cabinet member, as Minister for People's Education and Youth), and spent some time in Hanoi. More pro-North Vietnamese than pro-Chinese, Ieng Sary joined Sihanouk in Peking in 1971 and has since accompanied the Prince on his travels around Asia. A ranking Party member named Saloth Sar may be equally important in the political hierarchy, and is also believed to be the top military strategist. Probably next in line is Khieu Samphan, Acting Premier of GRUNK and its Defense Minister, whom Sihanouk has described as his chief representative in Cambodia during the past year. Two other Cabinet members, Hou Youn and Hu Nim, are considered more pro-nationalist than pro-Communist. Another GRUNK Cabinet member in the jungles is a member of Sihanouk's family named Norodom Phurissara, who was once Foreign Minister under the Prince.

Those in Phnom Penh who hope for a negotiated truce and a non-Communist coalition without Lon Nol have been trying to make contact with these last three people, and possibly with Khieu Samphan, as well as with Penn Nouth, the ailing Premier of GRUNK, who is still in Peking, and who is also regarded as a moderate and a Cambodian nationalist rather than a Communist. The leader of the would-be negotiators is Sonn Sann, a former Deputy Premier under Sihanouk. As for Sihanouk, who allowed himself to become a captive of the Communists following the coup against him but remains essentially a neutralist, he is still issuing contradictory statements about whether or not he will return to Cambodia. Even if he does come back, his role, by his own admission, would be a tenuous one at best. The recent United Nations vote that had the effect of narrowly supporting the Lon Nol government over GRUNK has served to keep him in diplomatic and political limbo for at least another year—until the issue is again brought up at the

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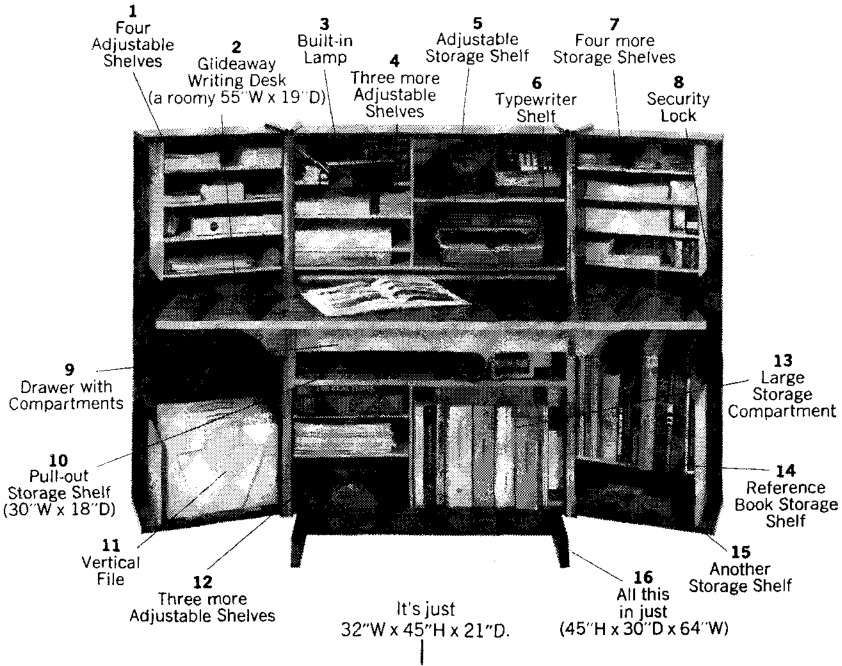
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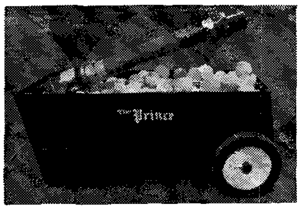

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U.N. Neither Peking nor Hanoi regards the Prince as more than a figurehead and a useful instrument in its plans to Communize Cambodia, but his past role as a sort of god-king cannot be totally ignored, and he retains some adherents among the population.

As for the government, following an attempt two months ago by a lone flier to bomb the Presidential palace—the second such effort since March, and one whose failure was privately regretted by some younger officers—a new Cabinet has been formed by Long Boret, who was Foreign Minister in the old one. Lon Nol continues to dominate the High Political Council—three men who control the Cabinet—but any real progress is precluded by the amount of political infighting among the Council, various Cabinet members, and those who belong to the so-called élite; namely, people who have been close to one or the other of two branches of the royal family in the past but would now like to take over on their own.

The Army, though it could overthrow Lon Nol, has taken no essential political role, for it is having enough trouble keeping its ranks in sufficient order to carry on a semblance of fighting, and is as thickly riddled with corruption as the South Vietnamese Army. The Americans in Phnom Penh, who have been lobbying through Washington channels to obtain two hundred million dollars from Congress for military aid, on top of a hundred and seventy-five million already allotted under the current support program, have approved a two-hundred-and-fifty-three-thousand-man ceiling for the Army, including thirty thousand new conscripts. The official strength at present is two hundred and twenty thousand, but some Western attachés say that the actual count is forty or fifty thousand less than that, because, even though there is a new centralized system for paying the troops, thousands of "ghosts," or nonexistent soldiers, are included in the lists of the four main divisions. Still, there is general agreement that the Cambodians are fighting better than they were six months ago, and initial fears that the ending of the American bombing last August 15th would be followed by quick disaster have been dispelled.

The stepped-up rocket bombardment of Phnom Penh—which is surrounded by some seventy Communist battalions within a forty-mile radius—and the increased pressure on such provincial capitals as Takeo and Kompong Speu, to the south and southwest, re-

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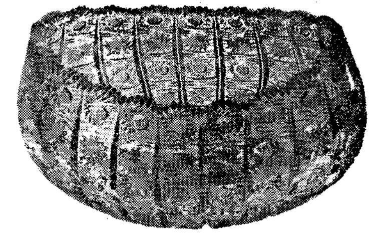

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spectively, certainly offer convincing evidence that the Communists plan to go all out in the next few months. All the roads around Phnom Penh remain cut most of the time, and unless the government's ground forces and its two squadrons of old-fashioned T-28 fighter-bombers can open at least the two key roads to the port of Kompong Som and to the rice-rich Province of Battambang, to the northwest, and, with the help of the small Navy, can protect convoys on the Mekong, the capital will be in even deeper trouble in the coming months. The prices of all foods and of gasoline and kerosene have trebled in the past year. The city has retained its calm so far, but now the rockets are killing an increasing number of civilians, and nerves are tightening. If the food shortages should lead to riots and demonstrations, and there were more assassination attempts against ranking officials, the present disorganized ruling group could collapse. It must govern effectively while holding its own militarily, or the chances of successful negotiations with the nationalists will evaporate and the Communists will have the option of overrunning the country or of entering a coalition they are likely to dominate from the start.

IN Laos, on the other hand, the trend is toward peace and stability and the establishment of a coalition government that stands a somewhat better chance of working out, though it, too, will probably be dominated by the Communists in time. A great deal depends on the continued good health and survival of the remarkable Prince Souvanna Phouma, who will act as Premier in the projected Provisional Government of National Union. In fact, under the lengthy protocol signed in September, Souvanna's role is clearly defined as above that of the ministers and deputies representing the opposing sides. The protocol stipulates that the new government must in all respects operate "according to the principle of unanimity." As long as Souvanna, who is now seventy-two, is around to lend his vast prestige and his ability as a truly neutral leader to the effective carrying out of the agreement, the two sides may get along, but once he passes from the scene, the Communist-led Laotian Patriotic Forces—far more united than the government elements, which range from moderate nationalists to hard-line right-wing generals and politicians—are bound to assert dominance.

Under the terms of the protocol, elections for a new National Assembly,

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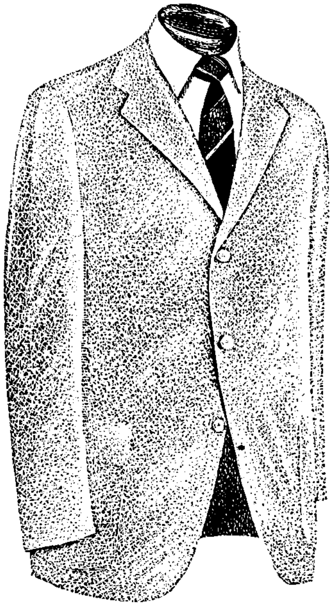

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to be followed by the establishment of a permanent government, are eventually to be held under the guiding hand of a Joint National Political Council of forty-two members and a Standing Committee of ten, with the former providing equal representation for the present government, the Pathet Lao, and neutrals, but no one will hazard a guess as to when the elections may take place, and many observers think there will never be any. In that event, the interim Provisional Government would simply become semipermanent, or permanent, but even its formation may be a year or more away, though optimists look to its creation sometime this spring or summer. All that is functioning right now is a Joint Central Commission to Implement the Agreement, whose main job is to neutralize Vientiane and Luang Prabang and see to it that a ceasefire is carried out. So far, the commission, which is itself emerging as a permanent body, with a fixed legal role, is functioning effectively, though slowly. Most important, the major and minor incidents of fighting have dwindled from a high of two hundred and twenty-three in the first week after a ceasefire was worked out last February, and ninety-one in the second week, to between one and seven a week since the beginning of September.

So far, the healthiest sign is the good will demonstrated by both sides, with only a few exceptions. The protocol gives the Laotian Patriotic Forces the right to maintain a total of some twenty-five hundred soldiers and armed police in Vientiane and Luang Prabang, giving them parity with the government troops and police. These forces are now almost completely in place. The discussions under way in the Joint Commission and its subcommittees deal with such matters as the assurance of security for the Communists, the nature of joint patrols that are to be conducted, living quarters for the troops, and the safety of the Communist members of the Provisional Government when they arrive in Vietnam from Sam Neua—the northern city, in the province of that name, that the Communists have held for two decades. Souvanna is extremely eager to have the Communists send their negotiators to Vientiane, so that the Provisional Government can be set up, and he particularly wants his half brother Prince Souphanouvong to come down from Sam Neua. Souphanouvong will be one of two Deputy Prime Ministers and will probably also act as Foreign Minister—one of the portfolios assigned to the Laotian Patriotic Forces—and so will be able to travel abroad freely. While I was in Vientiane in mid-December, Souphanouvong sent a conciliatory message to Souvanna, expressing the hope that the Joint Commission would "swiftly reach" agreement on the issues under discussion.

A sense of camaraderie is developing among the soldiers of the two sides in both cities, and especially in Luang Prabang, where the Pathet Lao have established a free dispensary that has impressed the local population; the government hospital still charges for the drugs it distributes. The Pathet Lao have also gone out of their way to help the people in the countryside gather in the harvest, repair their homes, and perform other chores. They are permitted to roam around the two cities if they carry no arms, and so far there have been no incidents. Exposed to the easy cosmopolitan life, some of the Pathet Lao have succumbed to what the Communists denounce as "the capitalist culture," and a score or so have defected and rejoined their families, living in government-held areas. On the other hand, Pathet Lao units have lost no time moving into some of the provinces along the Mekong, and making their presence felt in the villages there. In this southern part of the country, where the decadent rightist Prince Boun Oum Na Champassak rules a virtual fiefdom of his own—a highly corrupt one—the government is weakest, and the lines of communication and supply between the Pathet Lao, the Communist terrorists in Thailand, and the Khmer Communists are thus being strengthened without much interference. What is even more significant is that two North Vietnamese battalions are astride Route 13, the lifeline to the southern part of the country. They moved in at the time of the ceasefire and seem determined to stay there. Among other things, they can easily block any attempt by right-wing generals based in the south to move toward Vientiane and try another coup. Such a development is unlikely as long as Souvanna and King Savang Vatthana, who is also accepted by both sides as a symbol of unity, can bolster what is in all respects a more workable legal framework for coalition than existed under the Geneva Conference formula for Laos of 1962.

Another encouraging factor, at least for the moment, is the attitude of the Russians and the Chinese. In the period between the February ceasefire and the September agreement, the Americans—especially Chargé d'Affaires John G.

It's tough to drink scotch out of the side of your mouth.

BY SHELDON LEONARD

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FOR MORE THAN twenty years, I made a good thing out of coming on like an ape.

In that time, a large number of plays, movies and radio shows paid me amply to snarl and sneer. To this day, if you can stay up long enough, you can catch me—wide brimmed hat, padded shoulders and all—engineering a hit on the late show.

Or muttering "all right Louie, drop da gun."

Or being used as a punching bag by a leading man half my size. Like Ladd. Or Bogie.

They got the broads, and I got the lumps.

The image that emerged from all this was not what my parents had planned for me.

I had a better than adequate education, and no more than a normal endowment of sadism and capacity for violence. But, along the line, in the streets of New York, I became somewhat familiar with the hoodlum idiom. As well as the hoodlums. So a side of the mouth manner came easier to me than it might have to a Harvard Professor.

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I had my face lifted by professionals long before plastic surgery became popular. And, believe me, it was quicker and cheaper than a plastic surgeon's knife. You didn't even have to make appointments. They'd do it for you right there on the spot.

Many of the gentlemen whose fists graced my face, have gone onto bigger and better things. Like jail. One of these gentlemen is a godfather. I wear his handiwork proudly.

Due to these attentions, plus the fact that my legs never seemed to move as fast as other people's hands, I have acquired a somewhat battered appearance.

While some people in Hollywood worry about being photographed on their good side, I have no such problem.

Of course, once you have an image producers pay nice money for, you live up to it. Upon awakening you climb into it and before bed you step out of it. So I had to go to great pains to conceal my normal law abiding, civilized background.

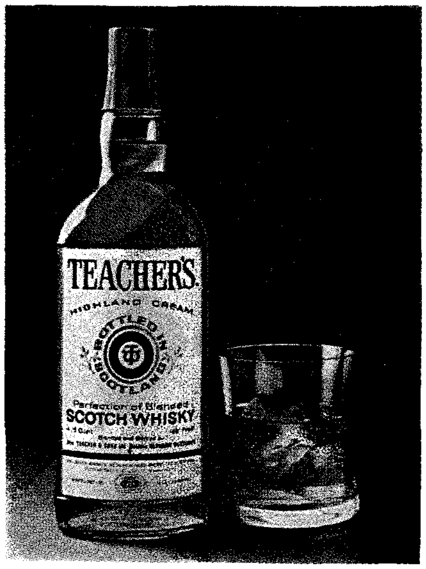
For example, in a bar, if I followed my natural inclination and said "Teacher's please, with one ice cube, a splash of soda and twist," my cover would be blown.

Better to ask for straight rubbing alcohol with a clove of garlic. And maybe an order of nails, so I'd have something to munch on while sipping.

At home, however, I'd pull the blinds, check the phones, look behind the pictures and in flower pots for hidden mikes or cameras, then heave a sigh of relief, pull out a bottle of Teacher's and proceed to build a civilized drink. Sometimes I'd even drink with my pinky out. But only among my closest friends.

Maybe that's one of the reasons I drifted away from acting into directing and producing. It was like taking off a pair of tight shoes.

Now, released from the prison of my image, I can be myself. I can smile, I can be kind to kids, dogs and old ladies, and I can look bartenders in the eye and say, "Teacher's please. With one ice cube, a splash of soda and a twist."



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Dean—were largely responsible for helping draft the protocol and, above all, getting the two sides to accept it. In the two weeks before it was signed, the Russians, acting on directions from Moscow, made their influence felt, too, and in December Souvanna asked the Russian Ambassador to persuade the Laotian Patriotic Forces to send their delegation to Vientiane as soon as possible. In the past three months, the Chinese have also become more conciliatory. A ten-man Central Committee delegation from China visited Sam Neua in late November and early December, and one of the principal points of discussion was believed to be the turning over to the new Provisional Government of the three linked roads that the Chinese have built over the past few years, with Souvanna's approbation, in northwestern Laos. (Souvanna has always maintained that Premier Chou En-lai promised him that the roads would be given to the Lao after a peace agreement was reached.)

Apparently, the Russians and the Chinese, despite their ideological hostility, are both eager to restrain the North Vietnamese and limit Hanoi's influence in Laos. Hanoi's independent leverage remains formidable. Of sixty thousand troops that the North Vietnamese still have in Laos, about half are stationed in the Ho Chi Minh Trail areas and the other half remain poised for action in Laos proper, where they have for years directed the Pathet Lao forces and been the mainspring of the annual dry-season offensives. When the Provisional Government is formed, these thirty thousand troops are supposed to leave the country, along with five thousand Thai mercenaries brought in by the C.I.A.—who are already departing. There remains considerable doubt that all thirty thousand North Vietnamese will leave, however, and even more doubt that the thirty thousand on the Trail will withdraw. One high-ranking Pathet Lao official recently commented, "We didn't remain in the caves of Sam Neua for twenty years to be anybody's lackey"—a reference to the North Vietnamese. But the decision will be Hanoi's, not Sam Neua's, and while Hanoi may temporarily bow to the demands of Moscow and Peking to lower its sights in Laos, it will continue to play its own game there, as it will in Cambodia and South Vietnam.

The Americans have cut the size of their mission in Laos, including the C.I.A. personnel who once played such a key role, from twelve hundred, at the time of the ceasefire, to seven hundred and fifty. With Charles A. Mann, the

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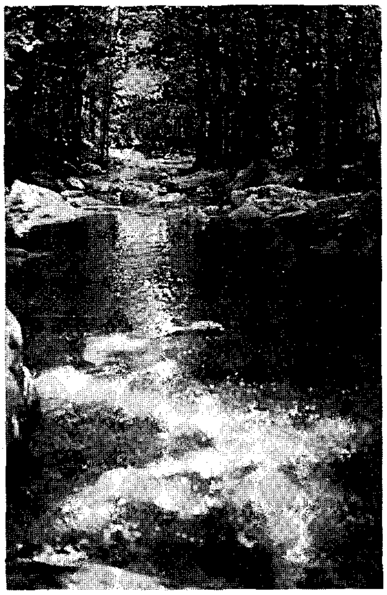

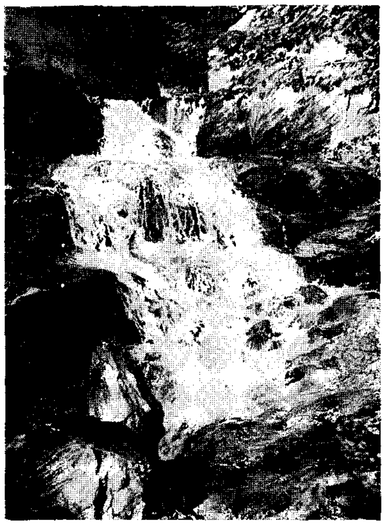

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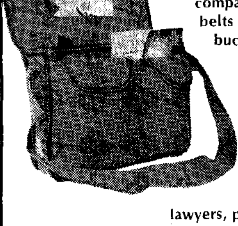

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head of the American economic-aid mission, which used to serve as a screen for C.I.A. financial support, I visited Long Tieng, which was once the main C.I.A. base and is still the headquarters of General Vang Pao, the Meo tribe leader and the commander of some fifteen thousand "irregulars," who, with an equal number of miscellaneous forces under other commanders, are now being merged with the regular Royal Lao Army. After travelling by car through Xieng Khoang Province, where Mann's contractors are building a network of all-weather roads and also some fish ponds and forestry reserves, I caught up with Vang Pao, whom I had seen last in 1969, at one of his headquarters, when the Meo were celebrating the end of their New Year festival. Now he rode with us to Long Tieng, where I spent an hour talking with him. Although he has accepted the principles of the new Laos agreements and supports them, he was in a pessimistic mood, especially over the departure of the Thais. "All the Lao want peace, but the North Vietnamese still have as many troops in my area as they had before, and they show no intention of leaving," he said. "In fact, they're still training and supplying the Pathet Lao. I don't think the North Vietnamese or the Pathet Lao have an open heart yet. It all depends on the Americans, the Russians, and the Chinese. If they put enough pressure on the North Vietnamese, then we can achieve peace. Otherwise, the war will go on." Vang Pao's chief problem, in addition to maintaining the morale of his depleted forces, is to regain enough land to resettle an estimated quarter-million Meo tribesmen who, because the Communists over the years have taken possession of most of their original territory, are now confined to a far smaller area than they formerly inhabited. Even if the ceasefire can be maintained and the Laotian agreements do work, there is no chance that the Meo refugees, or tens of thousands of other refugees in the country, can be resettled for some time. Here, as in Cambodia and South Vietnam, the plight of the ordinary people whose lives have been fractured by the long years of war remains the saddest heritage of the conflict.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

Alex Cohen, producer of "Good Evening," will invite everyone named Bloom to invest in his next production, "Ulyses in Nightgown," in which the principle character is Leopold Bloom.—*The Post.*

It's about this Greek who walks in his sleep.

FOOTBALL

First Principles

FOR most of us, the professional season came to an end early in December. The first half of the mandatory Monday-night outing on December 3rd—it concerned the Dolphins and the Steelers—was dwindling when Griese launched a beautiful long pass into the left flat toward Mercury Morris, who, as he hauled the ball aboard, was so peremptorily collared by a trio of Steelers that he came off the field clearly in pain. That was it: a chill stiffened the collective spine of the Dolphins, and a glorious lead of 27–0 finished up as an indifferent triumph of 30–26. Even so, the Dolphins had their niche in the playoffs intact. Next Sunday brought on more *sauve-qui-peut* football, the Dolphins managing, with Morrall serving *vice* Griese, to lose without any perceptible effort, 16–3, to the Colts. This rest-in-peace prevailed until the quarter-finals of the playoffs, in which the Dolphins engaged the cocky Cincinnati team (which a good many cultists had all along suspected was composed of paper Bengals), and it was plain that everything was again in order—Dolphins 34, Bengals 16. It was not necessary to study the Dolphins in the semifinal round; they simply *had* to put away the Raiders, and they did, 27–10. The squad to study in that round was the Viking crew, which dismantled the Cowboys by moving into the lead right at the beginning and staying there, for the same count of 27–10. The Cowboys, minus Hill and Lilly, were scarcely an irresistible force, and Staubach, their quarterback, had mislaid his twenty-twenty vision. Still, it did seem that the Vikings, their Tarkenton shining with the vigor of the great North Star, were the proper ingredient for a Super Bowl match made in heaven.

The dominant opinion is that the Super Bowl was a dull afternoon. The formulators of this opinion could never have surveyed, last fall, the likes of the Patriots, the Oilers, the Chargers, and the Jets in inaction. The Super Bowl was dull in the sense that the session of chess at Reykjavik was dull. The Dolphins' football is pristine: no show business but, instead, endless deft variations on the theme of moving a ball—criss-cross, zigzag, or straight ahead—without ever allowing it to leave the hands of those in charge of it. Oh, an occasional pass—though the pass was never a part of pristine football—when one seems most unlikely to the enemy. The variations of stance and position and flow are worked out with the astuteness of a chess master—a few overt (as come-ons), the rest the subtlest of modulations. Wherefore Csonka, the Dolphins' showpiece, though he sometimes had to elbow his way through knots of Viking dissidents, often sailed, four times life-size, across the stage with the serenity of the Swan in "Lohengrin."

The match was over in the first quarter. In two plays, Csonka had elbowed and Swanned his way a good twenty yards to a first down on the Vikings' fourteen, and no one should have expected him to stop there. Instead, Griese popped the ball, on first down, along the alleyway to Briscoe, who made a balloon ascent at the Vikings' one and came to earth with the ball. It was one of only seven throws by Griese that day—six to the good, no interceptions. (He had, in fact, thrown only thirty-one times all told in the Dolphins' three playoff games.) It was then simply routine for Kiick to punch through for the Dolphins' second touchdown. The final tally—Dolphins 24, Vikings 7—was an inevitable conclusion; it was foreordained in that throw to Briscoe. Tarkenton, in the role of fallen hero, was superb but harried: he had no one but himself to run the ball (he had to run in the one touchdown allotted his team) and often no one to throw to, yet during the afternoon he contrived three noble passes. One was ruled caught out of bounds (but an after-game look at a snippet of slow-motion film suggested that it was not); the second was a masterly throw, good for thirty yards, to Gilliam; and the third was to a quite elusive Marinaro, the sole Ivy Leaguer to make the Bowl this year. It should be added that in the course of their long, nearly passless show of chess, the Dolphins ran off one maneuver with only ten men onfield. One is moved to propose that this handicap be made permanent until the other contestants learn as much as the Dolphins already know.

Nearly everybody who is anybody was there in Houston that day. The one missing element in the barrage of words from Rice Stadium was the voice of Howard Cosell, who may have been saving up for the Superego Bowl.

—J. W. L.

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IN THE
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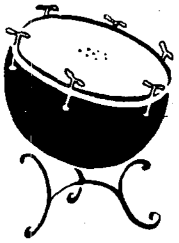


MONTEVERDI, we have slowly learned to understand, is not only the earliest master of the art of operatic composition but one of the greatest. Of the eight or so full-length music dramas he appears to have written only three survive: "La Favola d'Orfeo" (1607), "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria" (1641), and "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" (1642). The first and last of the three have been so often staged and recorded lately as to have become quite familiar landmarks of the operatic scene; it was therefore high time that the middle one, "The Homecoming of Ulysses," should receive its first American production. That honorable task was handsomely fulfilled on January 18th by the Opera Society of Washington, under the musical direction of Alexander Gibson and the stage direction of Ian Strasfogel.

A word first about those tantalizing lost operas. The greatest loss is that of "Arianna," composed a year after "Orfeo," likewise for the Mantuan court of the Gonzagas, and, if anything, still more successful. A fellow-composer who was present at the first performance, Marco da Gagliano, reported that "Signor Claudio Monteverdi, the most famous musician . . . composed the arias in so exquisite a manner that . . . they visibly moved the whole audience to tears." One of these arias, virtually all that is left of the score, is the Lamento d'Arianna "Lasciate mi morire"—the smash hit of its day, which was soon to be sung and played by amateurs all over Italy. So famous was this opera that its disappearance is inexplicable. In 1639, long after Monteverdi had removed from Mantua to Venice, "Arianna" was revived to open the Vendramin family's new theatre, the Teatro San Moisè, where, according to Leo Schrade's biography (still the best book on Monteverdi), it ran for a full year. Even now, one feels, a copy may lurk in some dusty and disregarded archive.

The composer's activity during his seventies is astounding to contemplate. Besides much sacred and other secular composition and the performance of his official duties at St. Mark's, he probably composed an "Adone" in 1639, to a libretto by one of the Vendramin family, and in 1641 he wrote two operas to librettos supplied by another patrician, Giacomo Badoaro—the lost "Nozze d'Enea con Lavinia" and "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse." His last work, the "Incoronazione di Poppea," shows no sign of diminished vitality; quite the contrary. It is pleasant to know that he was acknowledged to be "the greatest composer of Europe" and "of the century," and that when he died, in 1643, the ambassadors at Venice hastened to inform their governments of the fact.

Now that "Ulysses" is at last beginning to take its place beside "Orpheus" and "Poppaea" (there are two recordings, and the work has been staged in Vienna as well as at Glyndebourne), we find it difficult to believe that its authenticity should ever have been questioned—as for long it was. Earlier scholars were bothered by discrepancies between the various copies of the libretto and the solitary, not quite complete score, which is not in Monteverdi's hand. In performance, however, the work comes across to us as wholly Monteverdian—spontaneous, instantly communicative, deeply emotional, and rich alike in melodic invention and in all those ingenuities of design and device which are peculiarly his. Apart from the specific links with the Seventh and Eighth Books of Madrigals that are traced in Schrade's book, the vocal line is generally Monteverdian in its contours, its rising sequences and intensified repetitions, its dramatic pauses, and its feeling for the truth of human character and human passion. Moreover, there are some curious anticipations of "Poppaea" and apparent echoes of earlier operas. The frankly sensual and playful pair of underlings at Penelope's court, Melantho and Eurymachus, are a slightly more mature counterpart of Octavia's page and his *damigella* in "Poppaea," and Euryclea, the faithful but also somewhat fussy and comical old nurse who recognizes Ulysses by a scar on his thigh, has much in common with Poppaea's nurse, Arnalta. Penelope's magnificent opening lament for the absent Ulysses is not unworthy to be set beside Ariadne's lament for the faithless Theseus.

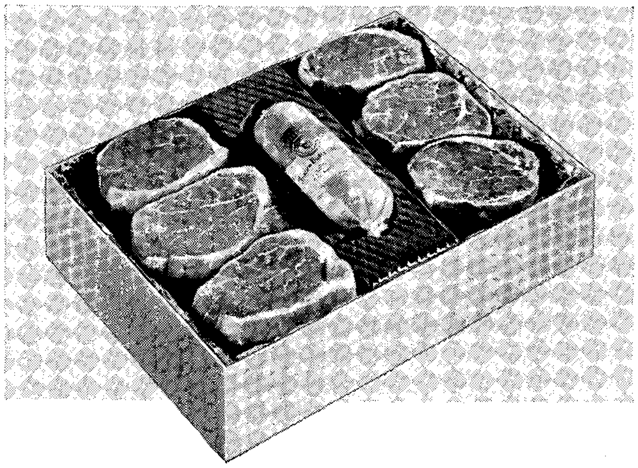
Given Homer's immortal tale as starting point, the librettist had the wit to endow its many characters with abundant life, variety, and vigor. The sole fault of his plot—a certain decline in interest in the last act, during the prolonged unwillingness of Penelope to credit the identity of her returned and victorious husband—can be traced to his deep respect for Homer, who makes a good deal of this trait in his heroine's character. But there is also something curiously modern and "psychological" in the picture of a woman who in twenty years has become so wedded to her widowed grief and solitude, so inconsolable, that obstinacy and skepticism have eaten into her soul and she can no longer believe in the possibility of happiness. "It must be all deception, as usual"—that is her line, and she is determined not to be deceived. The audience, expecting a big duet of reunion immediately after the slaying of the suitors, may find her hesitation unsympathetic, but, like nearly everything in the work, it is very human.

Washington used Raymond Leppard's performing edition, which was first heard at Glyndebourne in 1972. In this, the third of his popular operatic realizations of Monteverdi, Leppard's editorial work remains as ingenious as ever but has proved less controversial, because he has here shown more discretion than before in the use of orchestral color. (The reader will know that in nearly all these early-seventeenth-century operas the manuscripts consist of little more than vocal line and bass, so that much recomposition is inevitable.) It seems to me quite right and natural for Leppard to have used trombones in support of Neptune's deep bass tones—but wrong, and aesthetically confusing, to have used them again as the accompaniment to the utterances of Antinoüs, chief of the suitors. In general, however, Leppard employs his rich continuo group with commendable restraint. His reconstruction of several passages for which there is no extant music is masterly, especially a brief page in which, after the return of Telemachus with good news from Sparta, Penelope allows herself a gleam of hope. This aria, which made a great impression in Frederica von Stade's performance, was newly composed by Leppard over the bass of a Monteverdi madrigal.

Washington had assembled a strong cast, with Richard Stilwell in the title role, which he has sung at Glyndebourne to the Penelope of Janet Baker; he made a fine, vigorous, resourceful hero, was equally successful in the disguise of a weather-beaten wanderer, and sang throughout with freely produced, resonant tone. As for Miss von Stade, one of the most interesting of the younger American singers, all that she did was as clear and decisive as usual. From the start of her opening monologue, she held the house captive by her directness and clarity, and by her grasp of Monteverdian declamation; her singing had pride and pathos, and, at the end, a melting tenderness. Her charming appearance makes her rather young for the role, and it was a mistake on the part of the director to have caused her, at one point in the action, to sit on the floor among the suitors in cozy campus style. Of the many other members of the cast, I particularly enjoyed David Lloyd as the canny old shepherd, Eumaeus; R. G. Webb as the gluttonous braggart, Irus; Sandra Walker as the nurse, Euryclea; and Barbara Hocher and Howard Hensel as the youthful amorists of the court. Donald Gramm brought his usual authority to the role of Neptune, but he is not really the basso profundo for which the music calls; and Claude Corbeil's Antinoüs also encountered trouble in the lower reaches of his part. Carmen Balthrop sang the role of Minerva with such charm and purity in the higher register that the tendency of *her* voice, also, to disappear in the lower regions was the more regrettable; she did not seem to dominate the action as the goddess should do.

Mr. Gibson's beat was rather less supple than that of Leppard himself (who conducted at Glyndebourne), and once or twice he allowed the accompaniment to become bottom-heavy, but he showed a keen feeling for the drama in the music and an obvious appreciation of its lyrical beauty. Ian Strasfogel's direction was vivid and clear, and Douglas Schmidt's designs sensibly but not at all slavishly followed the example of Glyndebourne in using elaborate (and smoothly functioning) stage machinery for the appearances of Minerva, Neptune, and Jupiter. Minerva's direct interventions in the action were neatly achieved, as was the difficult scene of the bending of the bow and the slaying of the suitors. Jane Greenwood's costumes were particularly happy, seeming to correspond in visual terms to the rich but tasteful colors of the scoring. It is a fine season that brings Virgilian opera to the Met and Homeric opera to Kennedy Center, and it seems a pity that this valuable production cannot also be given a few performances in New York, where it would surely prove a draw.

MEANWHILE, the Metropolitan Opera has run into much trouble with its current "Tristan." Everything



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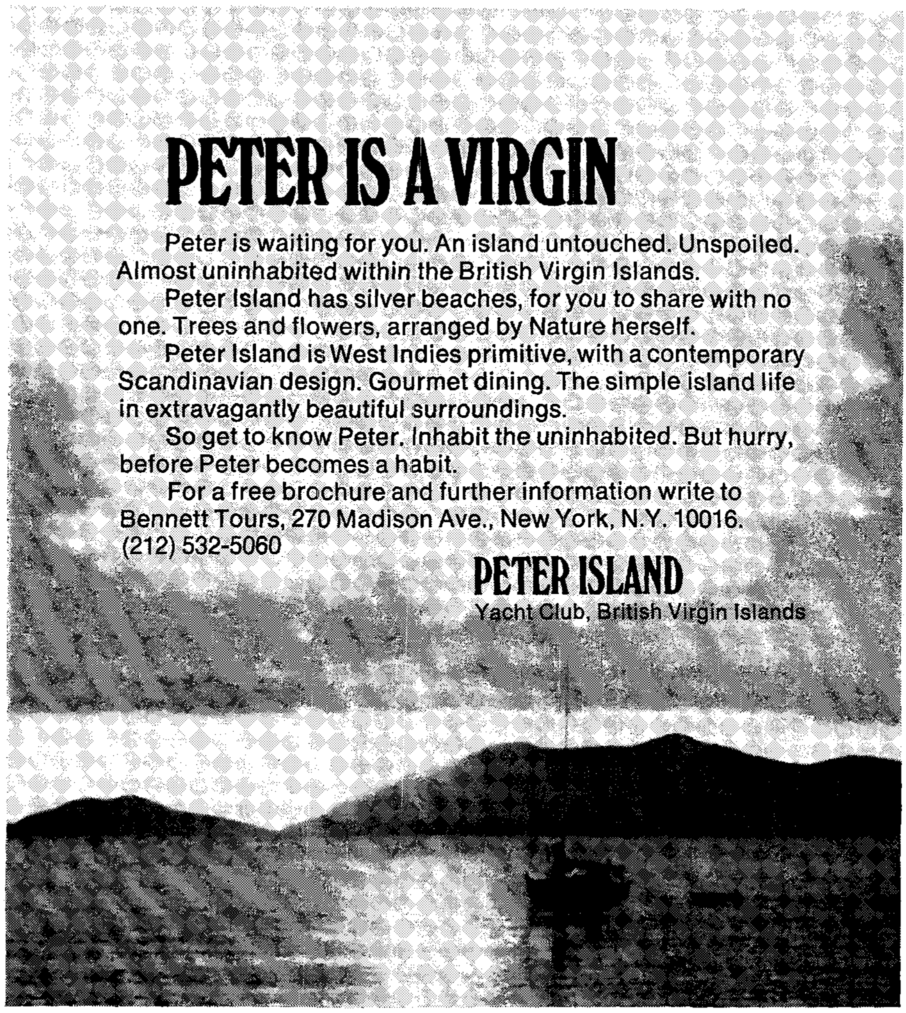

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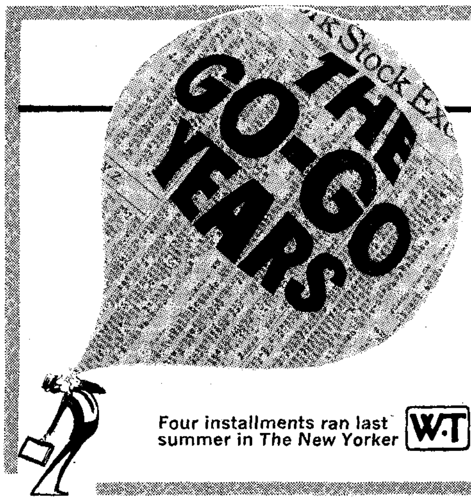

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started to go wrong, and the columns of the *Times* have been filled with charges of inadequate direction at the top and of dubious conduct on the part of Jon Vickers, who was to have sung the first Tristan but withdrew not long after Catarina Ligendza, the intended Isolde, had cancelled because of illness. Erich Leinsdorf, who at one point also proffered *his* resignation but was persuaded to carry on, complained that Vickers had arrived six days late for rehearsal (in a production that was complex and new to him), and that the tenor's troubles were thus of his own making—a charge to which, so far as I know, Vickers has not replied.

After all this barrage and counter-barrage, and even a proposal that the opening should be cancelled, the performances went ahead on schedule, with Leinsdorf in charge, the reliable Jess Thomas as Tristan, and the relatively obscure Klara Barlow as Isolde. Expecting the worst, press and public suddenly veered to a mood of optimism and decided that the performance was more than creditable—indeed, positively good. Miss Barlow, in particular, became not only the rapturously received and plucky Brooklyn girl who saved the show but a thoroughly competent Isolde. Seeing the opera at its second performance, I could not agree. The best features were the Brangäne of Mignon Dunn, the Kurwenal of William Dooley, and the noble King Marke of John Macurdy. Husbanding his strength through the heavily cut score, Mr. Thomas just about got through. Miss Barlow looks very good as Isolde—but looks don't get you far in this role. She often became inaudible in her lower register and encountered intonation trouble up aloft. She threw herself splendidly into the part and sang fairly well—though never with a really steady or beautiful timbre—in the middle part of the voice.

In the circumstances, it was understandable that Leinsdorf should not have achieved a memorable account of the score, but it *was* memorable in one respect—in the strange behavior of the first oboe. A slip toward the end of the Prelude—quickly corrected by the simple process of playing the two right notes after two wrong ones—is the kind of thing that can happen to anyone, perhaps, on a bad day, but it was surprising in a house of this rank. The player's almost staccato phrasing, in disregard of the composer's slur, at the very outset of the Prelude was more disconcerting, because it must have been intended and because it contradicted the sense of the languorous music. —DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GREAT TRANSFER, by V. S. Yanovsky (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A complicated metaphysical parable about death, transmigration, and other spiritual chimeras which, like the swooshing swirls of light that haunt the central character's dreams, is maddeningly elusive. Guillaume, the narrator, is a rootless Russian émigré living in New York; seeking to give some meaning to his life, he falls in with a rather ragtag group of spiritualists and accompanies them to their Caribbean-island retreat. The leader of the group is a huge, mysteriously prescient woman who assigns spiritual exercises like a drill sergeant and who is held in only slightly less awe than the island's bull—a semi-mythic creature (like the Minotaur of Crete) whose violent presence is felt everywhere, and whom Guillaume eventually subdues. Mr. Yanovsky's last novel—"Of Light and Sounding Brass"—was an extraordinary, sophisticated fusion of myth, social commentary, romance, and philosophical horseplay. It was an eccentric book but a brilliantly cohesive one. In the present volume, however, the same disparate elements seem jarring: the updated Theseus myth is handled rather stagily, Guillaume's character isn't much more than a sour blur, and there is an unevenness to the writing which suggests that the book was written in too much of a hurry.

GENERAL

THE ANATOMY OF HUMAN DESTRUCTIVENESS, by Erich Fromm (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This impressive work by the distinguished psychoanalyst ranges over many fields—ethology, anthropology, history, prehistory, psychology, and philosophy—to determine whether destructiveness and cruelty are innate in our species. Dr. Fromm does not believe that they are. He believes, rather, that they arise from particular civilizations and that—with luck, hope, and effort—they may disappear or diminish. So far, so good. Dr. Fromm's extensive psychoanalytic study of Adolf Hitler, which concludes the work, is less persuasive, despite its care and thought. Nothing Dr. Fromm finds in Hitler's formative years really explains all that evil, and it is conceivable that he was defective in a way medicine does not yet understand. Happily, Dr. Fromm's general argument does not stand or fall by this concluding study.

MAYAKOVSKY: A POET IN THE REVOLUTION, by Edward J. Brown (Princeton). Revolutions that devour their children eat their artists first, as hors d'oeuvres; Milton was the last great poet to survive a revolution as a man and a poet. Mayakovsky, the subject of this biographical and critical study—a work of scholarship, style, and tact—was not that lucky; he committed suicide in Moscow in 1930, shortly after the audience at a poetry reading had heckled, booed, and threatened him. Mayakovsky, who was born in 1893, had been a rebellious, artistic lad. Before the Revolution, he had explored or been associated with many of the modernistic movements in painting and poetry which appeared in Russia. Unlike many of his gifted acquaintances, he attempted to serve the Revolution in his poetry, producing what he thought would be propaganda; and some of it was. But one of his tragedies was that he could not write badly enough for a Communist society. Another was his tendency to manufacture personal romantic confusions. Mr. Brown writes of these with taste. The peculiar merit of the book is its ability to convey—in rough translation and elegant explication—not only that Mayakovsky was a good poet but what *kind* of good poet.

THE ROTHSCHILDS: FAMILY OF FORTUNE, by Virginia Cowles (Knopf). A lucid history of the international-banking clan, with quantities of good pictures. We learn that the first great money-maker, Mayer Amschel (1744-1812), born in the ghetto of Frankfurt am Main, seems to have been one of those gifted calculating freaks for whom thought and computation are practically synonymous. His third, and perhaps brightest, son, Nathan (1777-1836), who settled in England, apparently inherited that kind of mind. Here and now, the Bronx High School of Science and M.I.T. would have been these Rothschilds' destiny; there and then, the family fanned out to make money on the exchanges of Europe. Later generations spent money lavishly, evoking, in Great Britain, admiration, and, on the Continent, anti-Semi-

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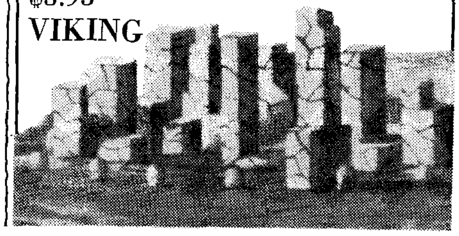

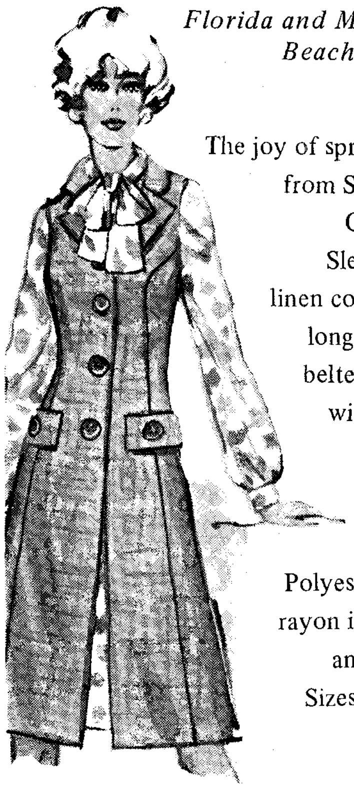

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tism. The author debunks a good deal of tarradiddle about the Rothschilds' supposed power; she does not believe that they ever exerted much political influence. For one thing, as international bankers on assorted sides of every potential conflict, all they ever wanted was peace, and what they got, with depressing frequency, was war. In recent generations, Rothschilds have been banking, racing horses, collecting art, and making wine (in France), and the original strain seems to be showing up in several who have become distinguished scientists.

THE BEST IN "THE WORLD," edited, and with introductions, by John K. Hutchens and George Oppenheimer (Viking). The declining *World*, like so many other declining newspapers (most notably the *Herald Tribune*, a generation later), gave its writers a free hand in the desperate hope of winning back its departing readers and advertisers. This anthology, drawn from the years 1921-28 (when Herbert Bayard Swope was executive editor), is a generous harvest of the fruit of that policy—news stories, feature stories, reviews, columns, poems, editorials—and it is, on the whole, impressive. This is not entirely because of what would seem to be an all-star cast. Heywood Broun is here, and Alexander Woollcott, H. L. Mencken, Ring Lardner, E. B. White, Rebecca West, H. G. Wells, Dorothy Parker, F.P.A., Deems Taylor, and so on, and most of them are well represented. But some of the best (or Best) is the work of others, less familiar. There is William Bolitho on the 1926 general strike in England ("The general strike has altered the expression of this London as a sudden stroke of illness changes a human face; the differences are in themselves slight, but together rather shocking") and Samuel Chotzinoff on the American première of George Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" ("I think this is making a mountain out of an Antheil") and, no less foresighted, Harry Hansen on "Elmer Gantry" ("It reads more like a feature story, hot off the griddle for a sensational newspaper, than a novel").

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GOP GOVERNORS MUST
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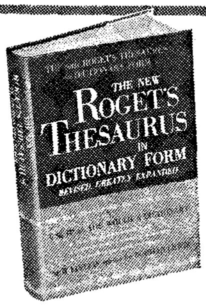
—*Headline in the Cincinnati Post & Times-Star.*

Bugs? In the Republican Party?



Send them back for the spring semester with *the instant* ROGET
. . . and watch their grades climb!

This thesaurus provides the right word *instantly* because it's used just like a dictionary. All entries are in alphabetical order, synonyms are grouped according to meaning, and there are thousands of new words and usages.

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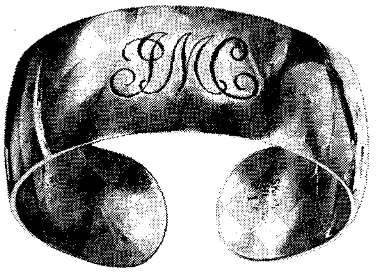

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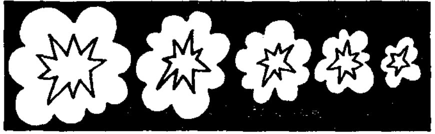

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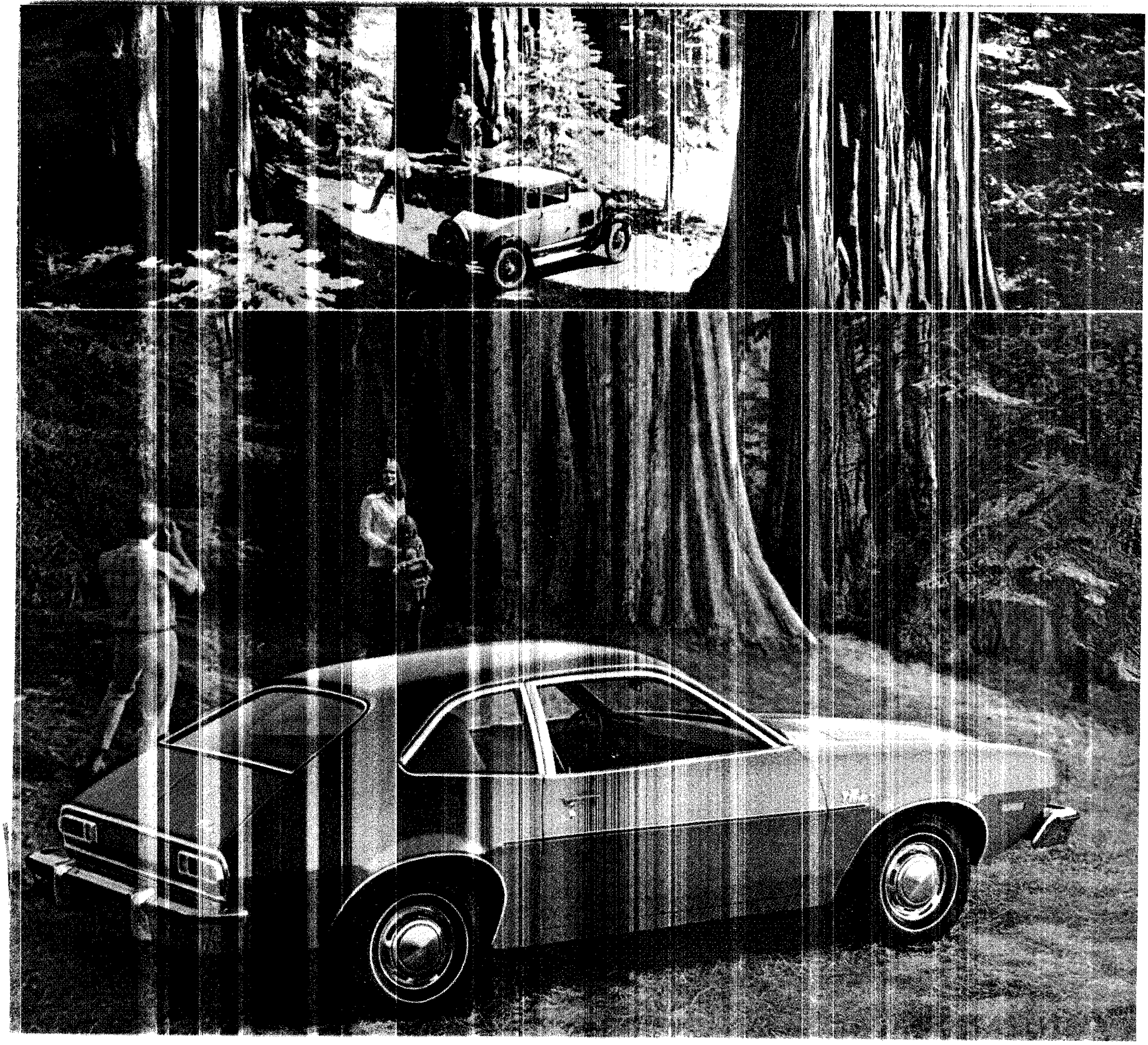
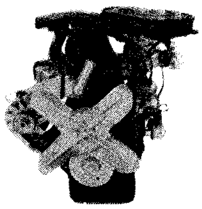
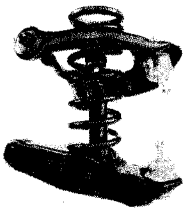


Basic is when a car goes a long way on a little gas.

One of the reasons the Model A was so good was that it gave generous gas mileage. No doubt economy has a lot to do with Pinto's popularity, too. And this year all those extra miles per gallon come with a number of improvements. They're all good reasons why the closer you look, the better we look.



A bigger engine than last year's: First and foremost is a little bigger 2000cc 4-cylinder overhead cam engine as standard. It's been developed for good gas mileage. And for those of you who want even a bit more pep, there's an optional 2300cc engine.



Refined front and rear suspension: We've refined the suspension both front and rear with a new package specifically developed for the '74 model.

(Shown here: 1974 Pinto Sedan, with optional whitewall tires, accent group, and deluxe bumper group.)

Better brakes: Standard front disc brakes for '74 give you efficient and fade resistant braking, and little pedal effort.

Other basics: Still standard for '74 is rack-and-pinion steering, a 4-speed fully synchronized transmission, a body welded into one solid piece of steel, steel guard rails in the doors, and steel reinforcements in the roof.

See the Pinto at your Ford Dealer's: 2-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popular Pinto Wagon. With improved basics for 1974.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

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